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May 28, 1938

5¢ A COPY

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Ralph Stein

## THEY WON'T STAY DOWN

The Dirigible Dilemma

By Lt. George W. Campbell, U. S. N.

AY 28, 1938

*Ever hear the story of the Little Red Hen?*

WE don't mean the little red hen of nursery-tale fame. We're thinking now of a modest little hen that lived somewhere in ancient Asia...

For, you see, the peacock's royal lineage traces back to just such a prehistoric hen. His brilliant plumage and proud bearing are the result of countless centuries of cross-breeding. In him are combined all the lordly qualities his ancestors had acquired down through the ages — qualities that make the gorgeous peacock king among fowl.

And so it is with Four Roses. This superb whiskey owes *its* greatness to the fact that it, too, is a combination of matchless qualities...

For, while Four Roses is ALL whiskey, it is more than just a *single* fine straight whiskey. It is a skilful combination of *several* straight whiskies — each outstanding for some particular virtue.

That's why, as a connoisseur of fine liquors, you'll find in Four Roses *every* magnificent whiskey virtue you could possibly ask for — *aroma, body, smoothness, flavor*—four glorious qualities, *and every one of them at its peak!*

*Four Roses*

*A blend of straight whiskies*
*100% straight whiskies — 90 proof*
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

# A Future Star of the Davis Cup can't take chances with his teeth and gums

## Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

HERE'S a young fellow who already has ideas about his future. Young Thomas has ambitions and *plans*. And very sensibly, his plans include the proper care of his teeth and gums.

Every time he brushes his teeth, Tommy takes time out to massage *his gums*. For, thanks to his teachers and his dentist, he already knows the importance of massage to modern dental health. Young as he is, he has already mastered a lesson in modern oral hygiene that thousands of intelligent adults have still to learn.

Today's soft foods are a lot to blame for tender, ailing gums. Robbed of natural work by our modern menus, gums tend to grow weak and flabby. And then nature flashes her warning signal—that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

When you see "pink tooth brush," *see your dentist*. You may not be in for real trouble—but let him decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown flabby under our soft food menus—gums that need more work—gums that will respond to the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

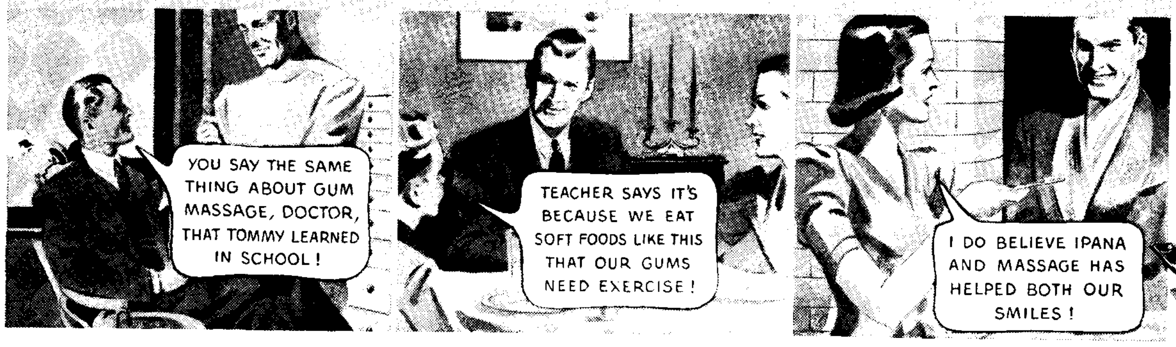
For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums as often as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become healthier, more able to resist trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage *today*. Schedule yourself for this modern *dental health* routine as one way to help keep your smile brilliant, sparkling.

* * *

**DOUBLE DUTY**—For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

**A WHOLE FAMILY CHANGES TO IPANA AND MASSAGE**


YOU SAY THE SAME THING ABOUT GUM MASSAGE, DOCTOR, THAT TOMMY LEARNED IN SCHOOL!
TEACHER SAYS IT'S BECAUSE WE EAT SOFT FOODS LIKE THIS THAT OUR GUMS NEED EXERCISE!
I DO BELIEVE IPANA AND MASSAGE HAS HELPED BOTH OUR SMILES!

**IPANA**
**Tooth Paste**

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

**WILLIAM L. CHENERY** Editor
**CHARLES COLEBAUGH** Managing Editor
**THOMAS H. BECK** Editorial Director

# Collier's

May 28, 1938

**WALTER DAVENPORT** Politics
**AIMEE LARKIN** Distaff
**ROBERT McCORMICK** Washington
**W. B. COURTNEY** Transportation
**KENNETH LITTAUER** Fiction
**QUENTIN REYNOLDS** Sports
**KYLE CRICHTON** Screen and Theater
**WM. O. CHESSMAN** Art
**DENVER LINDLEY** Articles
**FRANK D. MORRIS** Articles
**JAMES N. YOUNG** Fiction
**IFOR THOMAS** Photographs
**MAX WILKINSON** Fiction
**JIM MARSHALL** The Orient
**OWEN P. WHITE** and **JOHN T. FLYNN** Associate Editors

## Next Week

THERE'S no point in keeping you in suspense. We announce at once, trying not to be smug about it, that the new Kathleen Norris serial begins next week. It is called "The Runaway," and in it you will meet Rebecca Gibson, who does as complete a job of running away as any girl we have ever heard of. She runs away from her family, she runs away from her husband, and she makes a few other short sprints before running into happiness.

No one but Mrs. Norris with her amazing knowledge of human nature could have created the characters that people this lively story.

IF YOU are one of the 15,000,000 Americans who annually buy up sixty per cent of the Irish Sweepstakes tickets you may be interested to know how this tremendous business operates in defiance of the law of the land. A duly accredited distributor for the stakes has told us the inside story. You will be fascinated to see the eagerness with which millions scramble for the opportunity of taking one of the world's longest chances. "Not a Clean Sweep" is by Fred McDonald as told to Bob Considine.

POSING for ads is a job like any other and Hilda Wicker, who was working for her Ph. D. in biology, saw no reason why she shouldn't support herself that way. How could she foresee that she would become known as one of the most beautiful girls in the world? There is no law that says an expert biologist may not be one of the most beautiful girls in the world, but it's unusual. "The Scientific Approach" is a brilliant story by Elmer Davis.

FOR the small sum of fifty dollars a young man can take a course that will entitle him to be beaned by a beer bottle or brained by a ball bat. "Be Good and You'll Be Murdered" is the promise held out to umpires. Their training school is colorfully described by Kyle Crichton.

"WHAT," Jay asked, "is all the blond stuff?" It turned out to be Post's sister, who was thoughtfully coming along to cook. Whether she could never became clear, but she had an unadvertised talent for collecting "Too Many Men." You could hardly find a less restful atmosphere for two young writers. Charles H. Hoffman sets down the facts.

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, Roark Bradford, Quentin Reynolds, Mignon G. Eberhart, Freling Foster and others complete the book. Aces, all aces.

## This Week

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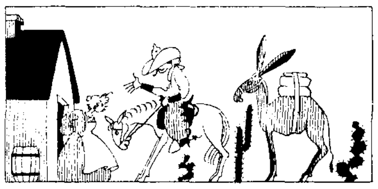
**COVER** RALPH STEIN

## Any Week

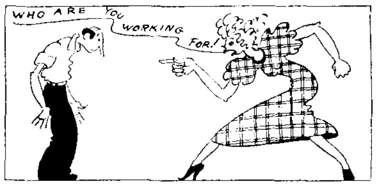
RECENTLY a friend of ours, Mr. C. F. Byrnes of Fort Smith, Arkansas, was losing sleep, weight, patience and poise over his discovery that the percentage of the residents of the Ozarks more than sixty-five years old was higher than in other sections of the state, higher, in fact, than the national percentage—quite a bit higher. After struggling with the situation for some time, Mr. Byrnes decided that there was absolutely nothing he could do about it. Except to suggest that the Ozarks embark at once upon an advertising campaign with the slogan: "Lift up thine eyes unto the hills whence cometh thine old-age pension."

WHICH brings up something that Mr. Joseph L. Freeland of La Crosse, Wisconsin, has worked out to his own satisfaction. This coming political campaign, says Mr. Freeland, is "going to be the political death of somebody." He adds: "It isn't going to be President Roosevelt, because he is still the white hope of the masses. But if I were John L. Lewis, I'd be awfully careful because the American people are always on the lookout for somebody to get tired of, and he's making a strong bid for that honor." We pass it on for what it may be worth.



IT'S all very flattering, of course, but our passion for truth compels us to advise you that no associate editor of this magazine is now traveling through New Mexico, Oklahoma and Colorado on horseback. We have made a thorough checkup and are quite sure of this. Nevertheless, Mrs. Jennie Homehoner of Colorado Springs notifies us that a "handsome young man in a large hat and so forth, mounted on a white pony and leading a pack mule, stopped at my ranch and asked for a drink of water. He said that he was an associate editor of Collier's and was traveling that way seeking local color." It is quite true that we have associate editors who drink water. And Mrs. Homehoner did not lose her enthusiasm until her caller suggested that she cash a small check. "I told him," Mrs. Homehoner goes on to inform us, "that I had no money to spare and he galloped off, thanking me and saying that that was all he wanted to know. I feel very proud to have assisted an editor of Collier's to gather information."

WE ARE accused by Mr. Gerard H. Huebelmann of St. Louis, Missouri, of "insidious incitement to rebellion." Of that Mr. Huebelmann is sure. "Your propaganda is very artful and escapes the average mind and eye," says Mr. Huebelmann. "You print many articles on food and eating. The hungry millions read and, being unable to buy, grow rebellious. In good time these people will rise in protest. What you are doing is to say, 'Well, let them eat cake.' History tells us what can happen."


WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR!

AND Mrs. George Benishe of Flint, Michigan, desires it to be known that her father is no longer a member of the United Automobile Workers of America. "It is not my father's fault that he has quit the union," says she. "It is my fault. I took matters in my hands. He could not work because the shop closed because the union would not let the men work because they did not pay their dues because they did not have any money on account of not working. So I told my father, who is a widower, that I would throw him out, being a widow, if there was any more nonsense. So he has quit the union and told them to see me, and nobody has showed up and they better not. I said who the hell are you working for to my father, yourself or the union, and he said have it your own way as usual, and there wasn't any more talk about it. Print this."

WE LACK stability. Readers cannot know in advance what to expect. This is very disturbing to Mr. Thomas T. Throap of Wilmington, Delaware, who not only does the accusing but assures us that he isn't the only one who cannot subscribe to our "inconstancy." Says he: "Variety is all very well in moderation but you should remember that as you expect your readers to make you a habit, you should also give them some assurance of what they can expect. The new things of life are not the best. There is lasting virtue in the old. That my criticism cannot be regarded as nonconstructive, let me suggest that you give us a good history of the American Revolution or a biography of one of my grandfathers, all of them distinguished, Chester A. Arthur."

NAME'S vaguely familiar.

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That warning
SHADOW

THE first signs of "getting stout" are Nature's warning to check on your habits of diet and exercise. But your scales cannot tell you what you should weigh. To check your weight intelligently, you will be aided by the helpful information in the Metropolitan booklet "Overweight and Underweight."

If you are over thirty, a weight 10 to 20 pounds below the average is desirable. Excess fat is often associated with heart disease, diabetes, kidney trouble and high blood pressure. Furthermore, fat may be a handicap in surgical operations and in certain acute diseases, especially pneumonia. As a rule, fat people do not live as long as those of normal weight.

Under thirty, it is better to weigh 5 to 10 pounds more than the average. Extreme slenderness in young persons may endanger health. A few extra pounds help in early life to protect against tuberculosis.

What can you do about overweight? Fortunately, in almost every case it can be brought safely under control by exercise and by cutting down on fattening foods. But before making drastic efforts to reduce your weight, it is important to have a physician examine you. He will tell you what your weight should be, help you plan a diet, and advise how to effect a moderate, steady loss of weight. This is a far wiser course than quick reducing methods.

When reducing you don't need to starve or suffer distress. You can eat three adequate meals a day and still lose weight.

Send for the Metropolitan booklet "Overweight and Underweight" which has many suggestions for reducing sanely and safely, subject to your doctor's approval. Your copy will be mailed, free, on request. Address Booklet Department 638-C.

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

FREDERICK H. ECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD . . . ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . LEROY A. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

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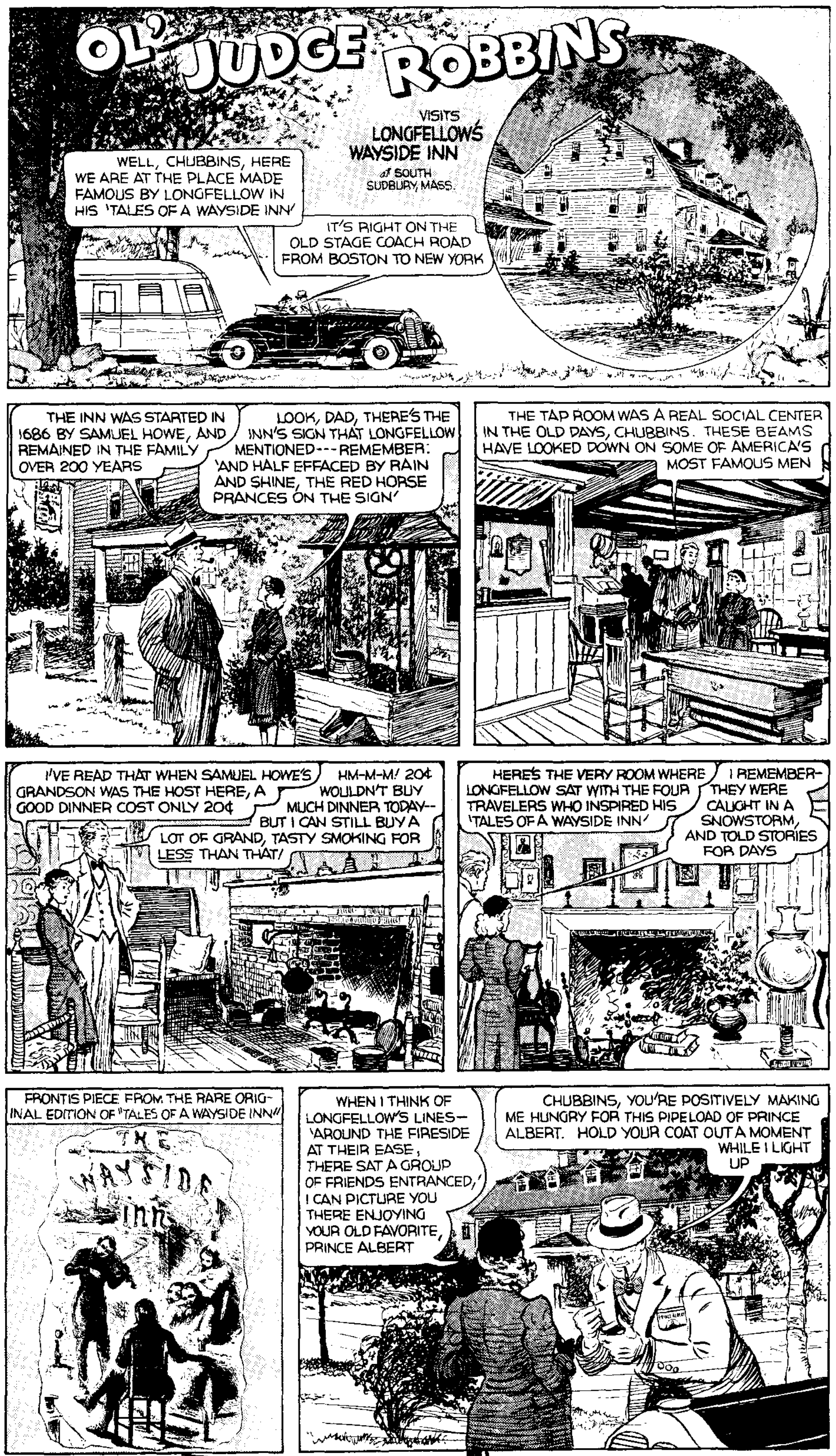
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
VISITS LONGFELLOW'S WAYSIDE INN at SOUTH SUDBURY, MASS.
WELL, CHUBBINS, HERE WE ARE AT THE PLACE MADE FAMOUS BY LONGFELLOW IN HIS 'TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN'
IT'S RIGHT ON THE OLD STAGE COACH ROAD FROM BOSTON TO NEW YORK
THE INN WAS STARTED IN 1686 BY SAMUEL HOWE, AND REMAINED IN THE FAMILY OVER 200 YEARS
LOOK, DAD, THERE'S THE INN'S SIGN THAT LONGFELLOW MENTIONED---REMEMBER: 'AND HALF EFFACED BY RAIN AND SHINE, THE RED HORSE PRANCES ON THE SIGN'
THE TAP ROOM WAS A REAL SOCIAL CENTER IN THE OLD DAYS, CHUBBINS. THESE BEAMS HAVE LOOKED DOWN ON SOME OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS MEN
I'VE READ THAT WHEN SAMUEL HOWE'S GRANDSON WAS THE HOST HERE, A GOOD DINNER COST ONLY 20¢
HM-M-M! 20¢ WOULDN'T BUY MUCH DINNER TODAY-- BUT I CAN STILL BUY A LOT OF GRAND, TASTY SMOKING FOR LESS THAN THAT!
HERE'S THE VERY ROOM WHERE LONGFELLOW SAT WITH THE FOUR TRAVELERS WHO INSPIRED HIS 'TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN'
I REMEMBER- THEY WERE CAUGHT IN A SNOWSTORM, AND TOLD STORIES FOR DAYS
FRONTIS PIECE FROM THE RARE ORIGINAL EDITION OF "TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN"
THE WAYSIDE INN
WHEN I THINK OF LONGFELLOW'S LINES— 'AROUND THE FIRESIDE AT THEIR EASE, THERE SAT A GROUP OF FRIENDS ENTRANCED,' I CAN PICTURE YOU THERE ENJOYING YOUR OLD FAVORITE, PRINCE ALBERT
CHUBBINS, YOU'RE POSITIVELY MAKING ME HUNGRY FOR THIS PIPELOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT. HOLD YOUR COAT OUT A MOMENT WHILE I LIGHT UP

BREAKING IN A PIPE?

New or old, any pipe smokes milder and tastier with P. A.

EVEN BEFORE A PIPE CAKES UP, PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES **SMOOTH** AND **MILD. P.A.** HAS THE **BITE REMOVED!**

NEW PIPES DON'T BOTHER ME. PRINCE ALBERT GIVES A **RICH-TASTIN', MELLOW** SMOKE RIGHT FROM THE START!

**JUST AS WE SAY—OR NO PAY!**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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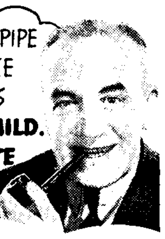
MM-M-M THAT FIRST PUFF FROM A P. A. "MAKIN'S" SMOKE —TRY IT!

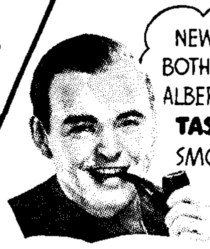
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

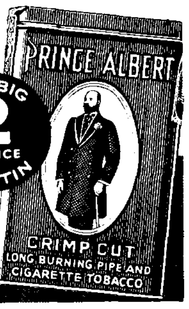
50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

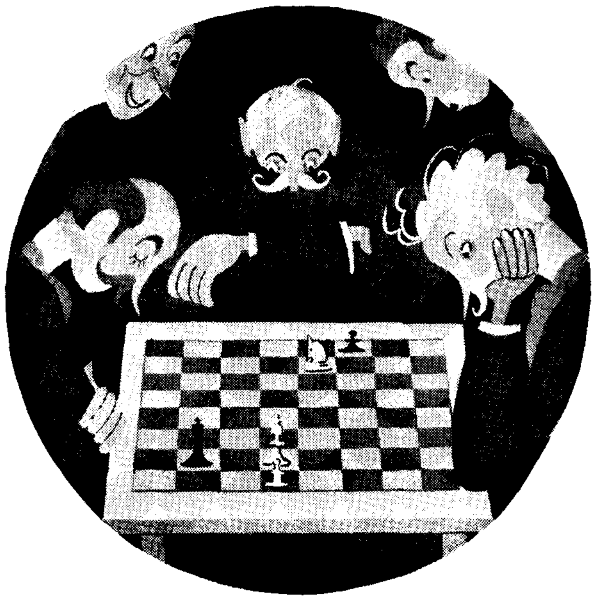
PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE






PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO



# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Before* timing clocks were introduced in a chess tournament in London in 1883, a player could take as long as he wished to determine a move. One of the longest periods of this kind occurred during America's first Chess Congress in New York in 1857 when Louis Paulsen, while playing against Paul Morphy, took more than fourteen hours to make one move.

*In* hot, dry climates the friction of the leaves of trees rubbing against one another in a strong wind has generated sufficient heat, it is believed by some scientists, to have caused forest fires.

*Lloyd's* of London has, in its day, issued insurance policies against seeing a ghost, against being struck by a meteorite and against dying of laughter at a particular theatrical performance. — *By Elizabeth M. Mullen, Mamaroneck, New York.*

*The* belief that a widow who remarries will be haunted by the spirit of her late husband still is widespread in both primitive and civilized countries. As late as 1912, a man in Macon, Georgia, was quickly granted a divorce when he explained that the ghost of his wife's first husband bothered them so much they could no longer live together.—*By M. L. Smythe, Dorchester, Massachusetts.*

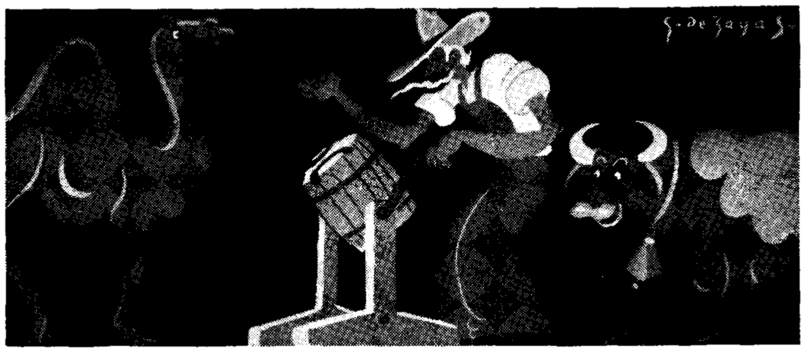
*Despite* its butterfat content, the milk of several species of domestic mammals, one of which is the camel, cannot be made into butter in any appreciable quantity, because the fat globules are too small to be separated from the milk.

*Of* the millions of articles left on streetcars, busses, trains and subways, approximately seventy per cent are never claimed by their owners. This property, which is eventually sold at auction, has contained musical instruments, radio sets, antiques, fur coats and even motorcycles.

*The* Riverside Church in New York City carries on so many educational and recreational activities that most of its eighty assembly rooms and halls, which include studios, classrooms, bowling alleys, basketball and handball courts, locker and shower rooms, a gymnasium and a theater, are in use day and night and require the services of about 75 full-time and 150 part-time employees.—*By Edna Reynolds, City Island, New York.*

*Although* Russia has more than 650 hospitals where human blood is kept for emergency transfusions, the great value of this flexible service was not realized by other countries until recently, when Loyalist Spain disclosed that the lives of thousands of her wounded soldiers and civilians have been saved by bottled blood.

*When* Edmund Roberts, American diplomat, tried to negotiate a treaty with Cochin China in 1832, he was unable to impress the Oriental authorities with his importance until he added to his name on the letter of introduction, by way of titles, the names of cities, lakes, rivers, mountains and counties in his native state of New Hampshire. Then the treaty was signed.—*By R. Scott Whitman, Jr., Annapolis, Maryland.*



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# Plymouths Chosen By Texaco White Patrol

**BIG FLEET OF WHITE PLYMOUTH "ROADKINGS"**—*leaving Detroit. Each has been assigned to a uniformed Texaco inspector to use in making the rounds of Texaco Dealers—for the purpose of inspecting Registered Rest Rooms.*

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Inspectors of the new Texaco *Registered* Rest Rooms are driving Plymouth "Roadkings." Plymouth will be used because of its easier riding and handling . . . because it saves money . . . because it "Stands Up Best."

A LOW-PRICED CAR was needed that could be *depended upon* for fine, trouble-free performance, low running costs, minimum upkeep. A car of smart appearance was required—a car offering extra comfort and safety. *The choice was the new 1938 Plymouth.*

The big, beautiful new Plymouth is outstanding . . . for its double-action hydraulic brakes . . . airplane-type shock-absorbers . . . rubber body mountings . . . because features like these mean extra value.

Remember, too, that Plymouth prices start as low as $645 "delivered in Detroit," including Federal taxes. State, local taxes not included. Try Plymouth's amazing new ride. Telephone your nearby Plymouth dealer. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

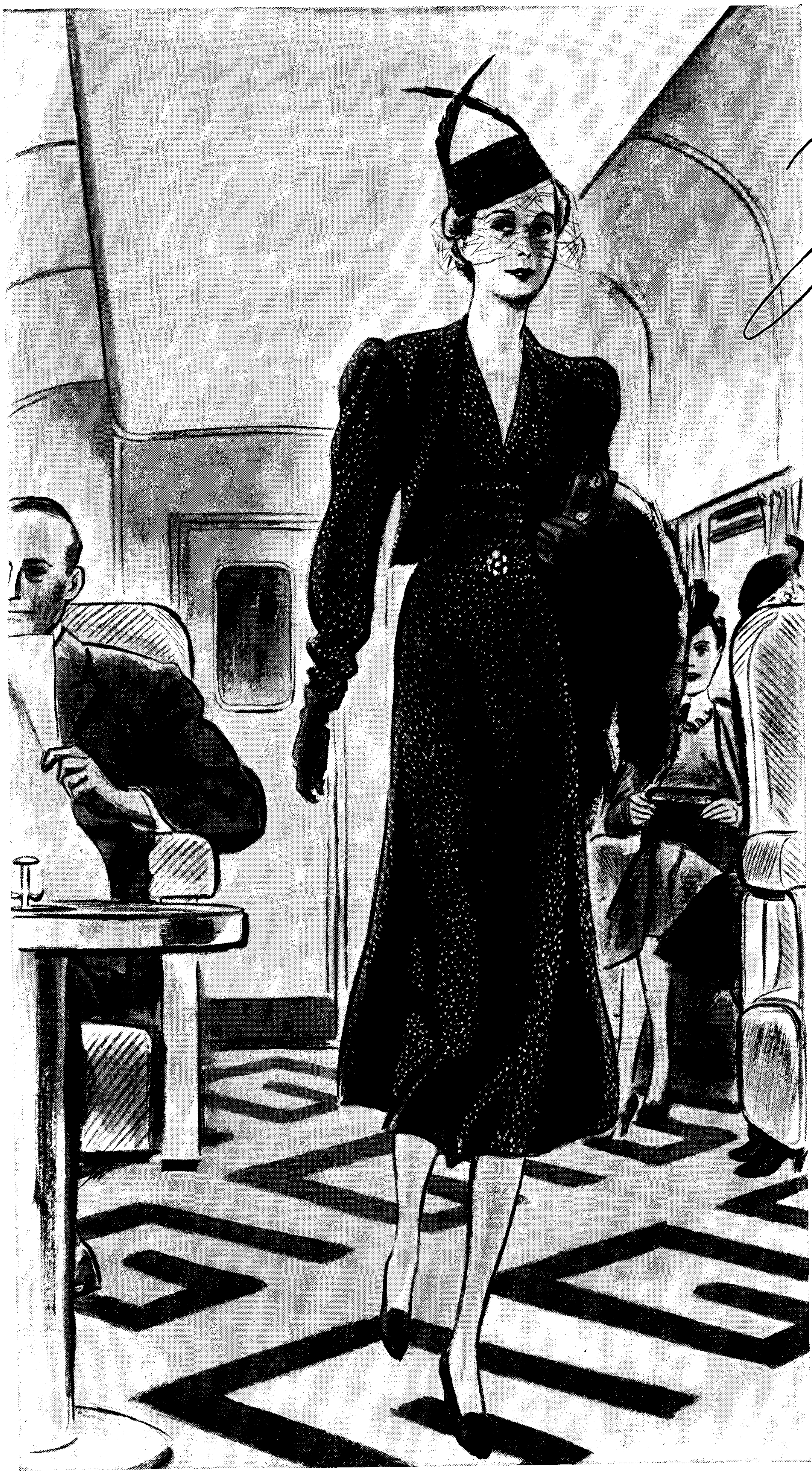
**TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.**

**REGULAR INSPECTIONS**

The White Patrol plays an important part in maintaining Texaco's nation-wide service of clean Registered Rest Rooms. Covering many miles a day . . . over all kinds of roads . . . these men appreciate Plymouth's restful comfort and dependability.

REGISTERED
REST ROOM
309 816

**PLYMOUTH—MOST FOR LOW PRICE**



# Beauty

## PROTECTED BY STAINLESS STEEL

SHE walks in beauty . . . with poise and confidence, not clutching at seats to keep her balance. She is serene . . . at ease . . . supremely at home amid the attractive appointments of a smooth-riding, Budd-built train.

Budd trains are built for the traveler's comfort. They are insulated against noise. Because of the lower center of gravity, they hug the rails, ride smoothly. They are, of course, air-conditioned. Their decorative scheme creates a pleasant atmosphere of good taste. Nothing that might add to the enjoyment of traveling has been overlooked.

And with this comfort goes safety—the first requirement in all railroad travel. For Budd trains are built of stainless steel, the strongest metal ever used in railroad-car construction. This gleaming alloy—welded by the exclusive SHOTWELD★ process—makes possible the elimination of useless weight. Thus you travel swiftly, safely, restfully.

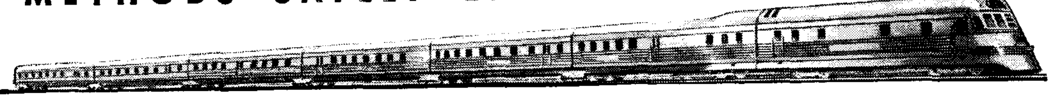
Budd light-weight trains of stainless steel attract passengers. They have established new standards of comfort in travel . . . have accustomed the public to require speed and safety . . . amid beauty of surroundings.

- *Originator of ALL STEEL★ bodies for automobiles, now used almost universally, the Edw. G. Budd Manufacturing Company has pioneered modern methods in the design and fabrication of steel products.*

★Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**EDW. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING CO.**
**PHILADELPHIA DETROIT**

**BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD-WEIGHT**



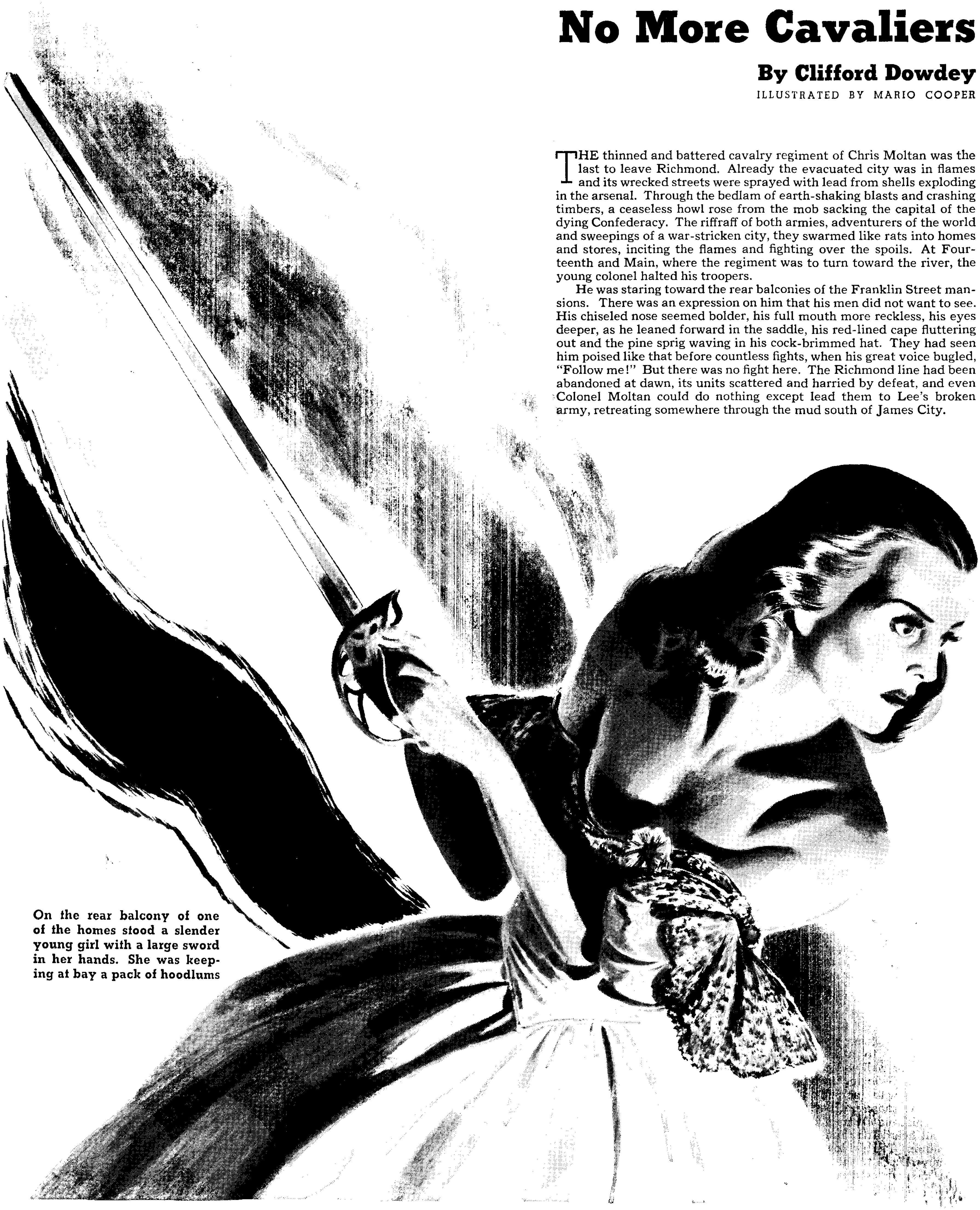
# No More Cavaliers

### By Clifford Dowdey

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

THE thinned and battered cavalry regiment of Chris Moltan was the last to leave Richmond. Already the evacuated city was in flames and its wrecked streets were sprayed with lead from shells exploding in the arsenal. Through the bedlam of earth-shaking blasts and crashing timbers, a ceaseless howl rose from the mob sacking the capital of the dying Confederacy. The riffraff of both armies, adventurers of the world and sweepings of a war-stricken city, they swarmed like rats into homes and stores, inciting the flames and fighting over the spoils. At Fourteenth and Main, where the regiment was to turn toward the river, the young colonel halted his troopers.

He was staring toward the rear balconies of the Franklin Street mansions. There was an expression on him that his men did not want to see. His chiseled nose seemed bolder, his full mouth more reckless, his eyes deeper, as he leaned forward in the saddle, his red-lined cape fluttering out and the pine sprig waving in his cock-brimmed hat. They had seen him poised like that before countless fights, when his great voice bugled, "Follow me!" But there was no fight here. The Richmond line had been abandoned at dawn, its units scattered and harried by defeat, and even Colonel Moltan could do nothing except lead them to Lee's broken army, retreating somewhere through the mud south of James City.



On the rear balcony of one of the homes stood a slender young girl with a large sword in her hands. She was keeping at bay a pack of hoodlums

Captain Steed was the one to speak to the colonel. The old captain, who should have been enjoying his dusk years on his plantation, had known the young Moltan since he was a child, riding a pony in his first hunt. He rode alongside him and he spoke gently, for he knew the Moltan blood.

"Come on, Chris, there's nothing we can do here. The Yanks are coming in right behind us."

Chris Moltan pointed through a rift in the smoke. On the rear balcony of one of the Franklin Street homes stood a slender young girl with a large sword in her hands. She was swinging it in a wide arc, keeping at bay a pack of hoodlums crowding in her garden and pushing toward the steps where she stood alone. While the two men stared hard, smoke curled from the balcony railings and the maddened people fanned it into flames.

"That's the youngest Blackfort girl, Uncle Val," the colonel said. "I've got to help her!"

"No Blackfort would let you help, Chris. Please, come on—"

"But she's all alone there. I can't leave her."

"Chris, you know how the Blackforts hate, and they've never hated anyone as they do you."

"Oh, what of their hatred? It can't protect that girl, and I can. You take the regiment. I'll join you on the way."

THE old captain sighed. "I've always heard," he said, "that all the Moltans raised on their plantation was hell and horses. I've seen the others go, from the hunting field and duels, and the last in this army. I reckon you'll have to take your own way, too, Chris." He offered his hand. "I'll handle the regiment until you rejoin us."

"Thank you, Uncle Val." Already he was spinning his big chestnut hunter, and while his regiment moved on to the bridge he galloped hard through the smoke and debris toward the Blackfort garden wall.

The mob had pushed to the balcony steps, crouching there, screaming and waving their coats. Flames now darted up along the balustrade, reaching for the center columns. The girl stood between those smoking columns and with both hands swung a huge cuirassier's sword. It was something more than her sword that dominated the frenzied crowd, something of which the sword was a symbol.

Chris had seen the slender girl many times before, and remembered, though family hatred forbade them speak. Even if he had never seen her, he believed he would have known she was a Blackfort. It was in her arrogance and scorn for those fierce people pressing toward her. It was the way the Blackforts had always regarded all life beyond their proud world. Even now her young loveliness was untouched, as if war and death and this pack had never been. Even now, with smoke curling like wreaths about her, with burnished brown hair spilling over white shoulders with her crinoline swaying more slowly in rhythm with her tiring strokes, she had no fear that they would touch her.

But they would! Already they strained forward, like wolves, to pounce the moment she gave her first ground. She gave that backward step even as the big hunter gathered his hocks and slid alongside the garden wall. Before the horse skidded to a halt, Chris had vaulted to the wall and grasped the side balustrades. Swinging up, he cleared the railing. His pistol jumped out of its holster and he snap-shot between the retreating girl and the man nearest to her. They all heard the thud of the slug in the column. The girl lowered the sword and moved back to the doorway.

The men wavered on the edge of the balcony, smoke blackening their faces. They watched him come toward them, his gun in one hand, the shining saber in the other. With him too it was something more than the weapons that held the mob, something that colored the Moltans as surely as pride marked the Blackforts. The crouching men in front, the snarling women behind, fell back with his advance. When he reached the head of the steps, where the Blackfort girl had stood, they had retreated to the bottom. Watching them, he spoke to her over his shoulder:

"Get some water and put this out while I hold these people here."

He knew by the wild faces below him when the girl entered the house and when she hurried out. He heard the sizzle of the water and he heard the sullen rumble of the mob. He could not move his gaze from them. Their reactions and the splash of water told him of the girl's successive trips. Then he heard her voice for the first time, behind him.

"It's only smoking now and that'll soon stop. They wouldn't start a fresh fire. I'm safe now, thank you."

Intent on the crowd, he was unaware of her coolness. "Where're your servants?"

"Gone. Run away by the mob or with them; I don't know."

"Then you're here alone?"

"Does it matter?"

He was aware of her manner then and answered with his own coolness: "It should to you."

"Well, it doesn't . . . Colonel Moltan."

Then he did turn, swiftly, and looked at her young arrogance. She was not as cool as she appeared. There was fire in her eyes and her full mouth was too amorous of life for the poise of the Blackforts. He nodded in a short bow. "I'm flattered that you know who I am."

The fire burned brighter in her eyes and her voice came quick and sure: "You shouldn't be for what I know about you."

He grinned a little. "I'm sorry I can't remain and hear, but—" His words were scattered in a sudden burst of shouting from the mob.

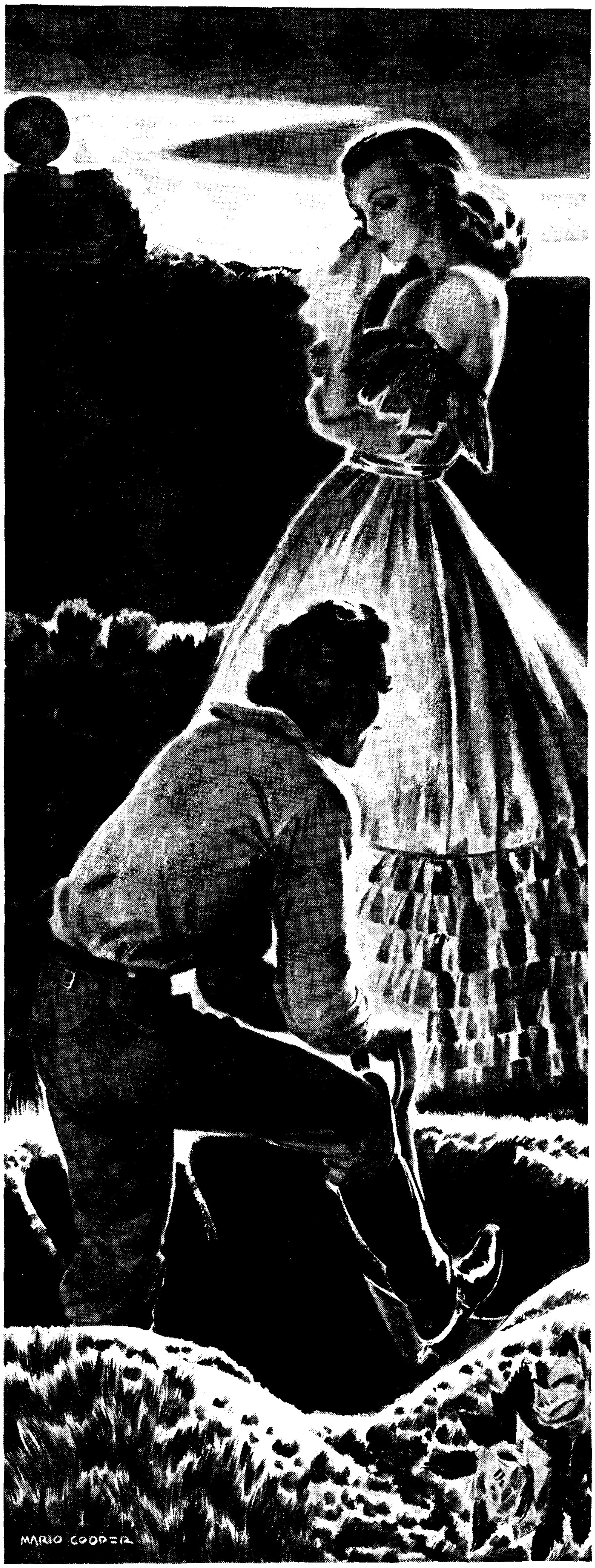
INSTANTLY he spun around and then, for a moment, his hands went slack. The mob had turned their backs and they surged toward the gate as savagely as they had charged the balcony steps. Some were trampled and some fought, and all were screaming a sort of terrified chant. The chant was answered by other mobs in other gardens, and in burning buildings and desolated streets, and no one in Richmond on that April morning would ever forget it.

"The Yankees! The Yankees! The Yankees are coming. The Yankees are in Richmond!"

This, at last, was the reality of knowing that all they had fought for was lost. The death of his brothers and kinsmen was in vain; the trees on the plantation would never shade another Moltan nor the bullet-riddled house ring with their voices. The conqueror brought with him the end of life as Chris had lived it in Richmond, and all that was left now for him in this country were a few days of fighting, before the ragged remnant of army was destroyed. He slid the saber in the scabbard and holstered his gun. He looked for his horse.

The horse was gone. Some ruffian had stolen him while he had held the mob in the garden. Even as he tried to think of ways of escape, to join his command, it was too late. He heard the familiar rhythm of cavalry on a cobblestoned street. Staring hard through the smoke over the Main Street skeletons of buildings, he saw them; shining metal and steel and brass buckles against a dull grim blue. At the same moment, he heard the girl behind him sob.

(Continued on page 34)



Chris was conscious of a silent white form that stood watching him

# The Amazing Selznicks

### By Quentin Reynolds

I

THEY had come to David Selznick's home for dinner and when it was over someone suggested a poker game. It was of course inevitable. These men worked hard. To them poker was more than a way to win or lose money—it was a way to lose the worries that kept their minds occupied all day at the studio. Nearly every week they played poker—real tough poker with high stakes. They were all there, Myron Selznick, Joe Schenck, Darryl Zanuck and the rest of the regulars. Mrs. Lewis Selznick, mother of David and Myron, was there too. So was Kay Francis. David led the way into the card room. Joe Schenck smiled toward Mrs. Selznick and Kay Francis and he said, "Would you two like to join us?"

Darryl Zanuck looked up sharply, "I don't know about that, Joe. I've never played poker with a woman before."

Mrs. Selznick said mildly, "Don't let that bother you, Darryl. Neither have I."

Four hours later the room was filled with smoke. Schenck, Zanuck, David and Myron were sweating and were grumbling. Mrs. Lewis Selznick, the matriarch of the Selznick tribe, sat there calmly with five large stacks of blue chips in front of her. They had forgotten that she had learned her poker from one of the greatest gamblers ever to sit in a game. They forgot that she bet her heart on reckless young Lewis Selznick many, many years ago and had won and had helped him parlay a few diamonds into leadership of the lusty motion-picture industry. She had been a great winner and when he had finally overestimated his hand and lost everything she had showed herself to be a great loser.

She is the mother of Myron and David and is the widow of the fabulous Lewis J. Selznick, who was known throughout the industry as "L. J." She has had an exciting life, for she was his companion in those early boisterous days when giants fought for control of the fledgling industry. With him she knew amazing wealth and dire poverty. Now L. J. is gone and her job is done. She has watched her sons rise to ruling positions in Hollywood and she is proud of them. And occasionally she plays poker. They do say that she is the only one in Hollywood who can trim Joe Schenck at stud.

Today Myron Selznick is Hollywood's most powerful agent. Lesser lights call themselves "artist's representative." Myron is an agent. He has under contract more established high-salaried actors, directors and writers than all other agents in the business. A word from him and any of his clients will walk out of any studio including the one operated and headed by brother David Selznick. Myron owns a good part of Selznick International Pictures, but that has never prevented him from bitterly opposing Brother David when he thought that Brother David was trying to get one of his stars for peanuts instead of dollars. Anything under $5,000 a week, or less than $150,000 a picture, is peanuts to Myron.

David is president of Selznick International Pictures. Even enemies of David admit grudgingly that he and Sam Goldwyn turn out the best pictures in Hollywood. The difference between David and Goldwyn is that Goldwyn must necessarily delegate a great deal of creative work to assistants. Selznick creates his own pictures entirely. He gets an idea, nurses it carefully, spends a million and a half dollars on it and watches it grow. Out of this process came such pictures as David Copperfield, Tale of Two Cities, A Star is Born, The Prisoner of Zenda and The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. Judged by *(Continued on page 62)*

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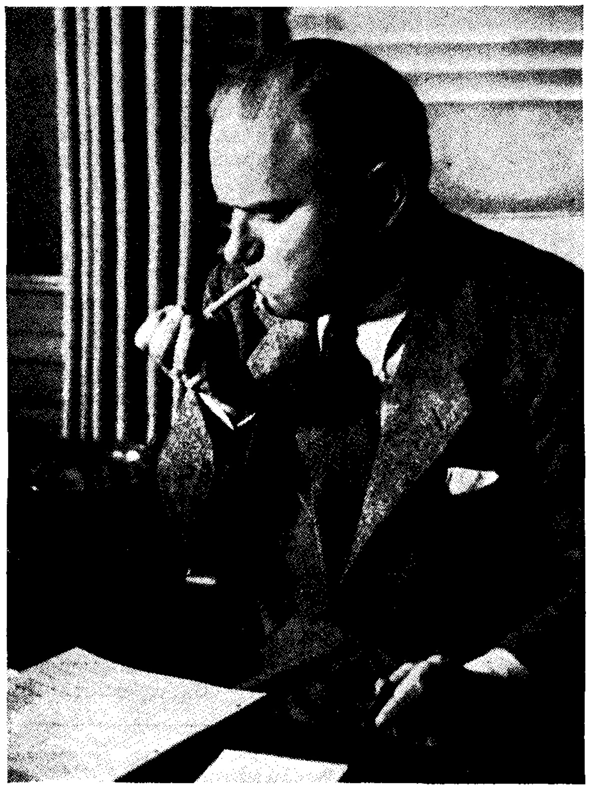
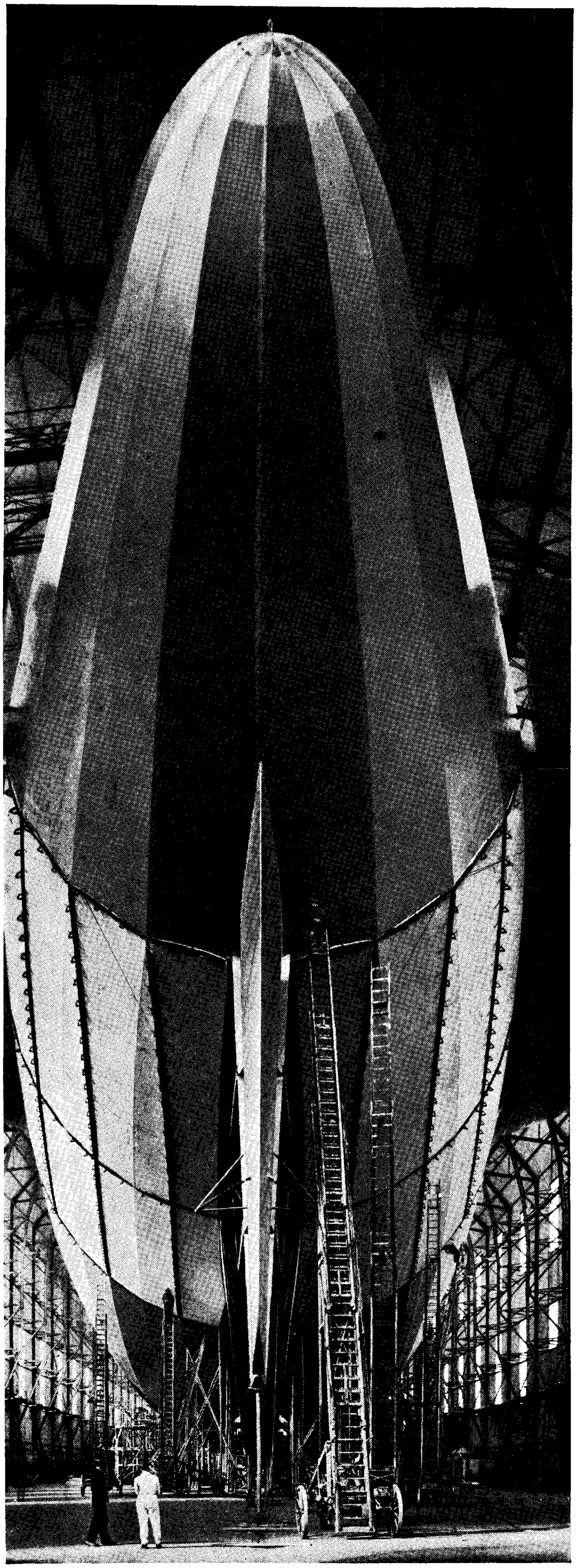
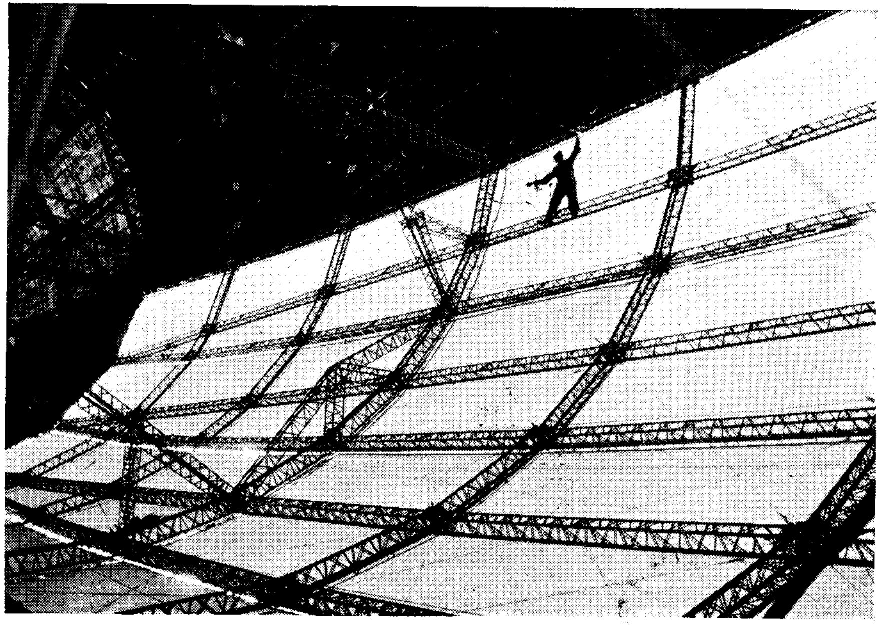
IFOR THOMAS



**Above: David Selznick and Janet Gaynor considering costume designs for a new picture. Extreme left: David and his mother, Mrs. Lewis J. Selznick. Left: Myron Selznick**





# DOWN

FOR sixteen years I have listened to the swan song of the airship. From the flaming tragedy of the R-38 in 1921, British-built for the United States Navy, to the spectacular finish of Germany's commercial Hindenburg, the requiem has fallen and faded only to swell again. Last May it was a dirge. Yet sometime soon residents along the Eastern seaboard may glance skyward to see the sister ship of the ill-fated Hindenburg completing her maiden voyage across the Atlantic. You can't keep 'em down.

Seen from below, the German LZ-130 will appear as the exact twin of her late sister. Her shape, dimensions and gas capacity are to all intents identical. She is 804 feet long and has a beam of 135 feet. Four 1,200-horsepower Diesel engines will give the ship a top speed of 84 miles per hour and a cruising speed of seventy miles an hour. Fifteen round trips between Frankfort, Germany, and Lakehurst, New Jersey, have been scheduled this year. Using the Hindenburg's performance as a basis, the German operators have announced a schedule of two and one-half days for the westward flight and two days for the eastward passage.

Interior arrangements of the new ship differ but slightly from those of the Hindenburg. Exceptions are the rearrangement of staterooms so that twelve de luxe cabins, port and starboard at different keel elevations, are located with outside windows, offering the same view as from the commodious lounges. The large dining saloon runs nearly three fourths of the distance across that part of the ship given over to passengers. Made of aluminum alloy, the modernistic furniture is not only strong but it can be lifted with one finger.

The traveler who likes his morning shower will miss this luxury on the LZ-130. The Hindenburg had it, but then she was hydrogen inflated and could afford to carry the extra weight involved. However, in other respects the new air cruiser will equal the Hindenburg in comfort and appointments. There are two decks, A and B, where passengers may walk, besides the lounges.

The sleeping cabins remain the narrow little cells that they were on the Hindenburg, with two bunks, one above the other. Air-cushion mattresses and light bedclothing are provided. A celluloid water basin for washing, a mirror and hooks on the wall and a footstool complete the cabin's equipment.

The usual bar has been provided and a smoking room. Because of the use of noninflammable helium instead of inflammable hydrogen to give the ship buoyancy, the smoking room will not be under pressure. This will eliminate the minor discomfort complained of by a few passengers in the past.

And that's the principal difference between all previous German airships and the new sky queen—the substitution of helium for hydrogen as a final safety factor.

Now don't tell me that you've heard that one before. Honest airship advocates are the first to admit that, following early American and subsequent

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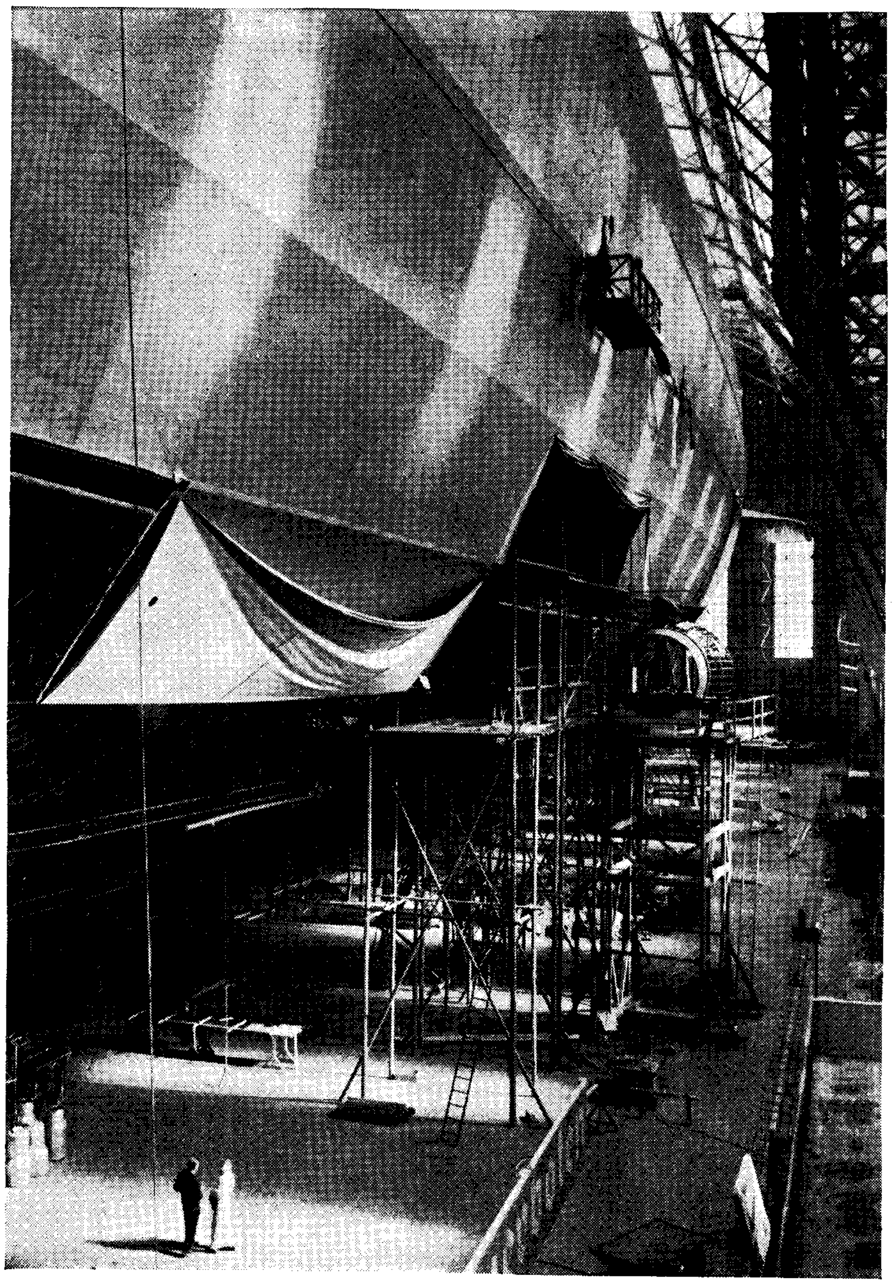
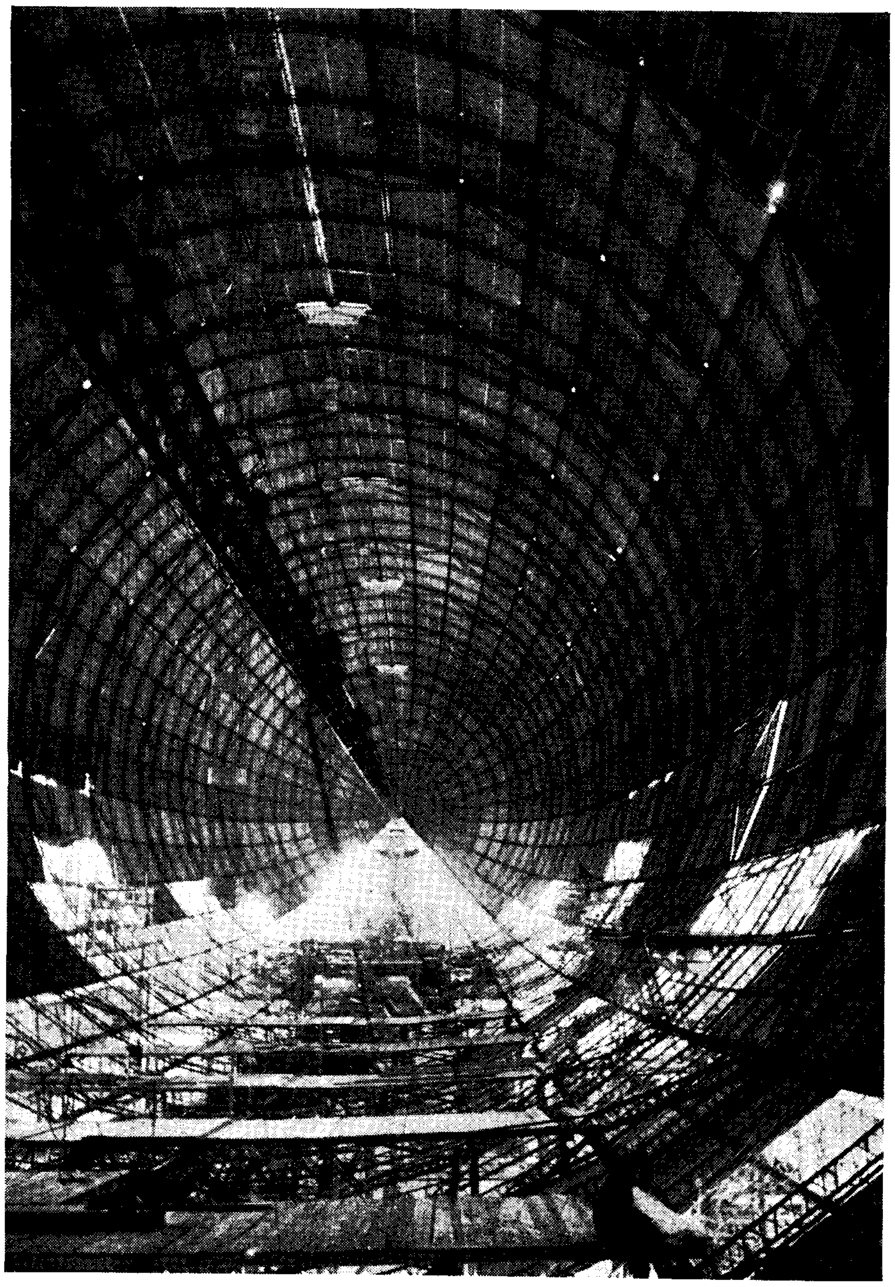




**The LZ-130, Germany's successor to the ill-fated Hindenburg. Opposite page: The already covered stern of the ship and a view from inside the frame near the stern. Above: a side view and inside view of the nearly completely covered dirigible**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL WOLFF

foreign airship tragedies, the public was promised one-hundred-per-cent safety through the use of helium in our own dirigibles. True, we were more than a little optimistic. We failed to achieve the promised safety with helium, but that was because other factors were involved besides the character of the buoyant gas used.

*But helium did advance safety by eliminating completely the fire hazard.* Loss of life was minimized in every subsequent American airship disaster. Had the Shenandoah, the Akron and the Macon been inflated with hydrogen, there is small question that their crews, including the writer, would have perished to a man.

Using hydrogen from the time of Count Zeppelin's first craft, the Hindenburg was not only the first postwar German airship to be involved in serious mishap but it also represented the *very first loss of life* in commercial dirigible operations going back to 1910. Before that disaster, tens of thousands of paying passengers had been carried in safety and superior comfort, inland, over oceans and, once, around the world.

It is reasonable then to expect that helium will truly provide the final safety factor in German operations.

Nature's bounty in giving this country a monopoly of valuable helium gas is a whim of fate. That it was produced commercially through American discovery and ingenuity and at government expense represents a distinct national contribution to enhance German leadership in the airship art. For those who fear that Germany might misuse this boon for military purposes sometime in the future, it is important to emphasize that our government is seeing to it that there is no hoarding for such use.

Helium shipped from our Texas field to Frankfort will cost the Germans approximately fifteen dollars per thousand cubic feet. This cost is *ten* times that for hydrogen produced in Frankfort. But the LZ's operators figure that during one year of operations they will use but one tenth as much helium as they formerly used of hydrogen. The reason for this is that they will not have to valve as much gas in making a landing as has always been necessary.

### Keeping the Weight Constant

Valving of gas has been minimized by a distinctive all-American invention known as "water-recovery" apparatus. The scheme was conceived and perfected by our own naval airship experts. Briefly, water-recovery consists of recovering ballast by collecting and condensing exhaust gases from burned fuel in the Diesel engines. Thus, in the engine gondolas of the LZ-130 are incorporated metal condensers, cooled by air and water, into which the exhaust gases from the engine are fed.

Under normal conditions ninety per cent of the weight in fuel burned will be recovered in water. After the water is recovered it is piped through filters and then led off to storage tanks. The weight in water recovered not only keeps the ship's weight fairly constant, thus minimizing valving of gas at the end of a flight, but the same water is used for washing purposes. By converting the fuel into water for ballast and washing, the ship is able to take off with a greater pay load, which feature adds money to the profit side of the ledger.

Besides the marked cost of helium over hydrogen in production and shipping, there is also imposed a cost in its buoyant efficiency. Helium will lift but ninety-one per cent as much as hydrogen. Measured in passenger-carrying accommodations, the LZ-130 will carry but forty against the hydrogen-inflated Hindenburg's record of seventy-two. The average return in passenger revenue on a trip of the Hindenburg was \$20,400 at \$400 a passage. Despite a boost in rates to \$450 on the LZ-130, if every trip finds every stateroom sold the gross will be but \$18,000.

Safety must come before financial return, however, and we who believe in airships, and that America should have her own, frankly are envious of German leadership. While we are proud of America's contributions to the new German effort, many of us believe that, given public support and government appropriations, we may eventually equal if not surpass the European pioneers in the dirigible art.

The layman then might ask colloquially: "What have the Germans got that we haven't got?"

Is it in the field of metallurgy? In engineering skill? In trained operating personnel?

If these are the apparent American deficiencies it is plain that all could be supplied in the school of experience. American dirigible advocates believe the men and brains to equal the German record are available here in the United States. Proofs of that belief are found in original contributions made by our own airship personnel.

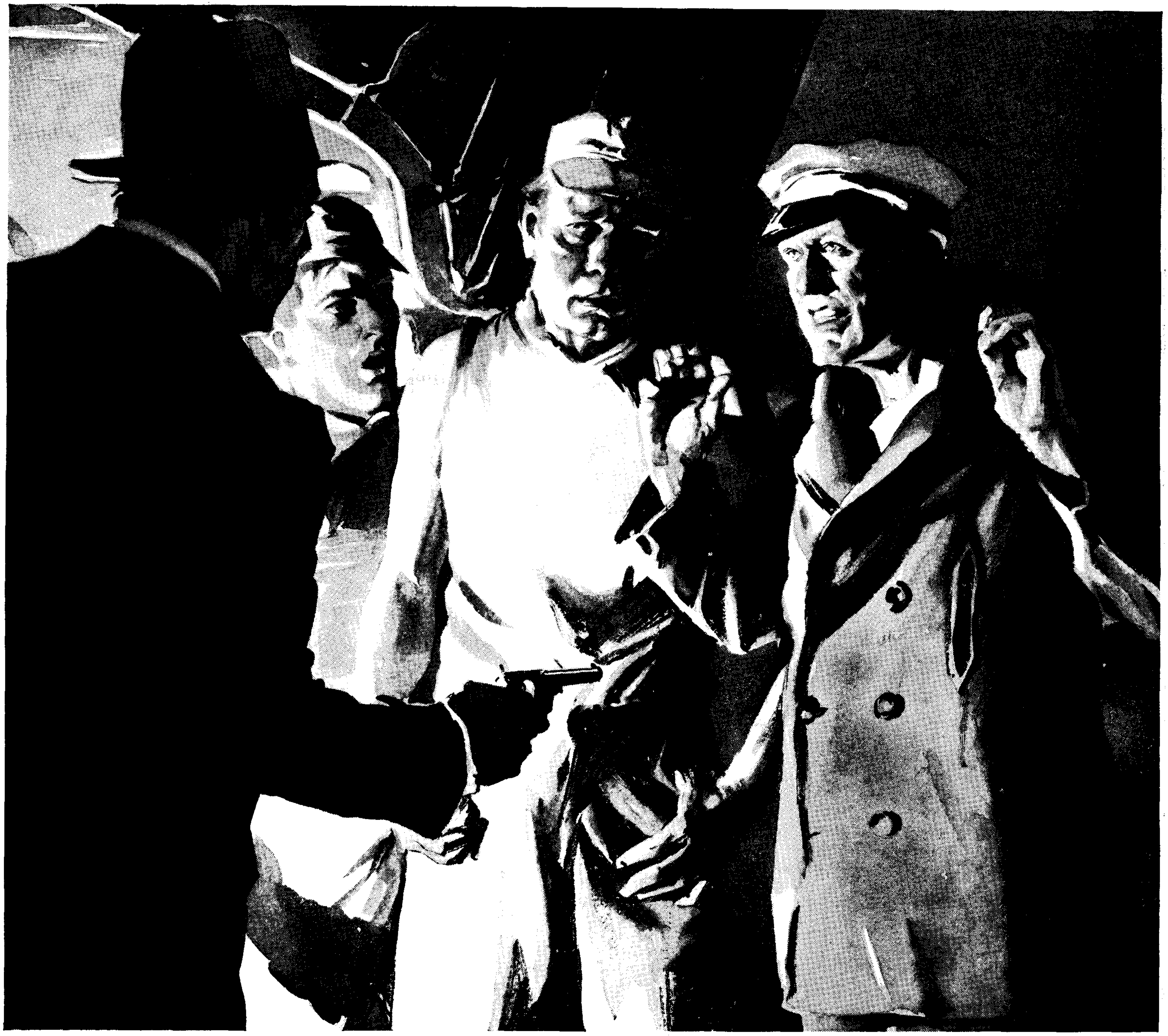
### Dirigibles as Airplane Carriers

Besides the development of water-recovery apparatus, which has been mentioned, the art of mooring and ground handling of large airships by mechanical means was engineered in this country. These two things are vital to Germany's commercial-airship program. But even more important from the military standpoint is the development of the airship as an airplane carrier by the U. S. Navy. Our last two dirigibles, the Akron and the Macon, both carried five observation planes stowed in "belly hangars" ready for release in the air at any time. Thousands of "hook landings" and launchings were made to and from those airships without a single accident.

A great part of the talent that made these things possible has been idle all too long. To put such talent back to work needs only one thing—the vital element of money.

American airship experience up to

*(Continued on page 54)*



The First's protest stopped and his hands went slowly up to shoulder height. His teeth still shone in the white grin

# The Bright Road

## By John Hawkins

**A story of the sea in which the important question is: Who used that knife in a dark street in Kobe? And a boy gets much more than he bargains for**

SHE lay at the dock at the foot of Twelfth Street, and they could see her masts, slender against the sky, and a portion of her funnel. Behind them the streetcar clanged away. A lumber truck rumbled by, made a wide turn, and was swallowed by a door that yawned on darkness.

The kid stood there, the new tightness in his throat. This is it, he thought, this is adventure. The clerk had said: "Two wipers for the Point Adams on the China run." Then, "You, kid, have you got a lifeboat ticket?"

The grimy ticket on the counter then; the clerk's smile as he penciled the number on a card. Just a day old, that ticket, but he'd torn it purposely and rubbed dirt in the creases. The job card, warm in his hand. The dusty hall outside the shipping office had changed now to become the bright road to China.

The quick voice behind him: "Hey, kid!"

Fear had laid bright fingers against his spine as he turned. He had been sure, for a sick moment, that the clerk had changed his mind and was going to give the job to someone else. But it had been Blondy who hurried after him.

"I got that other wiper's job," Blondy had said. "We might as well go out to the ship together, huh?"

Blondy. The kid didn't know his other name. He had talked to him just once, a week before, on one of the benches in the shipping office, and had offered him a sack of tobacco when Blondy asked for the butt of his cigarette. Blondy had grinned, a queer tight grin, and said: "Sure, kid, but don't let the rest of these wolves get next to you. They'll take your teeth."

And now they were here, staring over the top of the dock shed at the tangle of booms and mast tops while the warm thought grew: China, this way! Adventure, this way!

"Comin', kid?" Blondy asked.

"Sure." The kid picked up his two cardboard suitcases and followed Blondy across the street and into the cool gloom of the dock shed.

A truck crashed past them, the swelling roar of motor sound filling their ears. Then an odd machine, which looked like a water bug on wheels and carried a pile of lumber tucked up inside its long legs, rolled out of a side aisle. They had to jump out of the way to let it by.

“Watch it, kid,” Blondy said quietly. “These boys don't care who they hit.”

Bright sunlight again, and the ship only fifty feet away. A winch engine clattered noisily. A sling load of lumber soared up over the rail, poised at the point of a slender V of silvery cable, and dropped swiftly from sight. A workman hurried down the slanting gangway.

“She's a pig.” Blondy was rolling a cigarette. “She'll have cockroaches in the galley, and be lousy aft. She's a hungry ship, but she's better than nuthin'.”

“YEAH.” The kid had the smell of the far places in his nostrils. The grimy tramp was touched with gold, with the lure of strange, mouth-filling names. Singapore, Kobe, Shanghai—they were real now, as real as the trembling in his legs.

He was glad, suddenly, that he was with Blondy, for he wouldn't have known where to go or what to do. He had never, in all his seventeen years, been aboard a ship.

The cleats of the gangway under his heels. Blondy saying, “Come on, kid.” Back—no, aft was the word—across the deck to a steel door that stood ajar. Through noisy half darkness to a door marked “Firemen and Wipers.”

The fo'c'sle. He hadn't known it would be like this. A table, tiers of bunks, a littered floor, and the smell, strong and sour, that struck him like a blow across the face.

A man who must have been a Mexican, for his skin was as yellow as his teeth, said, “Them two bunks aft. You jus' got time to change an' turn to. The First's been waitin' for you all day.”

“Yeah, we'd figured on that.” Blondy tossed his bag in the lower bunk.

There were four others, besides the Mexican, in the fo'c'sle, and the kid felt their impersonal eyes on him as he changed into dungarees that were new and stiff, and a cheap, too large work shirt. He had brought worn tennis shoes from home, and the thought of the tennis court behind the high school came to him, strange in this far place, as he knotted the laces.

The new fence ought to be done by now. A forehand drive wouldn't find that hole back of . . .

“Those are bad shoes.” The Mexican grinned from his bunk. “You'll break your neck.”

“Thanks, I—I got some others.”

Blondy nodded. “Better change. The gratings'll be slippery.”

The kid was fumbling in his suitcase when the harsh voice asked, “The wipers come aboard yet?” Blondy was saying, “We just got aboard,” when the kid turned.

A SHORT man in faded coveralls stood in the doorway. A smudged grease stain lay across one cheekbone, and his eyes were small and blue and cold. He looked at them, steadily, while all sound in the fo'c'sle stopped and there was only the echo of the clamor on deck.

“A smart sailor, huh?” he said finally. “We had two like you last trip. They came from the skid road too. They had to learn to say ‘sir.’ ” His voice had dropped to a husky purr. “Come on, sailor, say it!”

Silence. Hot, oppressive silence. The kid could hear each laboring beat of his heart, and he knew, now, that a whisper could be more terrible than a shout. The short man's lips moved, and his big hands opened and closed, once. Blondy's face was white, a muscle jumped in his cheek.

“Yes—yes, sir.”

The blue eyes touched the kid's face. “You, kid, what's your name?”

The kid didn't answer at once, for the syllables were still strange, even after two weeks, and he had to think each time to be sure he had it right. It seemed to him that the whole fo'c'sle was waiting, listening long before he spoke:

“Terrance, sir,” he said, “Terrance O'Brien.”

“Another good Swede, huh? From now on you're ‘Red.’ ” The short man's teeth showed briefly. “You guys got aboard too late to eat. You turn to with the rest, and report to me when you come below.”

The short man had been gone a full moment before Blondy turned to the kid. “I told you we picked a pig.”

The Mexican said, “Yeah, Anderson's tough.”

An eternity, then, until the *clang-clang* sounded from somewhere forward. The kid crossed the deck with the others, and panic came into his throat as they entered the narrow passageway and heat—like the breath of hell—met them. He caught Blondy's arm.

“Maybe I shouldn'ta come,” he said quickly. “I don't know what a wiper's supposed to do. Anderson might get mad. Maybe I ought to quit and . . .”

The Mexican laughed.

“Forget it,” Blondy snapped. “Hell, we all had to start. Wipin's a cinch; you'll learn in no time. . . .” He lapsed into abrupt quiet as they reached the ladder head, and could see—three levels below—the white disk of the First Assistant's upturned face.

THE kid *did* learn in the week that followed. He learned to clean his columns quickly and without using more than one rag. He learned what fear meant, and to jump at the sound of the First Assistant's voice. That took time, but two openhanded blows across the face taught him that a voice can be heard even above the thunderous beat of the engine.

And he learned to stay out of the storeroom, for once he turned to find the First behind him, to hear: “Don't ever come in here or I'll break your damn' neck!”

He learned that food aboard the Point Adams meant something that swam in grease. That it meant tin plates, grimy bone-handled tableware, thick cups, and coffee that tasted like mud. He learned to sleep, a little, without hearing the hammering clatter of the steam steering engine just outside the fo'c'sle door.

The other men in the black-gang fo'c'sle became names instead of just faces. Baldy, Joe, the Old Guy. They were firemen, and there was Morgan, the only oiler who didn't have a tiny cabin of his own.

The kid made friends with no one but Blondy. Not after he cursed the First Assistant one night, and heard the First repeat the words the next morning. Bitter knowledge, that, paid for with a backhand smash across the mouth; with swollen lips and tears and pain.

He and Blondy talked it over on one of the hatch covers the next noon.

“No officer can do that,” Blondy declared. “It ain't legal. We'll squawk to the Skipper and . . .” He looked at the kid suddenly. “Did anybody see the First sock you?”

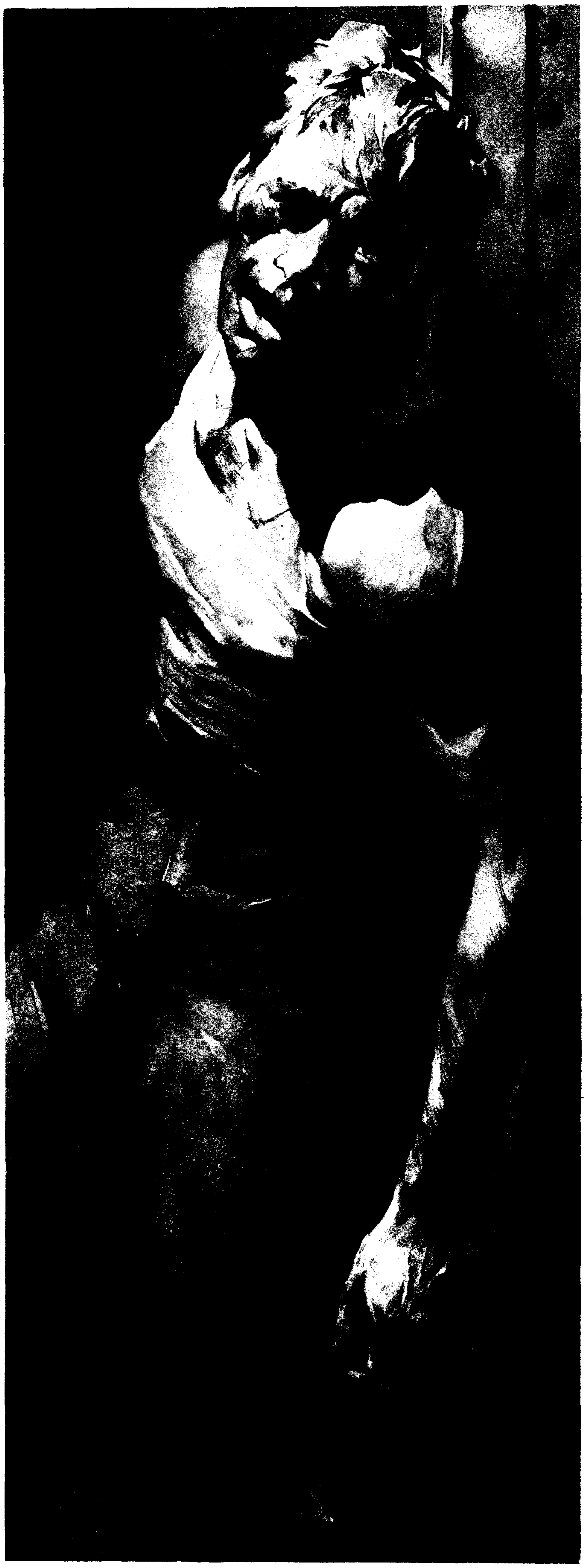
“No,” the kid said bitterly. “We were alone.”

“He's smart, that guy. He'd tell the Skipper you was lyin', an' that'd make it worse for both of us.”

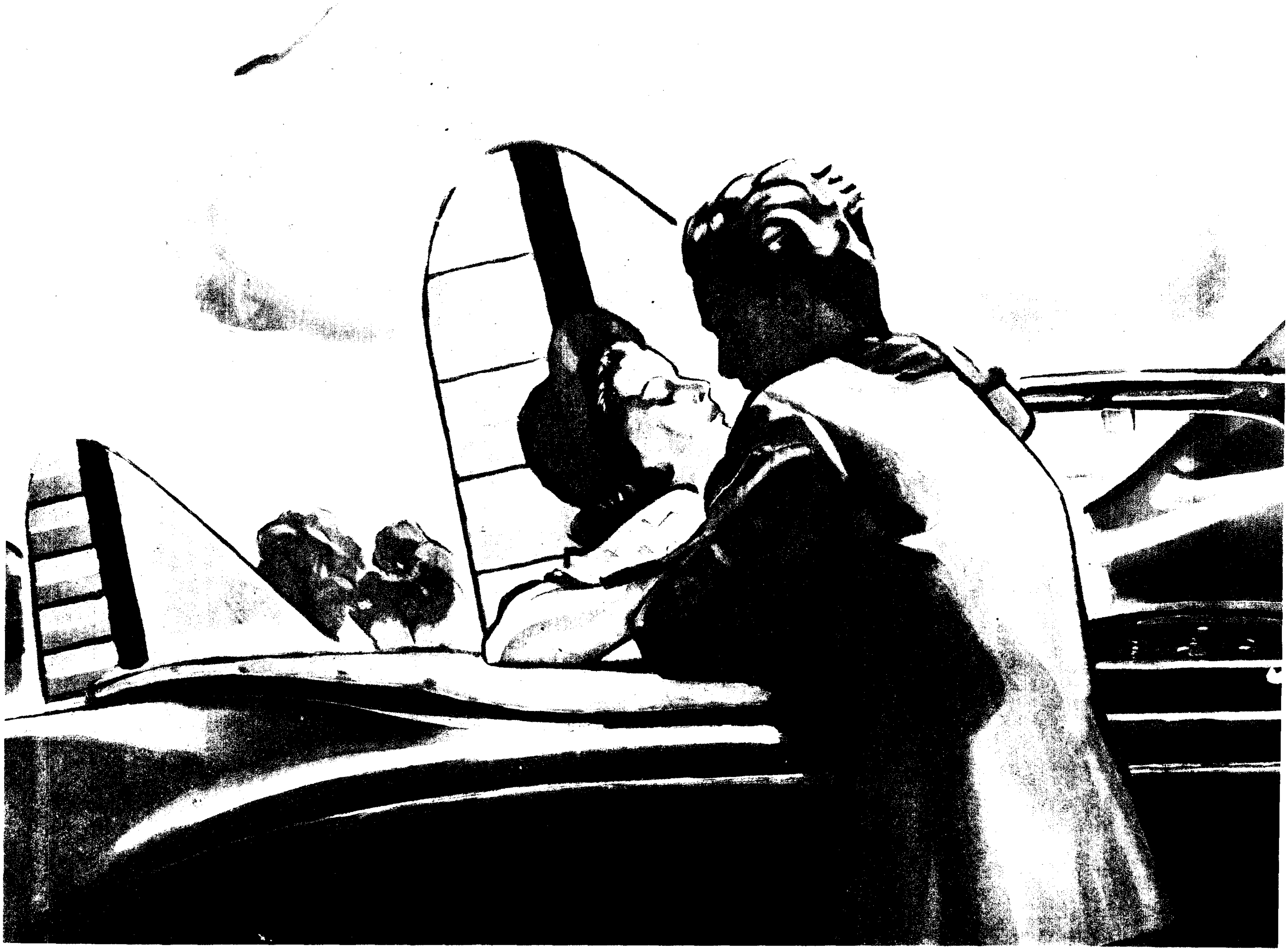
“You mean . . . ?”

Blondy rolled a brown cigarette. “He's the boss down below. The Chief's sick, he ain't been out of his cabin since we left port. The Skipper would believe the First, and we'd spend most of the time cleanin' bilges after that.”

*(Continued on page 25)*



**The kid saw him then, a sagging figure swaying in the wan light**



**She looked trim and sweet, and just seeing her made Bill feel funny inside. He leaned down and kissed her**

# Wedding Day

## By Hurd Barrett

**After all, what difference could a few hours make when they had a whole lifetime ahead?**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

BILL BROPHY, production supervisor of the five major assembly departments of the American Aircraft Manufacturing Company, sighed and leaned back in his desk chair. He was at peace with the world. It was ten o'clock of a Friday morning, and his wedding day. That Tuesday he and Miss Betty Fay had filed notice of intention to wed; and at noon, when the factory closed down for lunch, he and Miss Fay were going to drive into Los Angeles and pick up the license. At six that evening they would be married at Miss Fay's mother's home, and would leave for a week-end honeymoon at Lake Arrowhead.

At the thought of Miss Fay and his good fortune, Bill Brophy was enveloped by a quiet glowing sensation. He was, he reflected, pretty lucky. Thirty-one years old, a good job and Betty. Add to that good health, money in the bank and a pretty swell week end ahead. Not a care in the world. . . .

The glowing sensation was dispelled by the buzzing of his phone. Bill picked it up. "Yes?"

Jim Dutton's voice came over the wire. Jim Dutton was the foreman of final assembly. "They brought number 123 up here this morning. It's sitting in the middle of the hangar floor. There ain't no wings for it. The rudder ain't come up yet. The cabin installation is only half done; but they brought it up anyway. What kind of a shenanigan do you call that?"

"I had it sent up," explained Bill Brophy. "It's scheduled out for next Wednesday, and I knew if you didn't get it today you'd never make it. Do what you can; I'll try to get the wings up before lunch."

"That's swell," said Jim Dutton bitterly. "Simply swell. I'm supposed to rig controls without any wings, and with the rudder missing. I'm supposed to shove parts into her willy-nilly, and run up my hourage and catch hell from Estimating—"

Bill Brophy sighed and hung up. Then he dialed the wing department. "Give me Kelly Patterson. . . . Kelly? Bill Brophy. What the devil happened to the wings for 123? Dutton just called and he's crying his eyes out."

"Let him cry," snarled Patterson. "I've got my own troubles. I pulled the wings out of the jig at eight-thirty, and I've been fighting with the old man ever since."

"Why won't he pass 'em?" asked Bill. The "old man" was the chief inspector.

"He says the spars in the right wing are warped. Claims he ran a piano wire down the row of rivets in the front spar cap, and they were twenty-one thirty-seconds off at rib station one-forty-five."

"Nuts," said Bill Brophy. "That's sag. You got the wing hanging on chain hoists at each end. A metal wing's an elastic structure."

"YOU better come down and tell him that. He claims the assembly jig is out of line." An assembly jig is a steel cradle, built to hold the various parts of a structure in place while they are riveted together.

"Okay," said Bill Brophy resignedly. "I'll be down as soon as my clerk gets back."

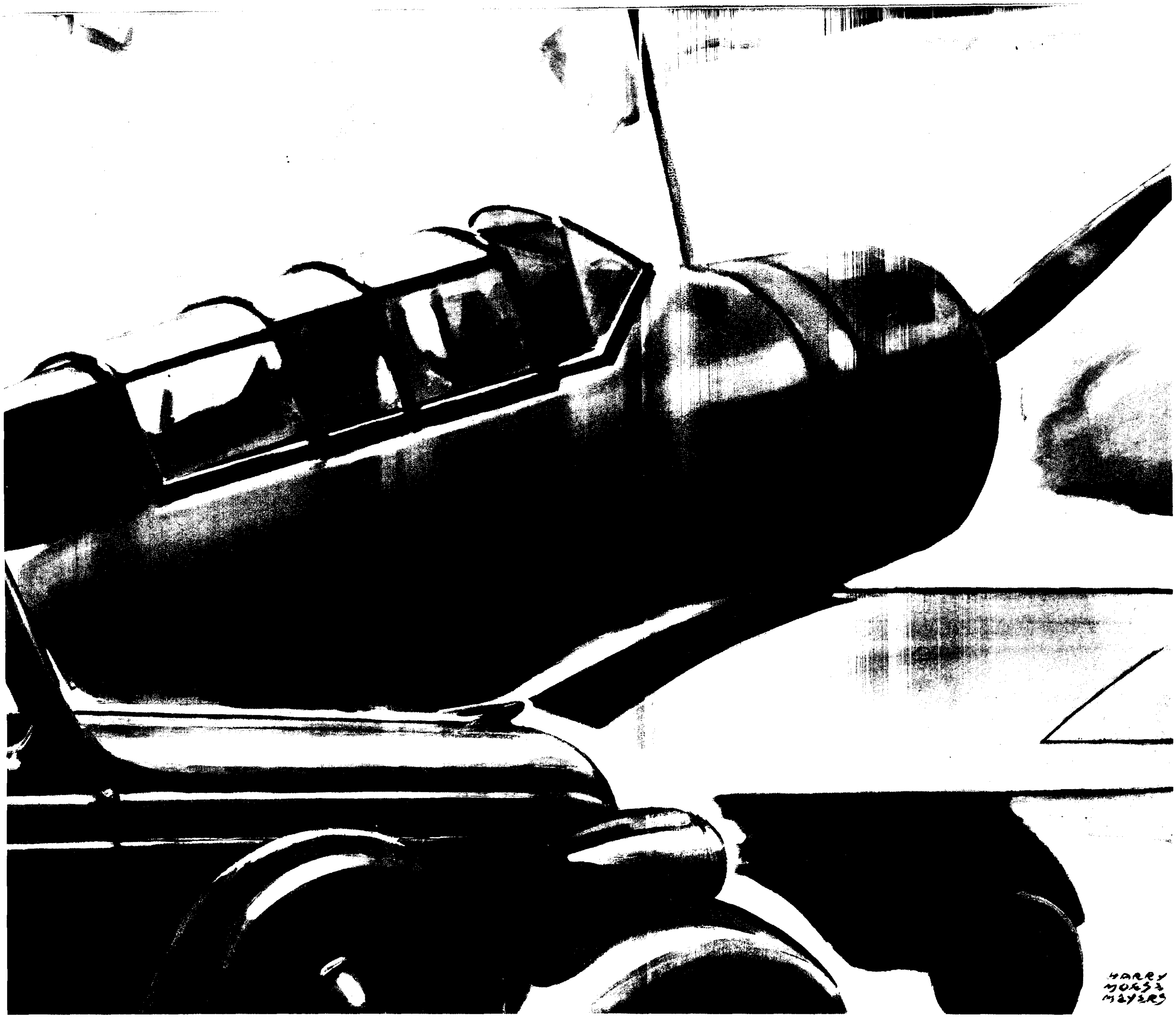
He hung up the phone. Immediately it jangled again. He answered it. "What's fallen to pieces now?" he demanded of the transmitter.

The voice was feminine. "Having trouble, darling?" it asked.

"Oh, Betty!" said Bill. "I didn't know it was you." He laughed. "Yeah. I always have trouble."

"Where do you want to meet me at noon?"

"At noon . . . ? Oh, yes, the marriage license."



"Had you forgotten about it, dear?"

"No. . . . No, of course not, sweetheart. I been thinking about you all morning. It just kind of slipped my mind the last ten minutes. Can you get your mother's car?"

"Just a minute. I'll ask her. . . ." There was silence on the line, and Bill Brophy's mind drifted instantly away from marriage licenses. . . . One hundred and twenty sets of wings had been built on those jigs, he thought, and now they were out of line. . . . The old man was nuts. . . .

"Yes, Betty. . . . No, they didn't cut us off. . . . You can? Swell. Meet me at twelve in front of the plant. Get my car out of the lot and wait by the main door. . . . Yes, I know we should have gotten the license before. . . . No, I can't take the afternoon off. Not possibly. . . . Sure, I love you, but I'm busy. Sure, heaps. . . . I can't wait until this evening, either. . . ." Funny, he thought, how women didn't understand about a man's work.

As he hung up the phone, his clerk came in. Bill Brophy frowned. "Where've *you* been?" he inquired.

The clerk was out of breath and looked worried. He was a kid of perhaps eighteen, lanky and earnest.

"Up in the hangar. I've been trying to get you on the phone. It's about 120."

Bill Brophy got a funny feeling in the pit of his stomach; 120 was scheduled to ferry east that night for delivery to Seaboard Airways, and not ten minutes before he had heard the ship circling for a landing from its final test hop. . . . "Okay," he told the kid. "Spill it."

"The final check pilot came in with his left-hand parking brake locked. He tore the wheel and tire all to hell, and ground-looped so bad he liked to have cracked up. I just seen Wilkenson in field operations, and he says the upper truss is twisted out of line, and—"

Bill Brophy groaned. He reached for the phone and started dialing.

IT WAS eleven-thirty by the time 120 had been towed in off the field, and a repair crew started ripping the ruined landing gear out of the engine nacelle. From his examination of the mess, Bill judged that six hours' hard work would see it repaired. If the bulkhead wasn't damaged, that is. You couldn't tell about that until the gear was out, and the fuel tank covers were pulled. If the bulkheads were damaged — well, 120 wouldn't fly east *this* night.

He left Wilkenson and Jim Dutton wrangling on the final assembly floor, and went back to his office. His clerk looked up and grinned a little as he entered. "The production manager's office called," he said. "They want you up there right away."

"Now what?"

"They didn't say," said the kid.

Bill put on his coat and went out the door onto the fuselage installation line. Ten big transport fuselages stood nose to tail on the floor, the nearest almost complete with landing gear installed and the insignia of an air line painted on either side of its blunt nose and over the cabin windows. The cabin furnishings were in, and most of the hydraulic lines, and the flight and engine instruments. Over her pilot's door was a stenciled sign reading, "Ship 124."

"About ready to go up to the hangar," thought Bill. "Maybe Monday morning. And half the installations still missing. No wonder Jim Dutton kicks. It's the north end's fault. They don't get the parts up here. . . ."

He looked down the lines of silver fuselages. "Nice," he thought. "Awful nice. Clear down to the fuselage jig, one after another, moving along at three a week. Sometime after we're married, I'll bring Betty in and show her. . . . Maybe, then, she'll understand why—"

Betty! Bill Brophy looked at his wrist watch and jumped like a startled faun. Betty was meeting him in twenty minutes and he had to see Kendall first. . . .

THE production manager was a man of fifty, short and stocky, with the quick eyes of a pilot and a slow way of talking. He'd flown in France, and had been in the game ever since. He'd started with American when the plant was an old barn in a cow pasture, and the big boss himself worked in the shop in his shirt sleeves. Eighteen years ago, that was. Kendall would be with American as long as he lived, Bill supposed. For one thing, he was a director in the company. For another, he was the boss' right hand. . . .

Now he leaned across the big desk and offered Bill a cigar. Bill didn't like cigars much, but he took it and lit up. Kendall grinned at him.

"So this is the big day. What time's the ceremony?"

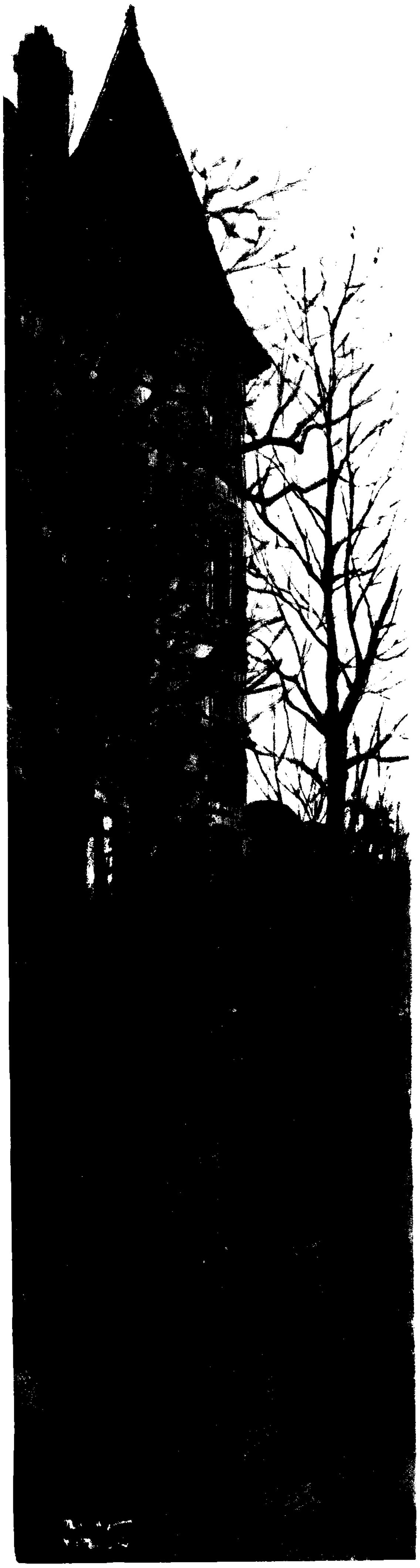
"About six. You got a bid, didn't you?"

Kendall laughed. "Sure," he said. He pointed to a large box standing on the office floor. "Little present from the

*(Continued on page 44)*

# Pirate Blood

### By Colette



"Even if the devil himself lives here, this is where I am going to sleep!" Dutilleul said to himself

"SURELY this road leads somewhere!"

Robert Dutilleul put his car into gear and drove two hundred yards farther. The noise of bushes, like swirling water against the sides of the car, became more insistent. Behind him the trailer, new and empty, bounded from rut to rut. Robert silently cursed his wife's enthusiasm for camping, which had forced him to start home towing this ridiculous contrivance.

A solid wall of unyielding vegetation blocked his path. The trailer put an end to any hope of backing. He got out of the car and found, by the light of the moon, a narrow path that still retained some of the warmth of the long summer day.

Presently a cooler air fanned his face and he emerged, as though in a dream, in front of a shabby little château with a single turret that wore a great cape of ivy on its half-ruined shoulder.

This unexpected sight together with the fatigue of his long drive from Paris to Aix brought him a vague feeling of discouragement. He was about to retrace his steps when he saw a light in a window and changed his mind. "Even if the devil himself lives here, this is where I am going to sleep!"

He groped his way up three stone steps, entered the open door, struck a match and by its light found his way to the lighted room.

As he reached the room he was stopped by a pistol shot. Robert automatically raised his hands. Around a table a group of men were watching him in hostile silence. Half hidden by a reflector lamp a girl sat with her elbows on the table, her chin in her hands.

The man who had fired raised his gun.

"Stop, fool," growled a deep voice. "You want to wake up the whole country?"

The man with the gun lowered it and moved over to search Robert.

"Where's your wallet?"

The man who had spoken bent toward the lamp a heavy, liquor-reddened face.

"Dutilleul? That your name?"

"Surely you don't think I'd travel under my right name," said Robert.

He was amazed at his own presence of mind. Half dead with fright, he had nevertheless thought up on the instant a story that might save him. Then he remembered his unimpressive appearance, his close-clipped mustache and apologetic manner. No one would be fooled by him. He decided hopelessly that the best thing was to keep still.

"May I offer you something to drink?" the girl inquired politely. "A glass of champagne?"

"Look here, Moumou," said the fat man, "can't you see that Monsieur Dutilleul and I are busy?"

It was not till then that Robert noticed that on the heavy damask tablecloth stood ice buckets, glasses, three bottles of champagne and a short, square bottle of liquor.

The girl called Moumou filled the glasses and handed Robert a champagne cup full of sparkling wine. The men drank slowly; Robert drained his glass at a gulp.

"Thank you, Madame," he said.

"Mademoiselle," she corrected.

Robert's curiosity returned. He began to examine the third man, who had remained in the shadow. Sixteen or seventeen years old, he sat with crossed arms like a good pupil attending a lecture.

"Let's sit down," said the fat man. "Pierrot, a chair for Monsieur."

The youngster hurriedly obeyed.

"He shot at you," exclaimed the fat man, "because that's safest."

With one hand he motioned toward his companion, a thin, silent man with a beak like Don Quixote, who seemed to feel neither remorse nor pride at his deed.

"Only he missed you. What's missed is missed. I don't like noise myself. Trouble is, you know who we are and we'll have to shut you up. Luckily this place has plenty of cellar space and we have lots of rope. Securely tied up, Monsieur Dutilleul—"

Moumou burst into laughter and Robert replied with a smile. Did his life really depend on the whim of these irresponsible people? He began to play his fantastic role with the assurance of a sleeper crossing a canyon on a spider's web.

"Monsieur," he said to the fat man, "you can decide what you think best. But before you make up your mind you had better know with whom you are dealing. I am Jurisse."

A respectful silence greeted this announcement.

"I see you read the papers," Robert went on condescendingly. "But the papers don't know it all. Sixty million francs, that's the real figure. Sixty millions snagged by these hands—the hands of Jurisse."

HE SPREAD out his hands on the table. The light shone on his wedding ring and he smiled to himself, thinking of his wife. She keeps saying, "You're a coward, a disgrace to your ancestor the pirate, Dutilleul of Brest." If she could only see me now!

Moumou listened like a frightened deer, and filled his glass.

The fat man seemed overcome. Finally he spoke. "Are you—would you be—willing to go in with us?" he proposed awkwardly.

Robert raised himself on his toes, tilted backward on his heels as he was accustomed to do at conferences when he wanted to emphasize his authority as assistant manager of the Union Bank. The fat gangster brooded, his head sunk between his shoulders; the thin man rolled a cigarette. Moumou, a lovely disheveled figure, remained lost in ecstatic contemplation of the famous Jurisse.

"It's this way," said the fat man. "We have two or three little jobs in the town. During the day we hide out here—this château is supposed to be haunted—and work at night. Oh, I don't pretend we'll get rich, but we've got it all thoroughly worked out . . ."

"I see, I see," Robert said disdainfully, for he felt disappointed.

"Two men to do the work; you'll have to admit that's not much," said the fat man apologetically. "The punk here stays outside as lookout. . . ."

The thin, discouraged-looking gangster spoke for the first time. "Times are hard; you can't expect much. But that's true everywhere. Perhaps Monsieur Jurisse knows something . . ."

Robert interrupted with an imperious wave of his hand. He tossed off a bumper of champagne. "Chicken feed!" he said. "Small-time stuff."

He took hold of the back of his chair and raised his index finger to command attention.

"I am a man of few words and I always speak to the purpose. Tomorrow at Pierrelatte, sixty miles from here, a messenger from Avignon will arrive at the branch office of the Union Bank with three hundred thousand francs. Got it? Have you a bus?"

"A beauty," said Pierrot reproachfully.

"Good! We park in front of the bank, motor running. Two men on the sidewalk—you two. Grab the satchel. Cast off!"

He smiled, remembering that he himself had signed the order at the home office for this transfer of funds.

The fat man did not reply at once. His nervous, manicured hand strayed to the lobe of his ear.

"Well, now," he said, "we'd have to consider . . ."

Robert flashed him a look of scorn. He's afraid of his own shadow, the yellow belly, he thought.

"There won't be too many people on the street?" the thin man asked hesitantly.

He exchanged a furtive glance with his accomplice and filled Robert's glass.

They're mere infants, Robert thought. They don't know that the more I drink the clearer my head becomes. Trivial creatures! I'm not surprised that Dutilleul of Brest, my ancestor the pirate, could make men tremble simply by looking at them. Do these fellows think they can make me drunk like a greenhorn? By God, there's pirate blood in my veins!

He strode across the floor, which seemed to rise and fall like a deck beneath his feet. A mournful voice broke in upon his exaltation.

"Perhaps they kept a record of the serial numbers of the bills," said the thin man.

"No record was kept," snapped Robert, knowing the facts.

"Just when you think you've covered every angle," said the fat man apologetically, "there's usually some slip and then bang!"

"Shut up!" shouted Robert.

He turned on them the blazing glance of Dutilleul of Brest and saw them wilt.

"All right, all right," muttered the fat man.

"I'm taking charge," said Robert harshly. "Lights out in fifteen minutes. Up and clear for action at five. At six, get under sail. Each will receive exact orders."

"Yes, sir," said the fat man, rising heavily. He was followed by his two companions and by Moumou, whose skirt made the silky sound of an opening fan.

ROBERT remained alone, facing the empty glasses and the lukewarm dregs of champagne. He sat down to loosen a shoe that was hurting him, yawned and let his head sink forward on his chest. . . . A shiver woke him, and perhaps, too, the subdued murmurs of voices echoed by the ancient woodwork of the house. Deserted by Dutilleul of Brest, plain Dutilleul was miserably aware of the horror of his situation: the dishonor, the public trial, the penal servitude, awaiting the man who conspired with bandits to rob his own bank. He was on the point of shouting for help when he heard Moumou's soft voice on the other side of the wall.

"He seemed so mild!"

"Mild!" sneered the thin man with the big nose. "What a gag!"

"Mild!" repeated the deep voice of the fat man. "Daredevil, that's what he is. He'd get us all in stir. A specialist in bank robberies! And then pretty soon—bang, bang! And there you are!"

"It's not the game for us," said the thin man. "Get a move on, hurry it up!"

One board in the outer room creaked. The footsteps faded.

"Thank God. I'm out of it," sighed Dutilleul.

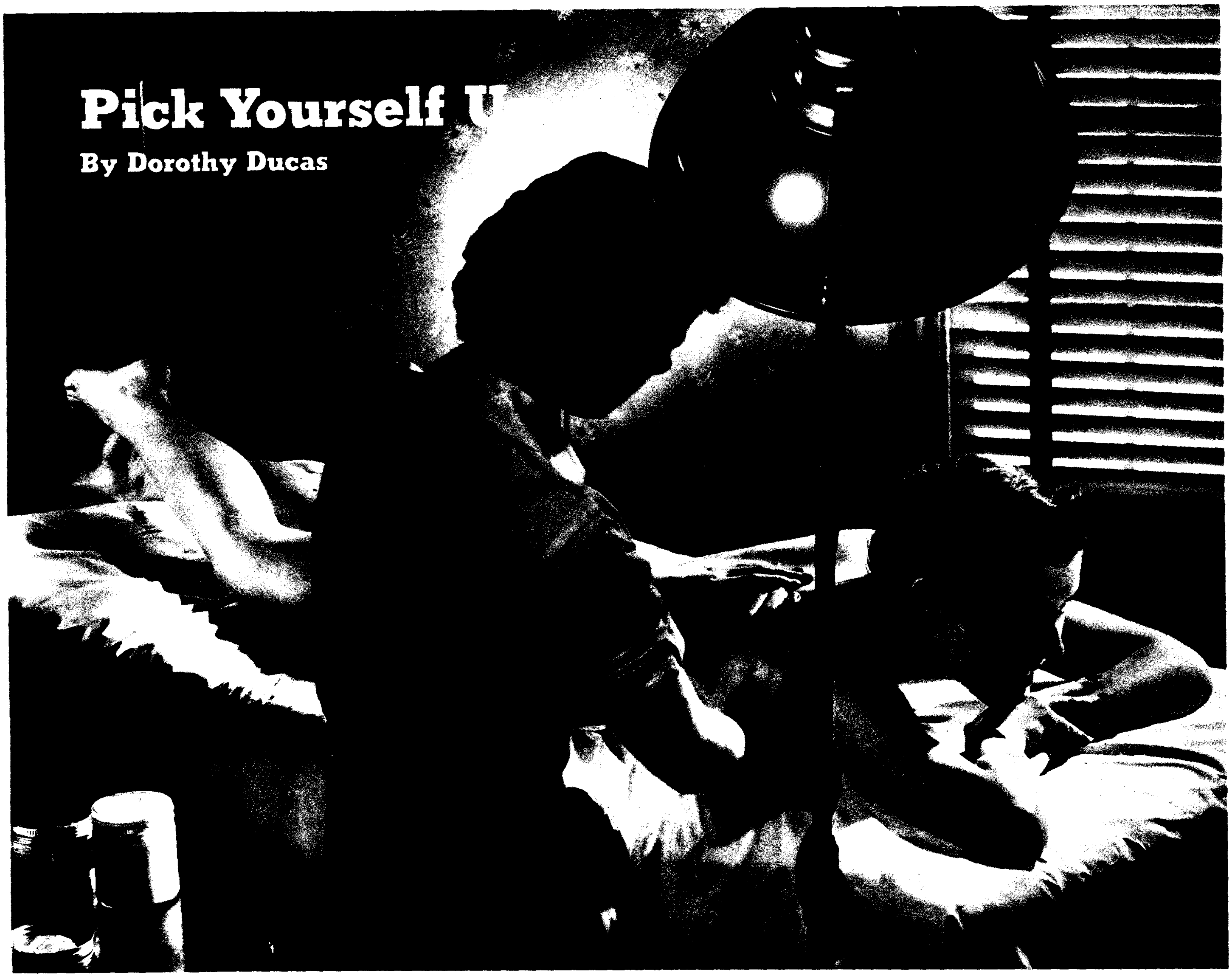
But he felt no gratitude; instead he was filled with a vague, unexplainable bitterness. Deep within him, Dutilleul of Brest, abandoned by his traitorous crew and alone amid the carronades, the fire pots and the boarding axes, thrust angry fists at the heavens and thundered:

"Mutiny and barratry! The dirty rats have deserted me!"

● A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE ●
TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY ● ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

# Pick Yourself U

**By Dorothy Ducas**



LEO AARONS

Massage, the lazy person's exercise, also helps relieve fatigue. Many actresses with streamlined figures take it regularly

**If you are suffering from that tired feeling, maybe you need exercise. Or can't make up your mind. There are several causes and the same number of cures. Here's your pickup**

HAVE you ever been so tired that the mere thought of getting out of your favorite chair, even to fetch a cigarette or turn on the radio, seems a major calamity? So tired that your toes wiggle automatically out of their pumps, a hairpin slips unnoticed from your tresses, and you wouldn't replace for love or money the lipstick you know has vanished from your lips?

Then the telephone rings, and it's someone wanting you to go out. Someone whose day has been as busy and tiring as your own, but who remains amazingly, healthily full of pep, while you stretch your legs in a double arch of exhaustion! How do they do it, this legion of the tireless ones? What makes some women capable of running their homes. taking care of their children, managing the local garden show, organizing the Red Cross campaign fund, directing the P. T. A. entertainment, knitting a familyful of sweaters, remodeling a couple of houses, and then turning up at evening parties to which we could scarcely drag ourselves, their eyes sparkling, their skin fresh and firm, and their personality radiant?

When you stop to think about it, there is just one quality that the most famous women in America have in common which makes them stand out from the crowd: boundless and effervescent vitality. Day after day, week after week, month after month, women like Eleanor Roosevelt and Dorothy Thompson, Gertrude Lawrence and Fannie Hurst, Rose Bampton and Ina Claire, keep right on going, while we marvel that we have enough energy to turn the pages on which we read about them. Yet the secret is ours for the asking. They are not one bit less subject to fatigue than we are; they merely understand why they get tired, and have learned to cope with the various forms their tiredness takes.

Most of us have been brought up to believe that tiredness is plain laziness. Yet every doctor knows fatigue is an actual bodily condition, easily cured by prompt and appropriate treatment. Neglected, fatigue may become a severe and serious illness. For fatigue is an accumulation of toxins in your muscles. These toxins are real poisons that are capable of producing stiff necks, backaches, dull brains, warped emotions and nervous breakdowns. The poisons must be washed out whenever they accumulate. Circulation of the blood is the only laundry system for them.

We make our blood circulate in different ways, of course, but first we must determine which kind of fatigue we have. Physiologists recognize five distinct types, each with its proper antidote. Fatigue is personal: it differs with the individual, the day, the hour, the season. And the cure for one kind may be for another the straw that breaks the weary camel's back.

### It's Usually Lazy Fatigue

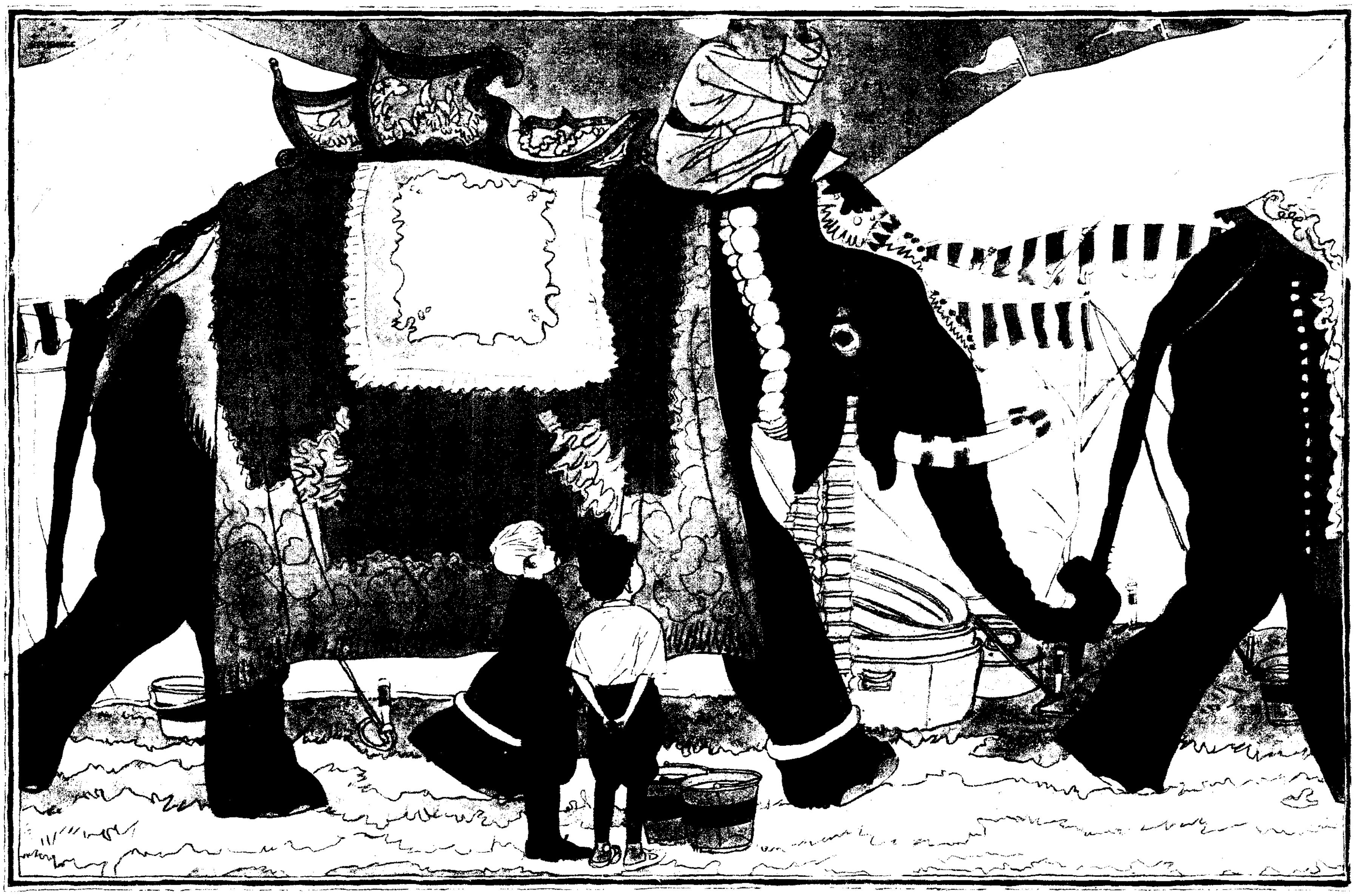
Next time you feel a little pull at the nape of your neck or the base of your spine, the Achilles' heels of fatigue, ask yourself which type you have. Is it the lazy, the muscular, the nutritional, the overweight or the psychological?

Nine times out of ten, if you diagnose yourself accurately, you will realize the cause is lack of physical action, aided and abetted, perhaps, by mental and nervous strain. This is what the physiologists like to call lazy fatigue, because it is the result of bodily inactivity, although it may be involved with a mind and a network of nerves that have been working overtime. If we all did a daily dozen at the end of a hard but practically motionless twelve hours, following it with a shower, a rubdown and a drink of something warm, the only shadows we'd have around our eyes would come out of our make-up boxes. Eleanor Roosevelt's morning horseback rides undoubtedly are one answer to that national conundrum: "Whence comes our First Lady's stupendous energy?"

Not that there isn't a real fatigue that comes from exercise. This is muscular fatigue and outdoor tiredness, which has its toxins, too. They also must be dissolved by circulation, but by a different method. Muscular tiredness means that the blood has been in the muscles all day and that, in order to relieve ourselves of fatigue, we must induce the blood to come to the skin. A warm bath, a massage, or a ten-minute period of complete relaxation changes the traffic signals in our blood streams so that fresh supplies of toxin consumers are rushed where they are needed.

Most of us know instinctively about the relaxing and restoring qualities of warm baths. But sometimes we feel guilty about prolonging such water

*(Continued on page 88)*



We'd stand around afterward and try to seem associated with the magnificent affair

# The Circus

## By William Saroyan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

**Nothing can be done about small boys and a circus unless you consider Mr. Dawson's theory of modulated howling during the punishment**

ANY time a circus used to come to town, that was all me and Joey Amaro needed to make us run hog-wild, as the saying is. All we needed to do was see the signs on the fences and in the empty store windows to start going to the dogs and neglecting our educations. All we needed to know was that a circus was on its way to town for me and Joey to start wanting to know what good a little education ever did anybody anyway.

After the circus *reached* town we were just no good at all. We spent all our time down at the trains, watching them unload the animals; walking out Ventura Avenue with the wagons with lions and tigers in them, and hanging around the grounds, trying to win the favor of the animal men, the workers, the acrobats, and the clowns.

The circus was what everything else we knew wasn't. It was adventure, travel, danger, skill, grace, romance, comedy, peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum and soda water. We used to carry water to the elephants and stand around afterward and try to seem associated with *the magnificent affair*, the putting up of the big tent, the getting everything in order, and the worldly-wise waiting for the people to come and spend their money.

One day Joey came tearing into the classroom of the fifth grade at Emerson School ten minutes late, and without so much as removing his hat or trying to explain his being late, he shouted, "Hey, Louie, what are you doing here? The circus is in town."

And sure enough I'd forgotten. I jumped up and ran out of the room with poor old Miss Flibety screaming after me, "Louis Daggett, you stay in this room. Do you hear me, Louis Daggett?"

I heard her all right and I knew what my not staying would mean. It would mean another powerful strapping from old man Dawson, our principal. But I couldn't help it. I was just *crazy* about a circus.

"I been looking all over for you," Joey said in the street. "What happened?"

"I forgot," I said. "I knew it was coming, all right, but I forgot it was today. How far along are they?"

"I was at the trains at five," Joey said. "I been out at the grounds since eleven. I had breakfast at the circus table. Boy, it was good!"

"How were they, Joey?" I said.

"They're all swell," Joey said. "Couple more years, they told me, and I'll be ready to go away with them."

"As what?" I said. "Lion-tamer, or something like that?"

"I guess maybe not as a lion-tamer," Joey said. "I figure more like a workman till I learn about being a clown or something, I guess. I don't figure I could work with lions right away."

We were out on Ventura Avenue, headed for the circus grounds, out near the county fairgrounds, just north of the county hospital.

"Boy, what a breakfast!" Joey said. "Hot cakes, ham and eggs, sausages, coffee. Boy!"

"Why didn't you tell me?" I said.

"I thought you knew," Joey said. "I thought you'd be down at the trains same as last year. I would have told you if I knew you'd forgotten. What made you forget?"

"I don't know," I said. "Nothing, I guess."

I was wrong there, but I didn't know it at the time. I hadn't really forgotten. What I'd done was *remembered*. I'd gone to work and remembered the strapping Dawson gave me last year for staying out of school the day the circus was in town. That was the thing that had kind of kept me sleeping after four-thirty in the morning when by rights I should have been up and dressing and on my way to the trains. It was the memory of that strapping old man Dawson had given me, but I didn't know it at the time.

We used to take them strappings kind of for granted, me and Joey, on account of we wanted to be fair and square with the board of education and if it was against the rules to stay out of school when you weren't sick and if you were supposed to get strapped for doing it, well, there we were, we'd done it, so let the board of education balance things the best way they knew how. They did that with a strapping. They used to threaten to send me and Joey to reform school but they never did it.

"Circus?" old man Dawson used to say. "I see. Circus. Well, bend down, boy."

So first Joey, then me, would bend down and old man Dawson would get some powerful shoulder exercise while we tried not to howl. We wouldn't howl for five or six licks, but after that we'd howl like Indians coming. They used to be able to hear all over the school and old man Dawson, after our visits got to

(Continued on page 74)

# The Glass Slipper

## By Mignon G. Eberhart

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

*The Story Thus Far:*

THE police of Chicago receive a number of anonymous letters urging an investigation of the death of Crystal Hatterick, first wife of Dr. Brule Hatterick, a prominent surgeon—the suggestion being that the woman may have been poisoned. The police act on the suggestion. Among those they interview are Dr. Andrew ("Andy") Crittenden, who had been Crystal's physician, and Juliet Garder, one of the two nurses who had cared for Crystal.

After Andy Crittenden—Brule Hatterick's closest friend—is interrogated, he seizes the first opportunity to have a talk with Rue Hatterick, once a nurse, whom Brule had married about ten months after the death of his wife. He tells her what has happened. He warns her that she—the nurse who had been with Crystal at the time when, *apparently well on the road to recovery,* she had suddenly died—will surely be strongly suspected. He urged her to run away with him to Canada.

But Rue does not go away. The police call on her, question her. She tells a straight story. And she learns, to her surprise, that the charts showing Crystal Hatterick's progress cannot be found! . . . The Hattericks live in a beautiful home. Gross, the butler, presides over a number of servants. The other members of the household are: Madge Hatterick, Brule's daughter by his first wife, and Steven Hendrie, a young composer who, in poor health, has placed himself under Doctor Hatterick's care. Hendrie is engaged to Alicia Pelham, once Crystal's best friend. Both Alicia and Madge hate Rue.

Juliet Garder calls on Rue. The girl never drinks; this time, however, she is drunk! She rambles on disconnectedly about the murder, and Rue gathers that she knows something of importance concerning Crystal's death. Hoping to sober her up, Rue sends Gross, the butler, for a cup of tea. The tea arrives; Juliet takes a few sips, *slumps to the floor, dies!*

A moment later, Alicia Pelham enters the room. "So you've done it again!" she exclaims. . . . The police, summoned by Brule, and Guy Cole, a brilliant criminal lawyer who lives next door, arrive and hear Rue's story. One thing puzzles everyone: Gross' statement that he had not admitted Juliet Garder to the house! . . . While two policemen watch them, Andy Crittenden, Cole and Rue have a conference. "See here," Andy says to Cole, "does she have to tell about the tea?" "Why not?" Cole replies. "If Juliet was poisoned and the poison's been in her stomach long enough to show it was given to her before she arrived here, Rue will be in the clear."

### IV

MADGE, huddled at Alicia's feet with her arm across Alicia's knees, looked up quickly again, her small dark face with its strong jaw looking as yellow as a candle. She'd heard them talking of Crystal's death; there was no way to keep that barely started investigation of the previous day from her ears, so Steven had told her of it, kindly and briefly, in the ten minutes before the police came into the room. And to do the child justice, thought Rue, watching her, she'd taken it well. She'd turned very pale and stopped sobbing and had clung closer to Alicia. And Alicia had given Rue a queer, brief look above the child's head with a suggestion of complacence. You see, the look had said, how Madge turns to me—not to you, who stand legally in the place of her dead mother.

A small thought flashed across Rue's mind: sometime she must discover why Alicia so hated her, how long she had hated her and yet veiled that hatred in a semblance of kindness and friendliness. And above all, why?

But not then.

And it was then that Brule came in, his face like a mask, and said there was nothing new and that the police wanted to question Rue and would she come into the dining room.

"And Guy," said Brule.

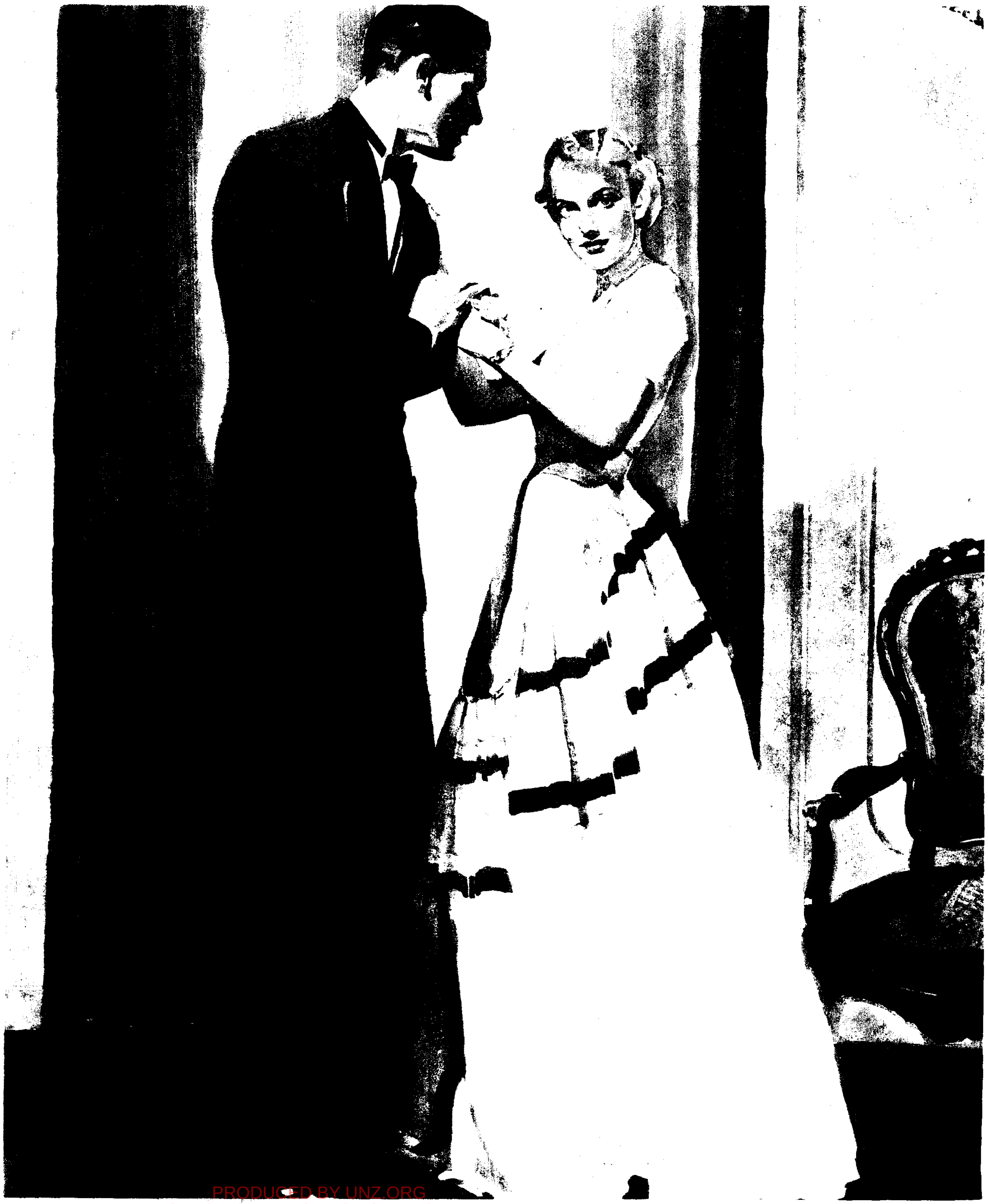
Guy bounced up; he had the incredible elasticity of motion some fat men have and just then it gave an effect of cheerful alacrity that was almost inhuman. Andy rose too as if he wanted to accompany her, seemed to realize he could not and stood there watching as Rue rose and went to the door.

"Brace up, Rue," said Guy cheerily. "This won't be bad. They've not had time yet to get the autopsy report."

Eight or ten men were in the dining room; they were talking and one of them was writing on a report blank and another held a shorthand tablet in his hand. They paid no attention to Rue's entrance, although all of them saw her; she stood, waiting, and Guy beside her waited also, while a tall, thin man with pale blue eyes as remote as ice and deep lines like scars in his cheeks (Lieutenant Angel, he proved to be) finished what he had to say to a brother detective. The face of Oliver Miller appeared in what was to Rue a blur of faces. Then Lieutenant Angel looked directly at her and said: "All right, Mrs. Hatterick. Sit down. Where's that statement, Murphy?"

The man with the shorthand tablet flipped back a few pages and began to read rapidly and in a singsong voice while Rue sat at her own table and listened—a table that was long and stately and polished so beautifully that it gave reflections of the light from the chandelier above and, more dimly, blotches that were faces. Light poured down upon Rue—a light they never used, for it was hard and bright and Rue preferred candles in the great silver candelabra on the buffet opposite. Guy made himself extremely comfortable in a chair near her and nodded to Lieutenant Angel and spoke to him by name, and glanced recognizingly at one or two

*(Continued on page 75)*



**"I've got to see you alone, Rue," he said. His fingers touched hers. His eyes warmed. "I love you," he whispered. "Remember—"**

WIDE WORLD

THE gallery was polite, at first. One young man, a fellow in too-well-fitted white flannels, was grimly and somewhat impatiently determined. He was a strapping, powerful-looking youth who seemed too cagey and strong for the other young man. This fellow looked like a ball boy dressed up in shorts and told to stand in and take it.

His unruffled, placid manner, his undemonstrative demeanor under a first-set shellacking that left no doubt, was puzzling. It was further confusing when the second set opened with more of the same.

And then the boy with the well-greased hair who reminded you of a ball boy began to find the base line. He owned it with tantalizing accuracy. Too, he commenced to trap his foe with irritating shots into the service courts. He punctured the defense of the young man of the well-tailored white flannels to such degree that it was soon evident the only attractive thing about the young man was his pants.

He was caught flat-footed by a passing shot down the side line. He implored the high heavens for succor, reaching for the unattainable sky with his racket. As he crowded the net, another shot whistled by his ear; and he waved his bat at it helplessly as the ball shot a puff of white chalk into the hot air where it nicked the base line. And finally his dignity left him completely when he found himself one step short of a drop shot in right service court. He fell prone, on his face, beat the turf with his clenched fist, and climbed, reluctantly, to his feet to face disaster.

The gallery had meanwhile switched allegiance to the young man with the black hair. His calm and his canny, cool tactics weaned them from the young man in the white flannels. It was the first time in a big tournament that Robert L. Riggs felt the warming cheers of a friendly gallery. The spectators forgot their manners and the admonishing warnings from the umpire's chair, and were unrestrainedly whistling and slapping one another on the back. It was Bobbie Riggs' first experience with anything but a partially hostile gallery as he came from behind to lick a foe—any foe.

But this experience in the second round of the United States National Singles Championship had a particular significance. The young man in the white flannels was C. Geno Mako. Mako wanted desperately to subdue Riggs, and thereby justify the faith the Davis Cup Committee and John Donald Budge had shown in him. Riggs wanted to humiliate Mako—show the Davis Cup Committee how wrong they had been when they overlooked him for the successful quest of the cup, and Bobbie won all of his points!

Actually that Mako match was the turning point in the public estimate of Bobbie Riggs as a tennis player of high rank. Oh, everybody knew he was good—but most people thought he was a very arrogant and boorish young man. Just a year before, in the early summer of 1936, he had swept out of the West as refreshing as a politician who remembers his campaign promises. Succinctly he outlined his five-year plan for conquering the tennis world; and the tennis writers—this author among them—contributed to the picture that made Bobbie appear to be an arrogant, cocky, boorish, boastful child bully.

### A Place in the International Picture

In one so young—he was then only eighteen—his poise and confidence in himself and his tennis destiny had been mistaken for blatant arrogance. It was nothing of the sort. It was, in fact, a young fellow talking about a subject upon which he was well informed. Bobbie Riggs, better than anybody else, knew in 1936 that he would be the nemesis of a lot of tennis guys in 1938. But you'll never find him around collecting "I-told-you-so's." He's not the sort.

With characteristic directness he said in 1936:

"Amateur tennis is a steppingstone. This year I'll crack the first ten. Next year I'll move up; maybe make the Davis Cup team. Make it in '38, and maybe win the national championship. Win it in '39, maybe the world's championship after that. And then. . . ."

His dreams trailed off with his voice into the limbo of youthful goals, and the attentive writers—always with a subconscious quirk to heckle or badger a subject into an embarrassing admission—supplied the question that filled out the unfinished thought: "Pro tennis?" And frankly Bobbie replied, "Perhaps."

Times—and stuff—have altered his avowed goal. He's brushed up and purified now. But the chariot has moved over the course he outlined. He crashed the first ten, landing No. 4, in '36; and bounced up two notches last year to become No. 2 for this current year, passing on the way Frank Parker and Bryan M. Grant, Jr.—the young men who made John Donald Budge's quest of the Davis Cup a social success after the redheaded comet had won all the loose tennis silverware in Europe last year.

The drums are beating for others to replace Bobbie as our No. 2 Davis Cup player. But Frank Kovacs, Parker, and Grant to the contrary, they'll have to deal with Bobbie this year to unseat him in the international picture.

There are those who think that Budge will find he made a mistake by delaying his entrance into the professional ranks. More than one competent court critic will not be surprised if Bobbie Riggs bounces *(Continued on page 72)*

# Who says it's the world's greatest tea?

*WHEN anything is said to be "the world's greatest," it should stand ready to defend that title.*

*Lipton's presents the following evidence to support its reputation as "the world's most delicious tea."*

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**1. Not only is** Lipton's "the people's choice"—from lumberjacks in the Canadian north woods to field-workers "down under" in Australia—but it is a tea upon which royal honors have been bestowed.

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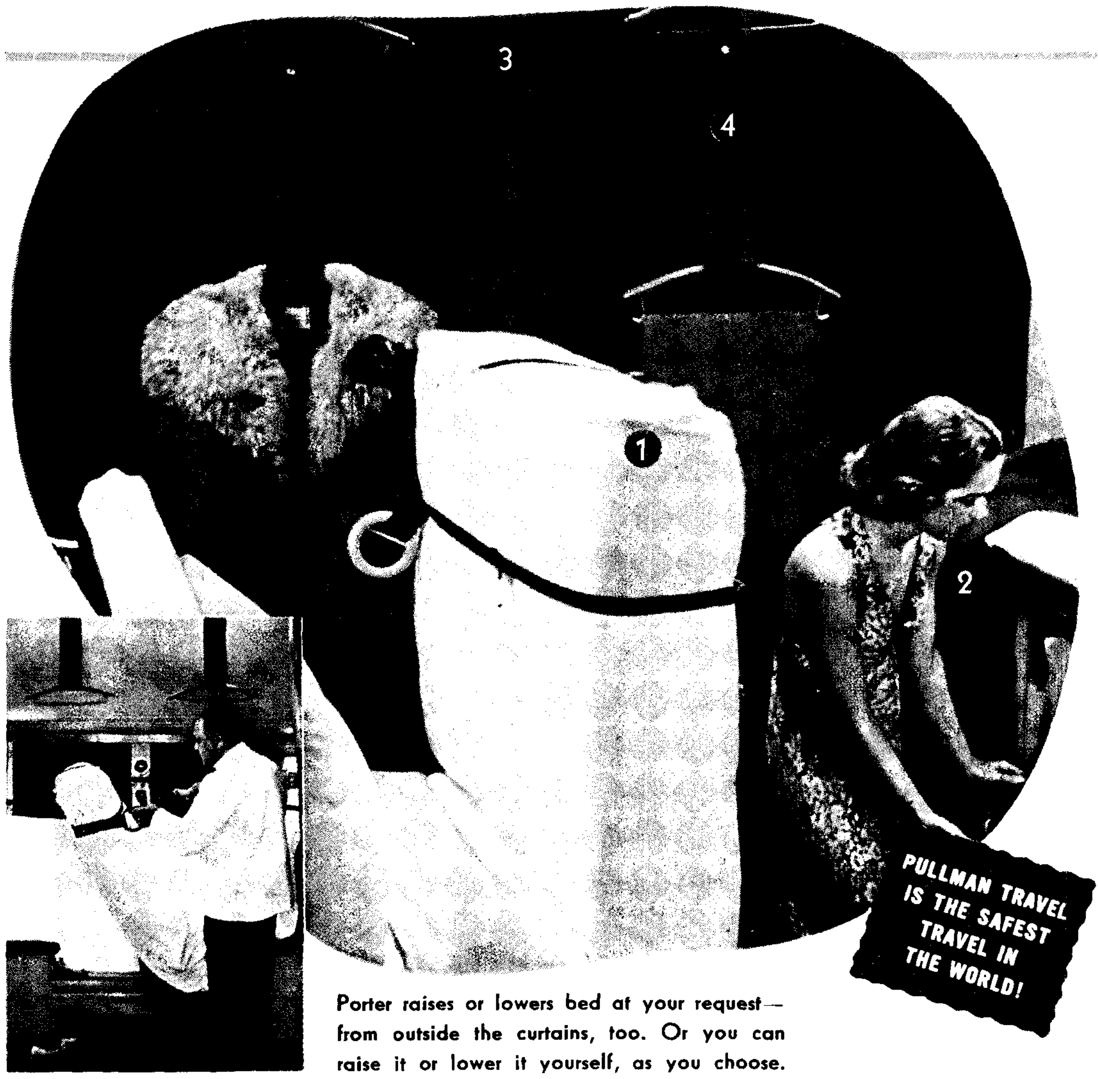
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Porter raises or lowers bed at your request—from outside the curtains, too. Or you can raise it or lower it yourself, as you choose.

① Half your bed is folded upward when you're ready to arise or to retire, creating ample dressing space. Note double mattress. Upper berth is left closed above you, giving full head-room.

② You can dress or undress, standing or sitting. There is ample room. Comfortable seat at the right height for dressing. Note the clean, convenient shelf for small articles and apparel.

③ Light-proof curtains can be fastened from the inside, assuring complete privacy.

④ Extra facilities for hanging clothing, keeping it fresh and unwrinkled.

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THE PULLMAN COMPANY • CHICAGO

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TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

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# The Bright Road

Continued from page 15

The Point Adams shoved her blunt bow into a blow that afternoon, and before nightfall foam-bearded seas were racing the length of her foredeck to roar in her scuppers and throw sheets of spray high over the bridge. She pitched and rolled, long, shuddering rolls that sent the kid to his bunk early. Nausea rose within him. He set his teeth and stared wide-eyed into the darkness. Hours later he slept, face down on the grimy pillow.

Morning, and the shuddering, sickening roll of the ship was unchanged. Blondy said: "You better take a sick call, Red. I'll tell the First."

"I wouldn't." The Old Guy, his gray eyes mild, his voice soft, was looking at them. "He won't like it."

The kid said, "Never mind, I'll make it all right."

Blondy and the Old Guy, who was the fireman on the First's watch, went to breakfast. The kid climbed the ladder to the poop where the wind, spray-loaded and raw, could strike his face. He stayed there till the warning gong summoned him below.

A slow grin pulled at the First's lips when the kid came down the ladder. "Fair-weather sailor, huh?"

The afternoon shouldn't have been so bad, for the First was off watch, but today his stocky figure came down the ladder just at two bells. He said: "Get the hose." The kid fought down an impulse to run, to hide, and turned dumbly to obey.

Bilges. Crouched under the deck plates, ankle-deep in engine slush that stank and gagged him. The burlap-swathed nozzle of the steam hose hot in his hands, and the burns he couldn't escape when the wire-wrapped hose whipped against his body.

He was trying to climb into his bunk that night, still in his slush-heavy dungarees, when the Old Guy caught him.

"Wait, Red." The Old Guy got an arm about his waist, led him to the washroom. The kid watched him heat a bucket of water under the steam pipe, and harsh laughter came from deep in his throat.

"What do you think I am?" he gritted. "A baby? I can take care of myself."

THE Old Guy—no one had ever used his name—turned, a vacant-eyed, slack-mouthed old man whose jaw was gray with stubble. "Sorry, Red." He brushed clumsily at thin hair. "I guess maybe I made a mistake."

"I guess maybe you did." The kid leaned hard against the bulkhead and watched the Old Guy shamble away.

Some way he washed, at least partially, and left his dungarees to boil in the bucket. The Old Guy watched him, from a bench near the door, as he climbed into his bunk. The kid cursed him, and turned his face to the wall.

But it was the Old Guy's voice that brought him out of his light sleep an hour later. "I got some crackers, kid. You better eat somethin'. You'll feel better."

The kid didn't speak, didn't move, and after a moment the Old Guy went away. The old bum, the kid thought bitterly, why don't he leave me alone? Tryin' to make me look like a baby. . . . The kid moved his head, felt something on his pillow, and put his hand up to find half a dozen soda crackers there. Deliberately he brushed them to the deck below, and turned again to face the wall.

The watch had changed; the Old Guy had gone below again, when Blondy woke him. "How do ya feel, Red?"

"A little better."

"Yeah, I thought you would. The storm's over." Blondy grinned. "Hungry?"

"No, I ain't really hungry." The kid moistened dry lips. "But I'd like to get this taste out of my mouth. Could you get me an orange?"

"This ain't Sunday, Red."

"I know."

Both were thinking of the same thing, though neither spoke. Sunday. Chicken day—the day the steward doled out a withered apple or a shrunken orange to each man. Fruit day—and it was half the week away.

"An orange, eh?" Blondy rolled a match between brown fingers. "You call 'em tough, Red, but I'll see what I can do."

"Blondy, wait. . . ." The kid stopped talking, for Blondy had already gone.

AN ORANGE, just one orange. Something to bite through the film that coated his tongue, something to . . . The kid remembered the breakfast table at home. The glass of golden juice beside his plate—how many times he'd left it untouched!

The wind brought the faint sound of gong strokes from the bridge. Five bells. He must have dozed then, for he awoke with the rasp of the shovel against the deck still ringing in his ears. He lay there, listening tensely, his body stiff under the thin blanket. There had been a sound! A coat, he told himself, swaying against the bulkhead. But he knew it wasn't, for the roll was too slight. His flesh crawled.

KATHLEEN
NORRIS'
GREATEST SERIAL
The Runaway
BEGINS
Collier's

Again! A low, scraping noise—like a stick scratching against the deck outside—that was blotted out in the rattle of the steering engine. Then the sob of indrawn breath, and his name whispered hoarsely: "*Red!*"

The kid saw him then, a sagging figure swaying in the wan light of the doorway. "Blondy!" he gasped.

Blondy's shoulder hit the door casing, and his face came slowly up to the light. It wasn't a face, but a swollen, bloody mask. A whimper of sound escaped his lips, and he tried to raise his hand.

The deck was cold under the kid's bare feet. Blondy winced as the kid's arms went around him.

"Easy, Blondy, there ain't any hurry." The kid helped him into the bunk, and crouched beside him in the half darkness. "What happened, Blondy? What . . ."

"I had to have a screw driver . . ." The words came slowly from puffed and broken lips. "I sneaked down the ladder to the storeroom, and I didn't think the First saw me. He must have eyes in the top of his head."

"Yes?"

"He never said a word, Red, but took me from behind with a wrench. Twice he slugged me, and then I went down. . . ." Thin, pain-filled words, then a bitter curse. "The dirty louse put the boots to me. In the belly first, so I couldn't move, an' then in the face. My front teeth are all wrecked. I—I think my nose is broke."

THE kid crouched there stiffly. "Gee, I'm—I'm sorry, Blondy. I didn't think you . . ."

"Listen, Red. I've seen tough ships before, but nuthin' like this madhouse. There's somethin' wrong, somethin' plenty wrong. The First didn't have any business jumpin' me for swipin' oranges—that's the steward's beef. He didn't haul me up to the skipper to log me like he should have. Red, that guy's goin' to kill us before he's through."

"Maybe the captain . . ." the kid began, and stopped as Blondy's fingers burned into the flesh of his leg.

"You know better than that."

The kid said: "I—I didn't know."

"I know a way," Blondy whispered. "Will you give me a hand?"

"Sure, sure I'll help. It's kinda my fault you got beat up."

"They did it in the hell-ship days when bucko mates used to use brass knuckles on the crew. The mates were little tin gods as long as they were at sea, just like the First is. The crew couldn't do anything without getting hauled up for mutiny. They had to wait till the ship hit port an' the mate went ashore. They did plenty then, an' so'll we."

The kid was afraid, suddenly—afraid of what he'd promised. "You—you don't mean that we'd kill him?"

"Do you think I want my neck stretched?"

"Then what?"

"We'll follow him when he goes ashore. He won't have a wrench and there'll be two of us. We'll get him in an alley some place, an' when we get through he won't catch this ship—he'll go to the hospital!"

"He might have a gun, Blondy."

"Nuhuh, an' even if he does he won't get a chance to use it. We'll get him

"It's a handier brush—
it's a better brush
Thanks to the Twist!"

"THIS new *Double Duty* tooth brush is a wonder! I'll certainly take my hat off to it for efficiency. The grip is perfect. The 'twist' makes it so easy to bring the quality bristles into contact with even the hidden, hard-to-reach crevices. My dentist told me to get the *Double Duty* and when I say it's the greatest tooth brush I've ever used—I don't mean maybe!"

*It's the "twist" that makes the* Double Duty *so easy to use. You just* naturally *grip the brush for the "rotary motion" most dentists approve for more thorough cleaning and effective massage. The massage is almost automatic as you* clean *your teeth.*

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RUBBERSET'S
DOUBLE DUTY
TOOTH BRUSH

I gave him the air he needed

Don Herold Says:

How one man lost a good secretary

She simply couldn't take it any longer.

He was a nice boss. He paid well. He was considerate and he was reasonable.

But he did one unkind thing. He came to the office with a perspiration aura that would stop an Underwood, a Royal or an L. C. Smith. He wasn't grouchy, but the office help spoke of his office as the bear cage.

Actually he was the type who bathes every morning. But evidently he didn't realize that a bath doesn't work forward—that in an hour or so a man may steam himself up a new crop of perspiration short waves to bring dishonor to his fair name.

So our heroine upped and quit to seek better breathing. She might have left a note on his desk—"NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE AID OF THEIR BATH . . . WITH MUM"—but she just quit.

I WONDER WHAT I DID WRONG

All business men should use Mum every day, like clockwork. Hundreds of thousands of 'em do. They make a daily habit of two dabs under each arm after every tub or shower, and again before evenings out. Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

Mum is a pleasant cream, soothing to the skin, harmless to clothing. Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of odor for hours to come.

Timid about starting? Bashful? A little skeptical? Then try it free by sending for a sample, to Bristol-Myers Company, Dept. M2-58, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

the way he got me—from behind. An' we'll have a hunk of pipe apiece, Red. Okay?"

"Okay." The kid pressed Blondy's shoulder, and then heated water and soaked a towel to lay across Blondy's swollen mouth.

Blondy slept, and the sound of his ragged breathing was like a ceaseless inner voice that whispered to the kid: "You promised! You promised!" He shivered under the blankets, and fear lay deep and cold inside him.

It was his fault, and now there wasn't any way out. All because he'd asked for an orange, all because he was hungry. If he'd only taken the Old Guy's crackers instead. They'd have tasted all right, not as good as an orange maybe but still . . .

He lay there a long time, and then climbed quietly down from the bunk. He found three of the crackers whole, and two others that had been crushed under someone's feet. He ate them all, slowly, letting each tiny fragment dissolve on his tongue. The sharp edge of hunger was gone before he slept.

Blondy didn't work the next day. The steward came aft and cleaned the ugly cuts on his face, and the captain talked to him while the kid was below. The kid didn't ask what Blondy had told the captain; he knew it couldn't have been the truth, for nothing at all was said.

The First was waiting for them the second morning, the same cold sheen in his eyes. "Got a nice job for you. Get chippin' hammers, you're goin' to get the fire-room bulkheads ready for paint. Start topside and work down."

Days in the blistering heat above the boilers, days that were like something torn from an evil dream. The bulkheads were too hot to touch, and even the flakes of paint burned when they hit flesh. And always there was Blondy's whisper: "We'll get him. You wait, we'll . . ."

Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai and Hong Kong dropped astern without even a chance to use Blondy's plan. The First either went ashore when they were on watch, or they'd lose him in the crowds.

The ship turned back. Shanghai, Kobe, and then the night when they trailed him away from Kobe's water front, through streets hung with banners, and into a dark-mouthed alley.

Blondy touched the kid's arm. "Ready?"

THE kid nodded, clutched the foot-long piece of pipe. The shadows pressed close, and he could hear the distant clatter of the funny wooden clogs the Japs wore, the rattle of ricksha wheels. He jerked a glance back and thought something moved there. Then Blondy pulled him into a run.

The First must have heard them, though both wore tennis shoes, for he turned as Blondy swung his pipe. He staggered, struck with both great hands, and then had his shoulders hard against the flimsy wall. The kid's blow was short, and a fist caught him full in the mouth, sent him to his knees. He was coming erect when he heard the bright, hard click and saw the cold glimmer of steel in the First's hand.

The kid tried to shout but Blondy was already driving in, the First's arm already raising. The kid threw himself forward, both hands clutching, clawing at the First's wrist. A tight second while the three of them were locked together and the only sounds were the sob of harsh breathing, the scrape of feet.

The knife was chest-high, gleaming wickedly between them. The kid clung to the First's wrist with frantic strength, tried to pull the knife away. Then, suddenly, all resistance was gone, and his weight pulled the knife hand swiftly down. The bright blade glinted against Blondy's jacket, vanished.

The kid saw it happen; knew it had happened when the scream burst on his ears. The terrible sound rose, high and thin, and Blondy slumped hard against him. Cold panic flowed like water over the kid's body. He was free then, standing a little way off, staring numbly at the pale oval of the First's face, at Blondy's still figure, at the knife blade that no longer shone but was black.

The First swore, and the raw sound broke the awful spell. The kid ran, lunging down the unpaved alley, with fear tight and cold in his throat. Twice he fell.

His first backward glance showed a familiar stocky figure close, too close. But when he next looked the First was nowhere in sight, unless he was that moving shadow, far back, near Blondy's quiet figure.

THE alley opened on a street. The kid ran toward a cluster of lights, for he wanted to be near other people, to see them move, to hear them talk. And the first person he saw was a trim small man in blue who wore a short sword at his side. A policeman!

The kid slowed abruptly to a walk. The police. He hadn't thought of them, but they'd be looking for him now. They'd want to know what had happened, and who had stabbed Blondy. What could he do? What could he say?

He flinched and sent his eyes to the crowded window of a near-by liquor store. Ages, while his hands trembled in his jacket pockets and the drumbeat of his heart pounded in his temples. The policeman passed him without a glance.

The kid went on, through strange streets where everything was new and queer and frightening. Where dark-mawed alleys seemed to grin and wait. Where the sound of voices he couldn't understand brought cold sweat to his back.

They might be talking about him! They might be pointing him out, following, waiting until . . .

He ran again, elbowing through crowds, darting across streets. He stopped only when it seemed that his lungs must burst.

And in the end he climbed into a ricksha and mumbled "Ship side," for the fear that drove him was greater than the fear that lay ahead. He couldn't stay here, he had only two yen, and the police would find him. They'd never believe that it hadn't been his fault.

There was no one on deck when he came aboard, and only one man in the fo'c'sle. The kid didn't sleep, but lay, fully dressed, in his bunk. Each footfall, each new arrival, brought fresh vivid terror. A thousand voices whispered in his mind: "They'll get you or the First will!" The picture of the alley stayed with him. The First's face, the scream, Blondy's huddled form. . . .

The ship sailed at dawn.

Kobe astern, 'Frisco fifteen days ahead. Fifteen days—it might as well be forever.

There was little comment when the others learned that Blondy wasn't aboard. Profane laughter, and Joe's "He'll get plenty sick of Kobe before he gets another ship. It's tough to hit the beach in that town."

The kid looked at the Old Guy. "Goin' to breakfast?"

"Yeah, soon's I wash."

Hope swelled inside the kid. This plan had been born in the still dark hours before sailing. The First wouldn't do anything till he caught him alone. He couldn't! And if that time never came, if he was always with another man . . .

The kid drank coffee that was black and bitter, and rolled a lot of brown-paper cigarettes. Minutes rushed away. The worst was coming—he had to see the First, had to talk to him!

The sharp *clang-clang* from below jerked him erect, the cigarette slipped from his fingers.

He followed the Old Guy down the ladders. Just yesterday Blondy had grinned back at him, and now . . .

The trembling was in his legs and his chest was tight, as though caught in a giant vise. He stopped on the control level, his eyes touching the First's face, then flicking to the Old Guy's shoulders as they disappeared into the fireroom passageway.

THE First was leaning back, one hand on the desk, his cold eyes shadowed by the bill of his cap. Seconds dragged into minutes. Still he didn't move.

The kid swallowed. "I—" his tongue was thick, "I . . ."

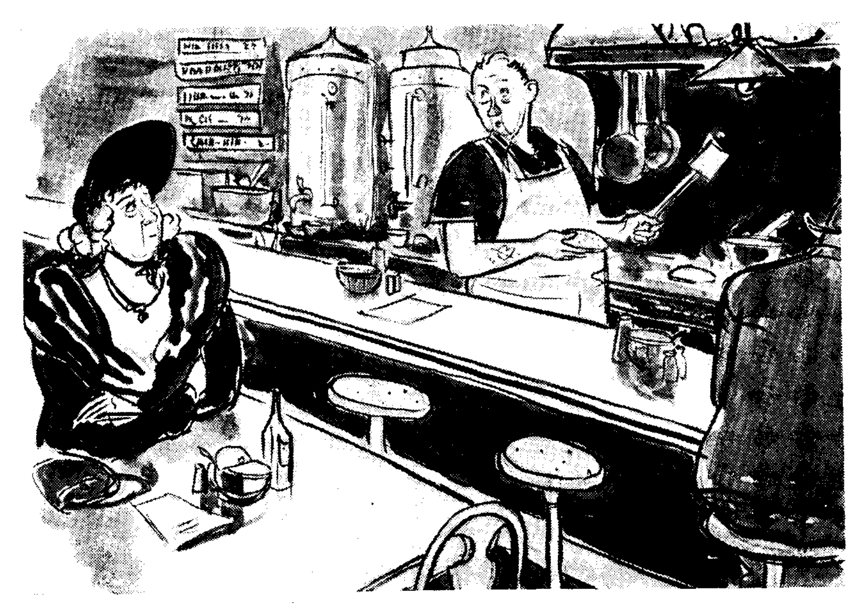
The First smiled, stepped away from the desk. His hands came up, doubled into fists. The kid stumbled backward. Then, for the first time, the kid heard the First laugh. Great, roaring bursts of laughter that shook his big shoulders, brought a flush to his face.

"Beat it," he snapped finally.

The kid fled. Hours later he realized that the First had been playing with him. He had once seen a dog play with a field mouse that way—toy with it, paw it, let it almost escape a dozen times. Then, finally, kill it with one quick, clean snap of his jaws.

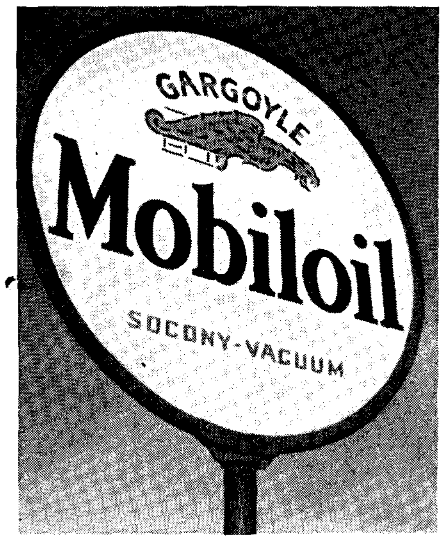
Fifteen days, fourteen days, thirteen days. . . .

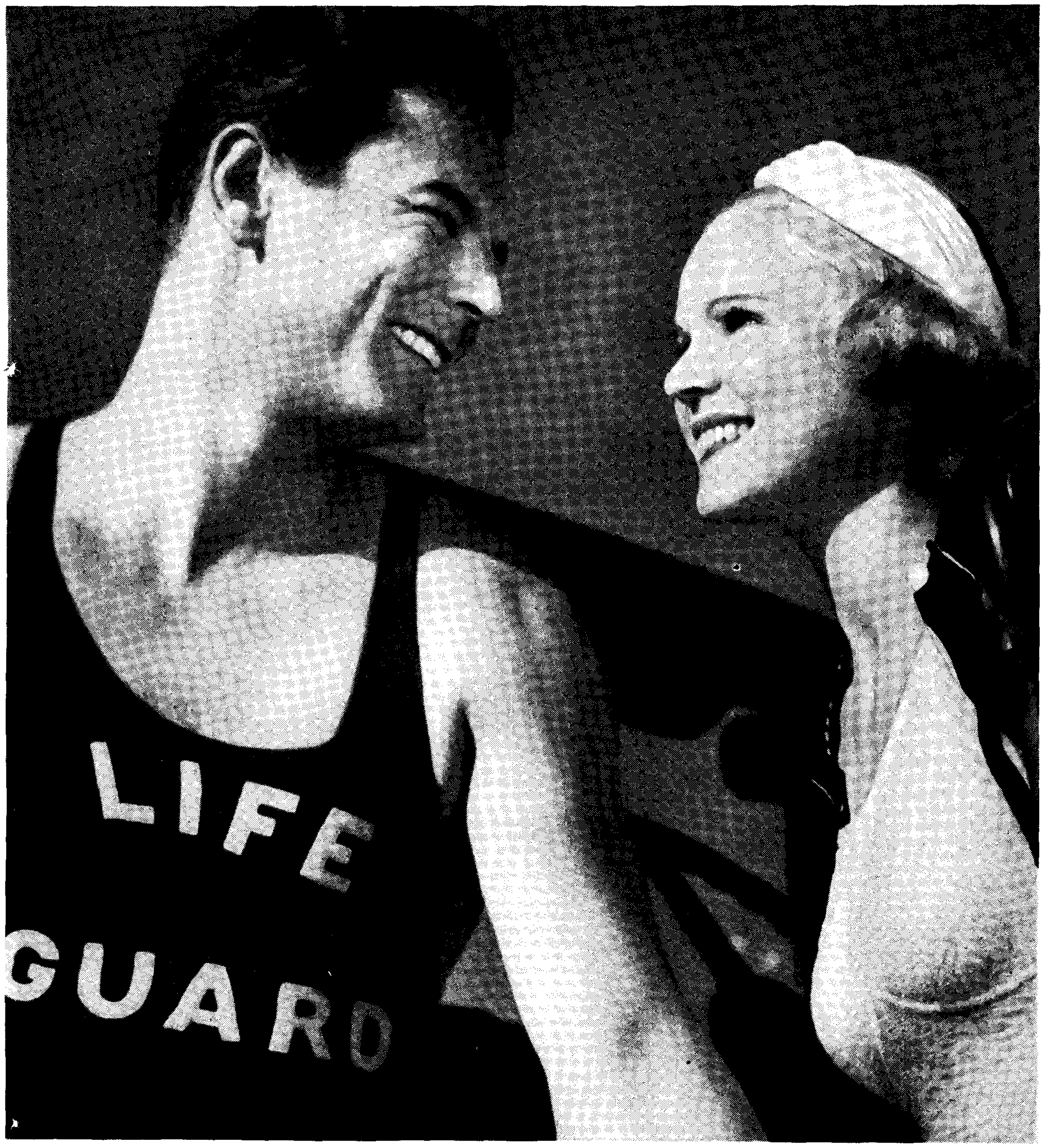
The rumor came from the crew fo'c'sle. One of the seamen had over-



"Did madame say, 'Hold the onion'?"

# MOBILOIL GUARDS YOUR ENGINE!





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SEE THAT SIGN on the young man's swimming suit? It means "Safety First" for swimmers on his beach! Now see that Mobiloil sign up above—it's another "Safety First" sign...*for motorists!*

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**AFFILIATES: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY—GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION**

"MISTER.... NO TIRE IS BLOWOUT-
BUT LIFEGUARD MAKES A BLOWOUT
AS IMPORTANT AS 4-WHEEL BRAKES . . . ALL-
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THE FINEST casing you can buy is Goodyear All-Weather.

It gives you the most popular non-skid design ever developed. It gives you maximum carcass durability, with Supertwist cord in every ply—the closest thing to blowout prevention that can be built into any casing.

However, no tires are blowout-proof . . . not even Goodyears . . . the best tires in the world. But by adding to your casings the matchless protection of LifeGuards you can take the dangers out of blowouts. They make *any* tire . . . on *any* car . . . safer.

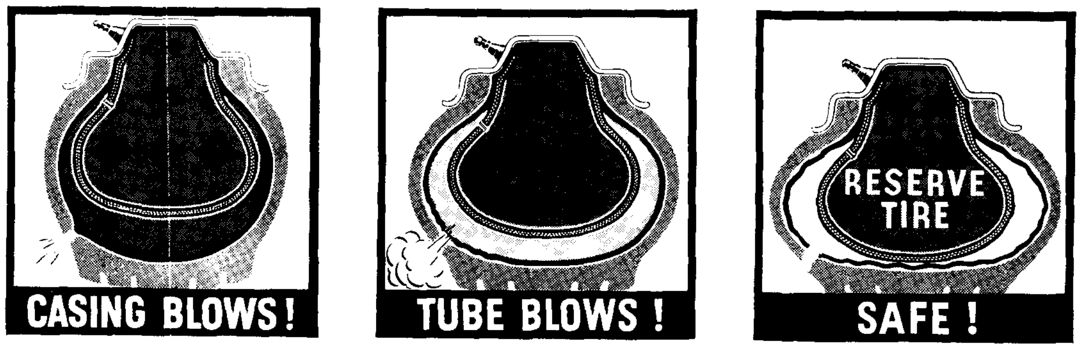
You don't need to wait till you buy new casings . . . your Goodyear dealer can give you this priceless protection right now for any new or old tires.

LifeGuards are reserve tires within your tires. If outer casing and tube fail, LifeGuards remain inflated, enabling you to bring your car to a smooth, safe stop. No skid . . . no swerve . . . no danger!

Buy your tires the modern way . . . Goodyear casings for maximum traction and wear . . . Goodyear LifeGuards in place of standard tubes for safety at any speed.

You need LifeGuards today for the same reasons you need 4-wheel brakes . . . all-steel bodies . . . safety glass. And they save you money by enabling you to drive your casings as much as 25% longer . . . *safely.* Ask your Goodyear dealer why no tire is complete without LifeGuards!

**NEW LOW PRICES** and convenient terms for new LifeGuard buyers! Goodyear LifeGuard tires are made for passenger cars, trucks, buses and motorcycles.



**HOW THEY WORK:** The Goodyear LifeGuard is a 2-ply *reserve tire* inside the tube . . . both inflated through the same valve. If casing and tube fail at high speed, the inner tire holds enough air to support the car until it can be brought to a smooth, safe stop. A LifeGuard-equipped car may be readily identified by the yellow and blue valve stems.

# LIFEGUARDS*

*LIFEGUARD is a trade-mark of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company and is fully protected by patents

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"WHERE TO BUY IT"

THEY FOUND THE ANSWERS IN THIS BOOK

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heard a bit of talk between Sparks and the mate. Blondy was dead; the Japanese police were hunting his killer.

No one questioned the kid. That night he followed the Old Guy out on deck after supper and plucked at his arm. "It kinda looks like I'm in a jam. I—I wondered if you'd do me a favor."

The Old Guy's eyes were puzzled. "Favor?" he said slowly. "What kind of a favor?"

"You heard about Blondy, about how he got killed?"

The Old Guy hunched his shoulders, turned a tired, lined face away. "Yeah, I heard about it."

"I wasn't with him that night, but I can't prove it. They'll be askin' me a lot of questions, and I'm afraid they'll put me in jail. I was—was wondering if I could say I was ashore with you?"

"With me? Look, Red, I don't want to get in no jam. You're sure on the level with this?"

"Of course," the kid said quickly. "Will it be all right?"

"I guess so."

The kid bubbled a choked thanks. He'd done everything he could do now. He had an alibi, and unless the First wanted to go to jail himself he wouldn't tell what had happened. It would be all right. . . . But the cold fear was still there, gnawing at raw nerves.

Twelve days, ten days, eight days. . . .

The days were endless hours of watching, waiting for the blow that would come swiftly, and from behind. The nights brought no rest. The picture of the alley, of Blondy's tumbling body, had never dimmed. And when he did doze it was to wake with the memory of that scream ringing in his ears.

Four days, three days, two days. . . .

The kid's bags were packed, had been for a week. Once the ship docked he wouldn't wait for his money. He could hitchhike or walk the hundred miles home. But—the giant vise squeezed his chest—would he reach port?

One day. . . .

THE kid was on deck when the black line rose out of the morning sea, became the green blur of land. He was near the rail when the swift launch curved in close to the ship's side. The pilot! Only hours now!

But it was not just one man who climbed the swaying ladder—but six! Big, grim men who went swiftly toward the bridge.

A seaman said: "Cops! I seen too many of 'em to be wrong."

The kid hurried below, not through the engine room, but down the fireroom's vertical ladders. The Old Guy looked up.

"This is Sunday, Red, you ain't supposed to work."

"I know." The kid fumbled with his cap. "You won't forget, about me bein' ashore with you in Kobe, I mean?"

"Nope, I won't forget."

"Do you care if I stay here for a while?"

"Nope." The Old Guy got up to adjust a valve and then came back to the bench under the ventilator.

They came an hour later, two of them, stooping a little in the narrow passageway between the boilers. The tall man whose eyes were hidden under the brim of his soft hat came straight to the bench to ask, "Are you O'Brien, son?"

"Yes."

"The First Assistant tells me that you knew William Hamilton—you called him Blondy. Maybe you can tell me what happened the night you sailed from Kobe."

This is it, the kid thought, this is the end of the road. He knows what happened. He's just trying to make me make a mistake so he can arrest me. He'll try—

The tall man said, "Well?"

The lie came readily enough; came in the same words he'd whispered over and over to himself. "I wasn't with him in Kobe. Blondy wanted to go ashore alone. I was with—with the Old Guy here."

"So you weren't with Blondy?"

The kid shook his head.

"He's lying." The First was there, the white flash of the cold grin lighting his face. "I saw them ashore together. They were fighting about something then; *I think they were drunk*. . . ."

The kid heard the First's voice go on and on. He was trapped; he'd done nothing but pull the Old Guy into this. They'd never believe him now, not after he'd lied. They'd believe the First. He'd go to jail, and maybe—

"Something wrong here, O'Brien," the tall man said softly. "You say you were with this man, and the First Assistant says you were with Blondy." He half turned to speak to the Old Guy. "What have you got to say?"

The kid waited breathlessly. The Old Guy rubbed at a spot of grease on his hand and looked at the deck plates.

The First said: "That's a lie the kid cooked up."

"Not quite." The Old Guy stood up.

THE kid waited, unable to move. He was staring at the Old Guy. He had changed—no, *it wasn't that, for he was* still gray and stooped, his eyes were still tired. It was something else, a crisp, new something that was in his voice, in his deft, sure movement. A flat, palm-sized case had appeared in his hand, a case that snapped open to disclose a golden shield that gleamed dully against the velvet lining.

The First swore, suddenly, harshly; and the kid's eyes came up. The First had turned, was facing the alleyway and the tall man's companion, who had somehow slipped into that opening, and who now held a revolver. Who said:

"Don't move, Anderson!"

"You can't do this to me! You . . ." The First's voice was thick with anger.

The Old Guy said, "You'll find three thousand tins of opium back of the false bulkhead in the storeroom. There's a plate that comes off . . ."

The First's protest stopped; his hands went slowly up to shoulder height. His teeth still shone in the white grin, as though he were unable to control the jerking muscles of his face.

"Take him topside, Gordon."

They were gone then, and the tall man was smiling at the Old Guy. "We got your cable. You've done a swell job. Now—what about the boy?"

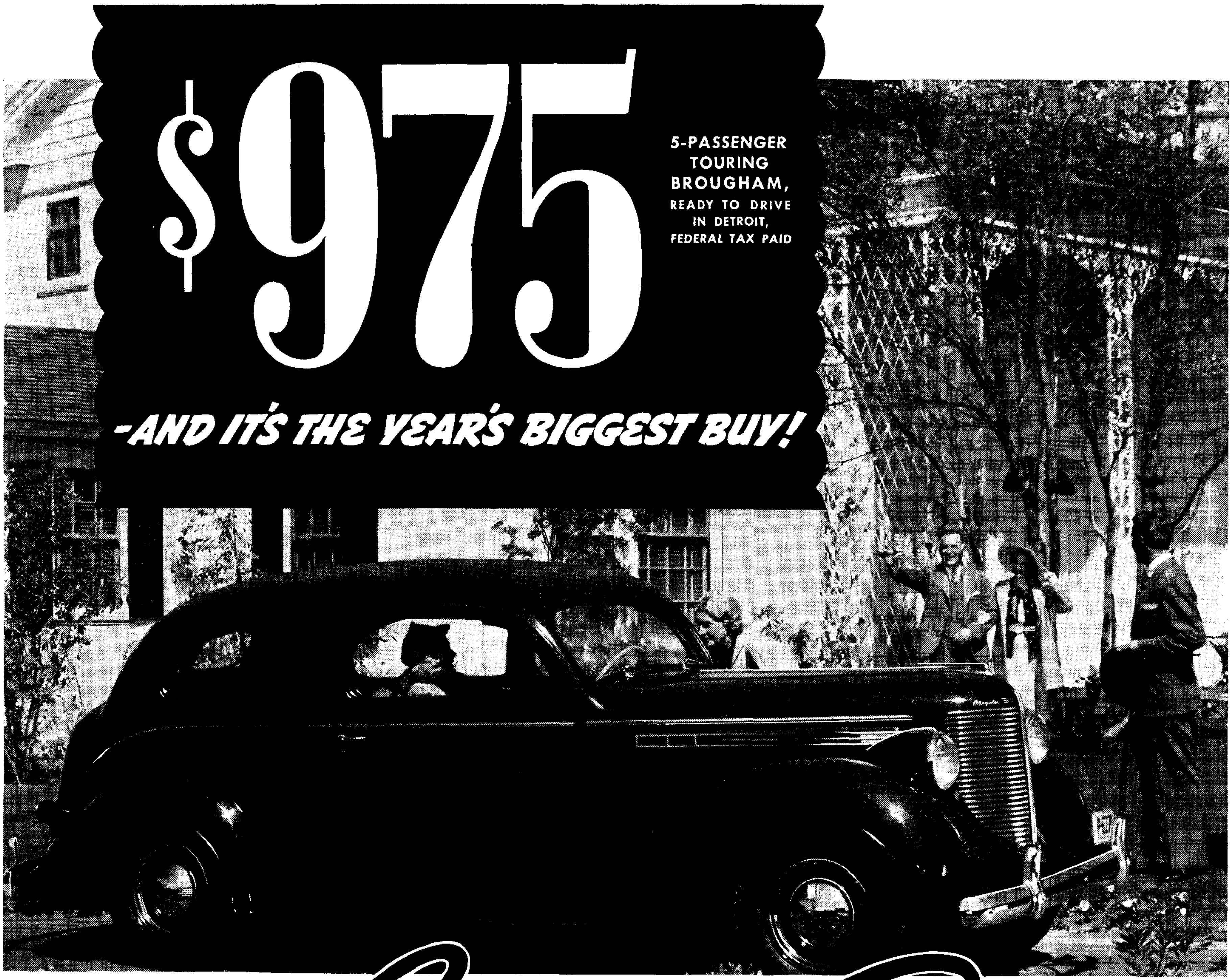
"He was with me." The Old Guy snapped the case shut, tucked it away. "You'll get the details later. He's in the clear, and we don't need him as a witness. Come on, we'll have to help the boys clean up."

The tall man touched his hat brim, said, "Right." He went first, stooping a little in the alleyway. The Old Guy followed, with only a single backward glance, a nod of farewell.

The kid stayed there, his back against the warm bulkhead, his knees pulled up. There was the quiet hiss of the burners, the thump of the fuel pump. The yellow glow of the fires danced on the deck plates.

He hadn't thanked the Old Guy, but he had to stay here now and watch the fireroom. Maybe sometime he'd see him again, maybe somewhere. . . .

He knew, then, that in *all* the times he'd looked at the Old Guy he had never really seen him. That he wouldn't know him unless he wore oil-stained dungarees. After a long moment the kid smiled. That made it better, really, for the Old Guy might be anywhere, might be anyone—the motorman on the streetcar, the cop on the corner, or the man who brushed by him on the street. . . .



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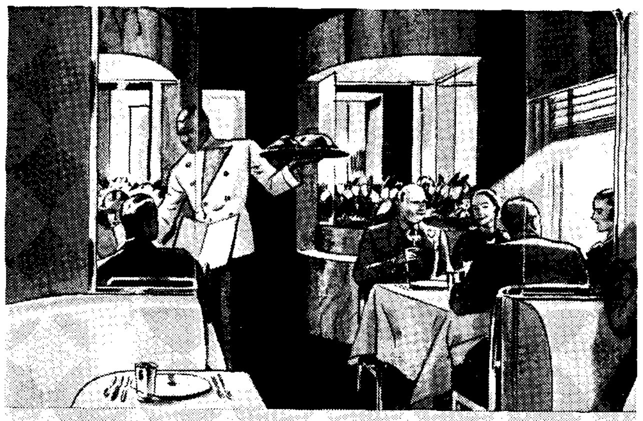
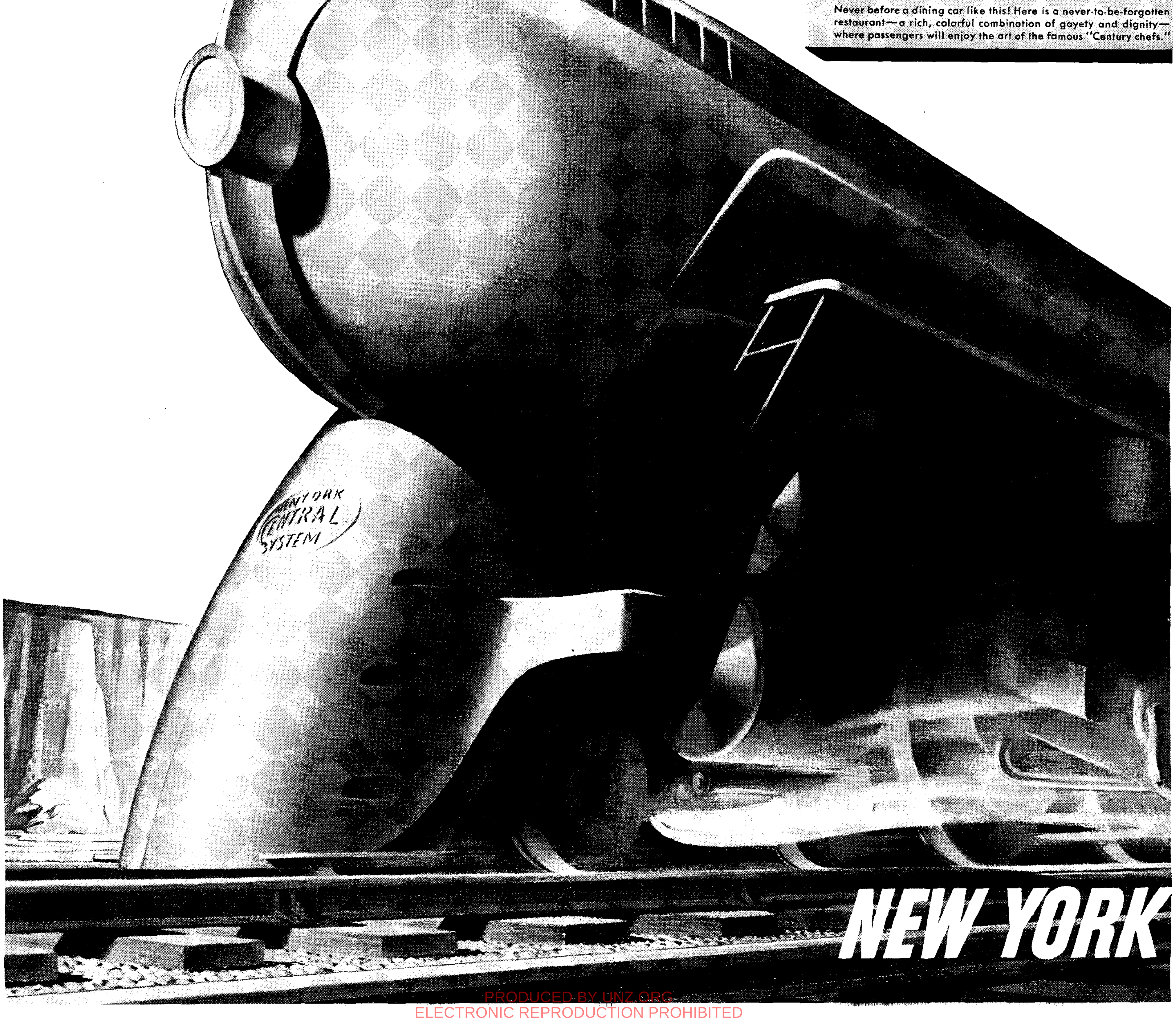
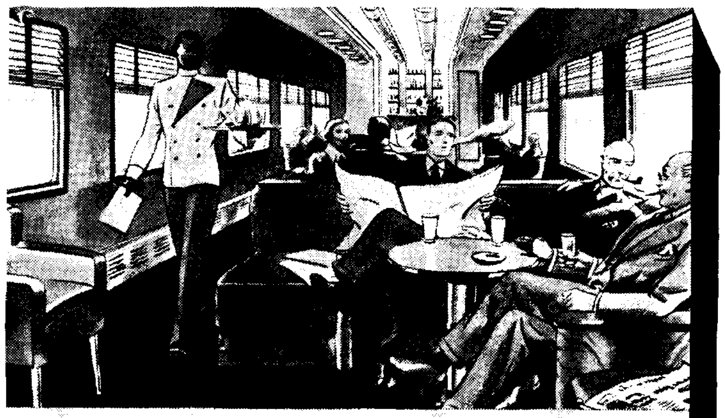
# NEW 20TH CEN



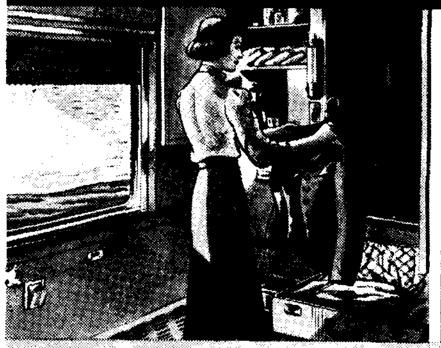
Never before a dining car like this! Here is a never-to-be-forgotten restaurant—a rich, colorful combination of gayety and dignity—where passengers will enjoy the art of the famous "Century chefs."


NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
NEW YORK

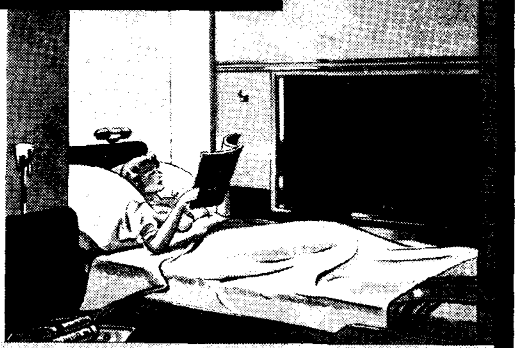
# TURY LIMITED



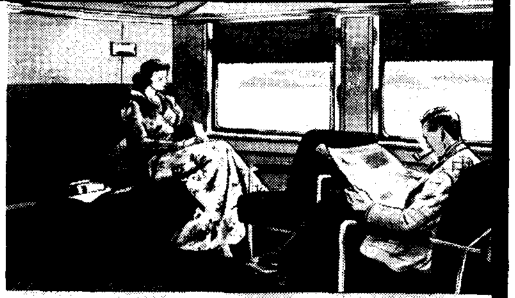
e the cocktail lounge of a fashionable hotel is the Century's spacious, restful
-conditioned Bar Lounge Car. Its large windows provide daylight cheerful-
s, while at night its unique lens lighting system gives the illusion of daylight.



new "Century" Roomette affords privacy and
nty of room to move around before retiring
the night. It costs no more than a section!



When you are ready to retire you merely lower the bed from the wall. Adjust the temperature and ventilation as you desire. You can sleep!



The new "20th Century" private drawing room is really a spacious and comfortable living room by day, with full private toilet facilities.

## Sensational new air-conditioned streamlined train brings hitherto unknown comforts for New York-Chicago travelers, starting June 15th!

CLEAR THE TRACKS for a stirring new chapter in the history of American travel! On June 15th comes the *new, streamlined* 20th Century Limited—the marvel of fast, modern luxury trains—thrillingly new, from headlight to observation lounge.

On its 36th anniversary America's most distinguished train, in its new, sleek, streamlined beauty, presents many features in style and comfort heretofore unknown in travel of any kind.

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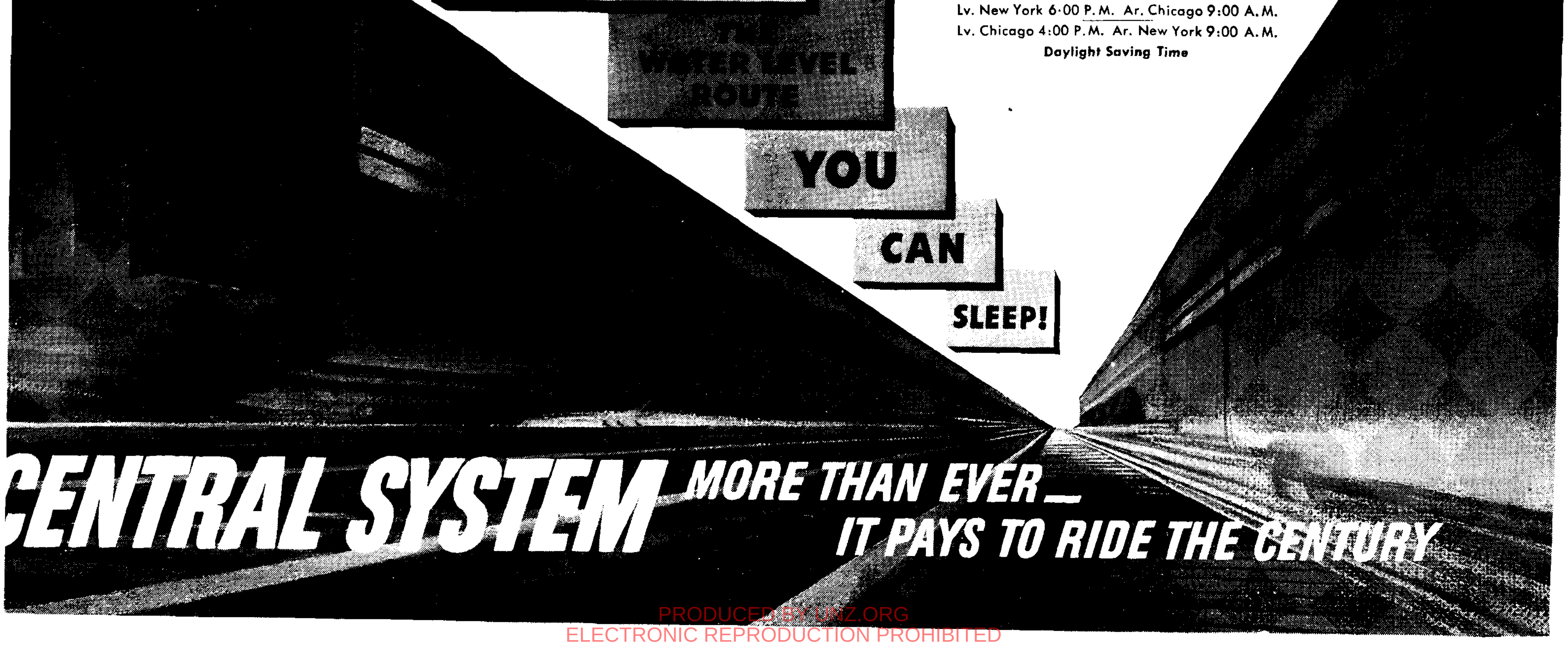
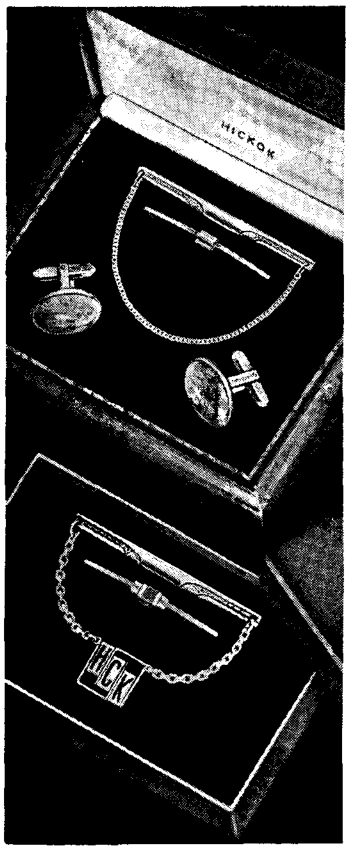
As the new "Century" speeds its way between New York and Chicago—faster than ever before—you are undisturbed by motion or noise of travel, so carefully has this great *super-streamlined* train been designed and engineered. The new 20th Century Limited, over the famous Water Level Route is built to give you the *smoothest,* safest ride in America!

**NEW YORK—CHICAGO 16 HOURS**

**Beginning June 15th**
Lv. New York 6:00 P.M. Ar. Chicago 9:00 A.M.
Lv. Chicago 4:00 P.M. Ar. New York 9:00 A.M.
**Daylight Saving Time**



**ENTRAL SYSTEM** **MORE THAN EVER—
IT PAYS TO RIDE THE CENTURY**



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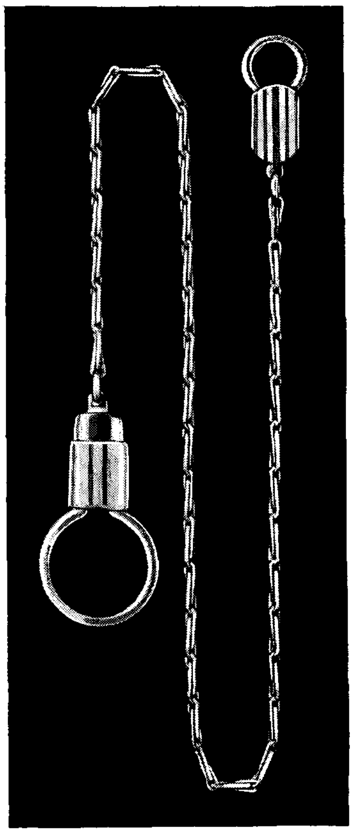
FOR GRADUATION ●



# No More Cavaliers

Continued from page 10

He turned, forced his voice to be light, even casual.

"I reckon I will stay, after all, and hear what you know about me."

She shook her head as if she failed to comprehend. "The Yankees . . . Yankees . . . where are all our soldiers?"

"On the other side of the river, with the bridge burned—that's why the Yanks are here."

Her widened eyes centered on him. "But your men . . ."

"They're on the south side too."

She was slow in answering, and the wide stare left her eyes. "You mean . . . that you . . . that you left your regiment to save me?" Then, when he didn't answer at once, "Why?"

"I thought it might lead to a fight. We hadn't fought for several days and I didn't think we'd run into anything soon on the retreat." He couldn't face her and hold the irony in his voice. He glanced into the garden. The last of the mob were spilling through the gate. "But it didn't, and I'm just as glad. For I've long wanted to talk with you."

She studied him with frank curiosity. In the silence, the cry of the city rolled over them. *Yankees! Yankees!* . . .

"We won't talk," she said then, "but you can stay. I can't let them capture you. Come in, before they see you."

She opened the door quickly and he followed her into the dimness. The wide hall was stripped bare. She crossed it and flung open the door on a huge kitchen, almost bare. Chris crossed the threshold and stopped.

IN THE shadowed corner lay a man, a Confederate officer. He was propped on one elbow, holding his position with obvious pain. When he saw Chris Moltan, his sunken eyes flared alive. Slowly Chris recognized the man who was his bitterest enemy, the man who was Peggy's brother—Gawin Blackfort. For a moment the two men looked one at the other, while the girl stood in the doorway.

Then, without a word, the wounded man lunged sidewise. In a deeper shadow, Chris saw a holstered pistol butt and a sword gleaming dully on a belt. He was across the room in a single movement. His booted toe reached the belt buckle even as Gawin's trembling fingers groped for it, and he kicked the belt out of reach. The wounded man panted in pain and rage as he tried to rise. Then he fell back, his glaring eyes fixed on Chris in deathless hatred. His passion enabled him to gasp out words.

"You can kill me now," he said. "You've waited four years for the chance."

"I didn't know you were here, Gawin."

"Major Blackfort, if you please, Colonel Moltan." He labored for breath. "I should've known better. You thought Peggy was here alone."

"I didn't think to be here myself. The mob ran off with my horse and the Yanks came in."

"Your tongue was always persuasive, damn you."

"That's true, Gawin, what he said." Peggy spoke for the first time, very softly.

"You keep silent! He will entrap you as he did that other Peggy."

"Time has improved your imagination," Chris said.

"All Richmond knows you kissed her on the balcony at the dance, and she broke her engagement to me."

"I've kissed many women, but they did not break their engagements."

Sudden, maniacal fury drove Gawin to a desperate effort to rise. But the passion spent him and he collapsed. Peggy ran to him, easing his strained position. His eyes closed. The girl looked up at Chris.

"You were afraid to meet him when he called you out, weren't you? You wait until he's wounded and can't defend himself to talk like this to him. Oh, you're worse than anything I've ever heard of you."

"That might be, Miss Blackfort, but I refused to meet your brother because war had been declared and we needed all our people to fight."

"Oh, I don't care about your talk. Why don't you do something? Gawin has fainted. Can't you see he's terribly wounded?"

To a soldier it was plain that he was wounded unto death, but Chris did not say that. "I'll build a fire and boil some water. Do you happen to have any tea or coffee?"

"We have a few grains of potato coffee but no paper to start the fire with. Even the walls have been stripped."

"A soldier's life is a hard one, but we learn to cope with all emergencies." He unbuttoned his jacket and produced a loose package of Confederate bills and trade exchange notes. "I was wondering what to do with these."

The girl had laid her brother on the floor and she jumped to her feet. "That's one of the things I've heard about you," she said. "You make gestures."

"I do, if parting with souvenirs is a gesture." He passed the crumpled pile to her. It was hard to hold his casual tone when he knew death was moving closer and she was unprepared. But he could not touch her young pride with sympathy. "You'll find there a change note of twenty cents from a restaurant I saw burning, one for fifteen from a hotel likewise destroyed, eight and a half cents from the Kanawha Canal, which no soldier would dare use now, and various notes on banks rendered visibly defunct by the fire."

Peggy moved in quick anger to stuff the bills under the firewood. "If you don't care about your country's money, I don't see why I should!"

"I don't see why you should anyway; without a country, it's no good."

"We're not without a country yet."

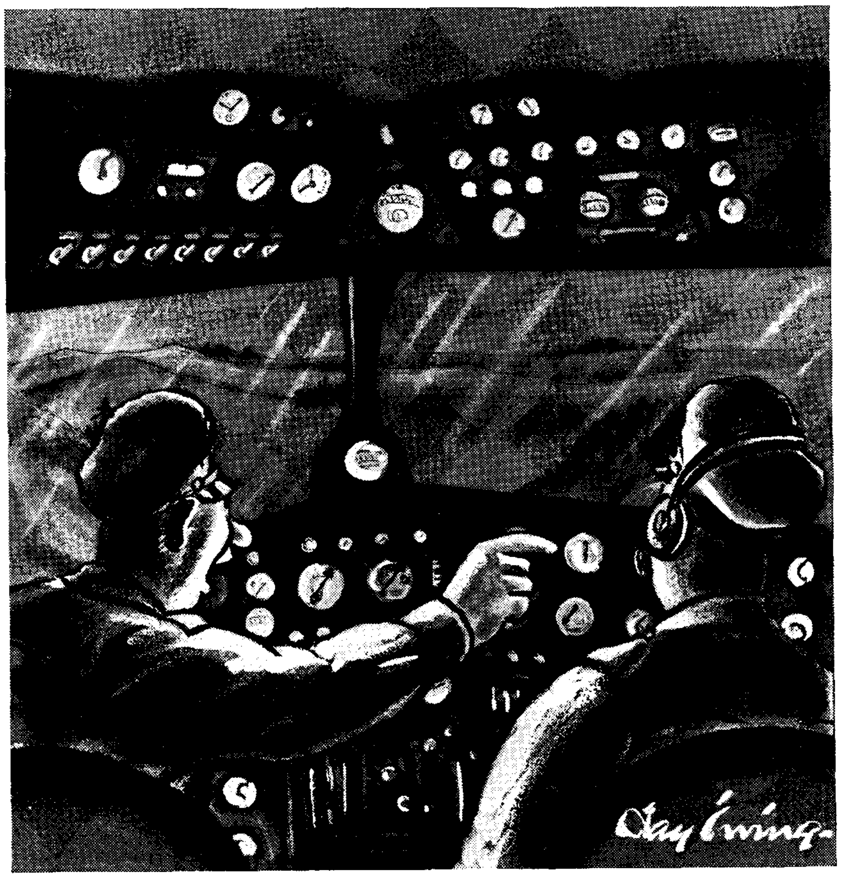
"What's a matter of days?"

"What's a matter of anything except your gallant gestures?" She whirled, her skirt billowing around her. Her fury seemed born of long feeling, as if she shared her family's hate of him. "That's what I've heard about you, if you want to know. You used your tobacco land for a race track because you had one poor season. You refused good prices for horses you had raised to sell because you took a liking to them yourself. You mortgaged your plantation to buy a red-lined cape when the other soldiers were in rags."

"I thought their leader should look handsome, so as to keep up morale." Brass music flooded the room. The Yankee bands were up and that meant infantry had occupied the city. "The fire is caught," he said. "You can put the coffee on now." He moved to look through the window.

THE last of the mob had left the trampled garden. On the streets people ran in purposeless frenzy. Chris turned back to the wounded man, who of all men in the world hated him. His face was graying.

Peggy had a coffeepot on the stove and at a table she was slicing at a pitiful chunk of fat bacon. Her movements loosened the dress at her shoulder. Somehow it made her seem unbearably young and helpless. Her father had been killed, her family scattered, and her brother lay dying and she did not know it. The life he had known before he was a cavalry colonel returned to Chris and he remembered much that he had forgotten about women. They had seemed dim and sheltered in a distant world of



**"I picked this one up at auction last week"**

JAY IRVING

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The only ginger ale in the world made by the famous Dr. Lloyd “Liquid Ginger” Process *the one process that captures* ALL *the elusive flavor, the delicate aroma, the wholesome stimulating qualities of pure, natural ginger. (The Lloyd process is a secret process owned and used by Canada Dry.)*

Here's the drink that's favored for its flavor . . . the drink that gives you *extra* energy for work and strenuous exercise. Have all you want . . . it's good for you. And don't forget to keep a few bottles in the refrigerator so everyone can enjoy Canada Dry . . . with meals, or as a quick freshener anytime of day.

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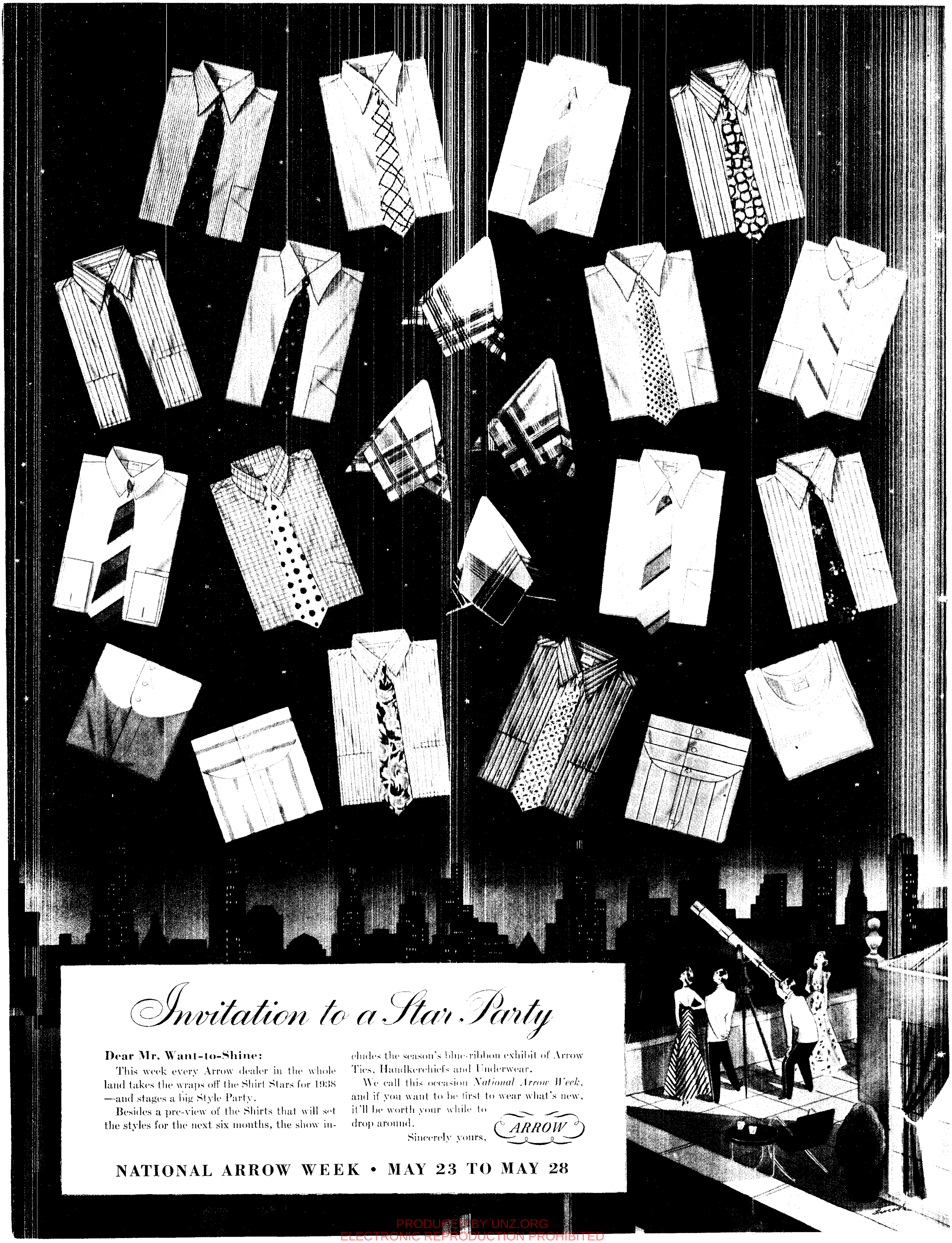
It's news when you can get world-famous Canada Dry, *"The Champagne of Ginger Ales,"* at prices so low! Also at reduced prices: *Sparkling* Canada Dry Water.



# Invitation to a Star Party

**Dear Mr. Want-to-Shine:**

This week every Arrow dealer in the whole land takes the wraps off the Shirt Stars for 1938—and stages a big Style Party.

Besides a pre-view of the Shirts that will set the styles for the next six months, the show includes the season's blue-ribbon exhibit of Arrow Ties, Handkerchiefs and Underwear.

We call this occasion *National Arrow Week*, and if you want to be first to wear what's new, it'll be worth your while to drop around.

Sincerely yours,
ARROW

**NATIONAL ARROW WEEK • MAY 23 TO MAY 28**

their own while he had fought in the cold lines north of the river. But Peggy was not sheltered, and she was in graver danger than he; for she could not ride to meet death as he could with the army. She must wait for some man to give her life, and all the men were dead, in one way or another.

His silence had quieted her. The bacon was sizzling in the pan and the coffee boiled. She spoke gently, as she had once to her brother.

"If you will help me with Gawin now, I can feed him." She brought out a gilt-bordered blue cup and a chipped white plate. Chris poured the coffee and dropped the bacon on the plate as she lifted the wounded man. Gawin groaned and his eyes fluttered open. When Chris moved into his vision, fever flared in his blurring eyes. He gestured Chris away.

"This will help you, Major Blackfort."

"I wouldn't accept help from you if I were dying."

"Please, Gawin," Peggy said. "You'll need strength so that I can move you."

"Make him go out of my sight then. I've always hated him. He was forever ruining things for me—and everybody—with his 'cavalier's chivalry.' "

CHRIS set the dishes on the floor beside him and turned toward the door. A choked scream spun him around. Gawin had broken from his sister and clutched at the plate and cup. In a movement of savage futility he tried to throw them. They crashed to the floor. The cup broke and the last coffee in the house trickled through the boards.

Major Blackfort swayed forward in his slightly raised position, as if by sheer force of his passion to conquer his ebbing strength. But it was the man himself who was overcome by his last violent passion. His eyes were glazing as he swayed backward.

Peggy had knelt beside him, her hands limp, and watched his futile struggle. It was as if she accepted his end, and let him have it his own way. When he sank down she caught his head in the cradle of her arms. She uttered no sound, but stared hard at the gray into which the mottled pallor of her brother's face was fading. Only when his lids closed did she cry out, twice, his name. Then she glanced upward, in mute question, into the young strength of her brother's old enemy. Chris nodded gravely.

For a moment she bowed her head, all shining bronze in the sun. Without moving she spoke in a dull monotone.

"Well, Colonel Moltan, you've won over your enemy in the end."

"Your brother was never my enemy, Miss Blackfort," he said very gently. "I was his."

"Yes, you were the enemy of everybody good like him." Her voice rose then and he could feel the shakiness close to the surface. "Why should all my family and people like them be the ones to go? They had built a way of life that was proud and solid and rooted in the past, and they all took the responsibility of the whole on them. People like you, with all your gallantry, just played and—"

"We had a way of life too," he interrupted quietly.

"Oh, your kind can always dance and ride and be chivalrous."

"Not without ladies and horses and slaves." He was leading her thoughts away from her own losses.

"And one of them meant about as much to you as another."

"That was my tragedy, Miss Blackfort."

As if she had forgotten her dead brother and her hate, Peggy studied Chris again with that curious speculative gaze with which she had watched him earlier.

"You needn't try to win my sympathy, Colonel Moltan."

"I don't wish anyone's sympathy."

"Then why talk of your tragedy?"

"I'm sorry; I forgot for a moment."

"That is something they didn't tell me about you—that you were ever sorry what people thought."

"I'm not. You happen to be one person."

She sensed the honesty and the feeling, for fleetingly her own response touched her young face. Then, as if remembering her dead brother in her arms, she denied it. "That, I suppose, is your vaunted persuasive power, which wrecked my brother's life."

He could not help himself now. "That is my tribute to my memory of a lovely young lady I used to see, who was forbidden to speak to me, though I wanted to speak very much."

"I'm surprised you could remember one when there have been so many."

"I remember one because there were so many."

Probably no man before had ever forced Peggy Blackfort to turn from his gaze. The color that had touched her flesh when she faced the mob was on her when she answered, "You've lived up to your reputation, Colonel Moltan. I hope you'll spare me your powers now; this is scarce a fitting time."

"There never was and now there never will be a fitting time for me to speak to you, Miss Blackfort."

There was a finality in his words, as final as the dying of her brother, and the sense of ending hung in the room, like the sense of death. The girl bent lower over the body still held in her arms, and stared beyond with visions no man could ever know. One kind of death was in her arms and another kind was close to her, and there was no life anywhere in her home nor where she could touch. Chris did not move.

He was watching the beauty that touched the girl and remembering his own regiment, which he must rejoin when darkness came. With them, he would face an enemy he understood, and not this silence that dragged time across his nerves.

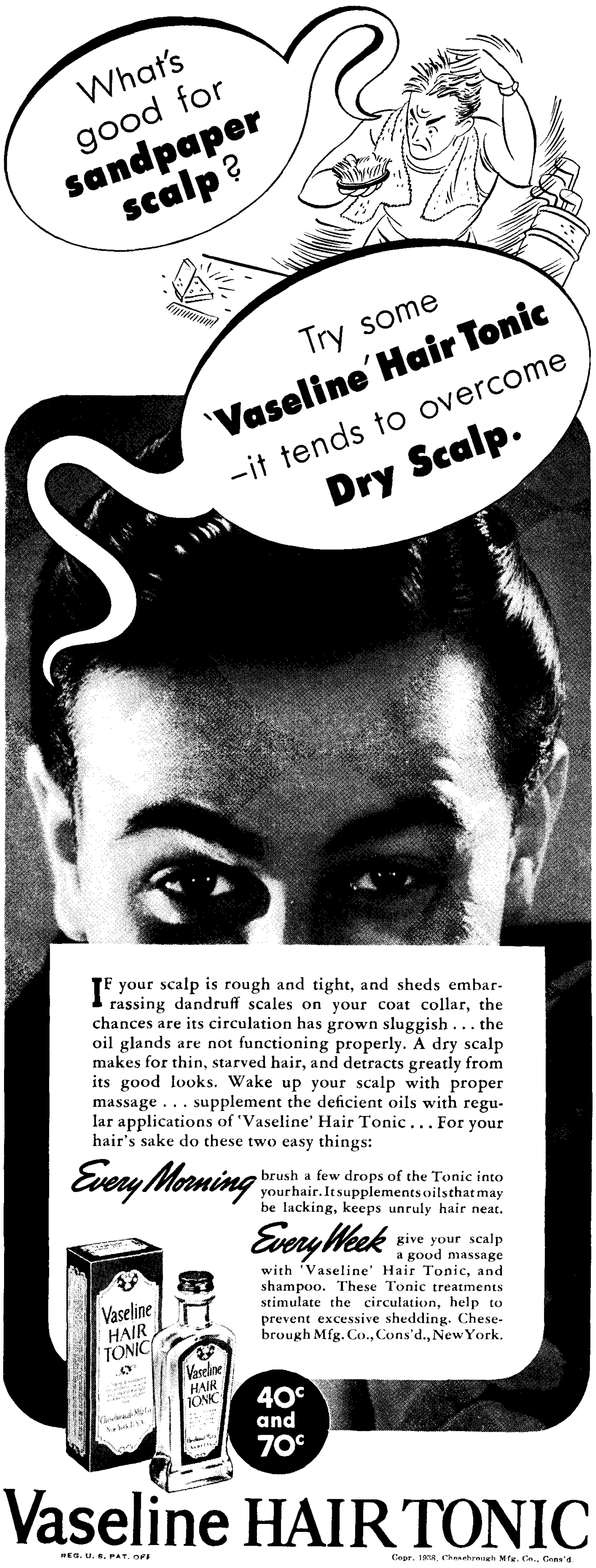
It was an enemy close at hand who broke at last the quiet, and sent Peggy fast to her feet. Heavy steps sounded on the front portico and then a pistol barrel rapped harshly on the door. After the first shock, the girl whirled to face him. There was a cold fury in her eyes.

"So I won't have you here to gloat over my brother, after all."

"Miss Blackfort, if you even hint I'm in this house, you'll wish a thousand times you did have me here, gloating or silent, instead of what this house will be turned into. I am not going to be taken alive." The pistol was in his fist.

SHE backed away, striving to deny the force of him. But this was not the cavalier of ante-bellum days, the legendary beau the tales of whom had colored her youth. This was the soldier who was followed by a regiment of veterans wherever he led, who knew the taste of death and had never turned down its glass. You could see he was not turning it down now. The pistol rapped again and the doorknob was shaken, rattling through the empty house. She turned and ran from him.

Those five men, in dusty blue uniforms and sturdy boots, were the first Yankee soldiers she had ever seen. Many times, on hearing tales of their intrusions, she had planned what she would say. But she only fell back before the grim lieutenant and his men. They followed her, their boots scraping across the bare hall floor, over the bloodstains of Virginians who had once known sanctuary in this house. They clattered into the chill, vast emptiness of the parlor and their spurs tinkled where violins had once sung. It was bleak in there,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Try some 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic —it tends to overcome Dry Scalp.
Vaseline HAIR TONIC
40¢ and 70¢

IF your scalp is rough and tight, and sheds embarrassing dandruff scales on your coat collar, the chances are its circulation has grown sluggish . . . the oil glands are not functioning properly. A dry scalp makes for thin, starved hair, and detracts greatly from its good looks. Wake up your scalp with proper massage . . . supplement the deficient oils with regular applications of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . For your hair's sake do these two easy things:

*Every Morning* brush a few drops of the Tonic into your hair. It supplements oils that may be lacking, keeps unruly hair neat.

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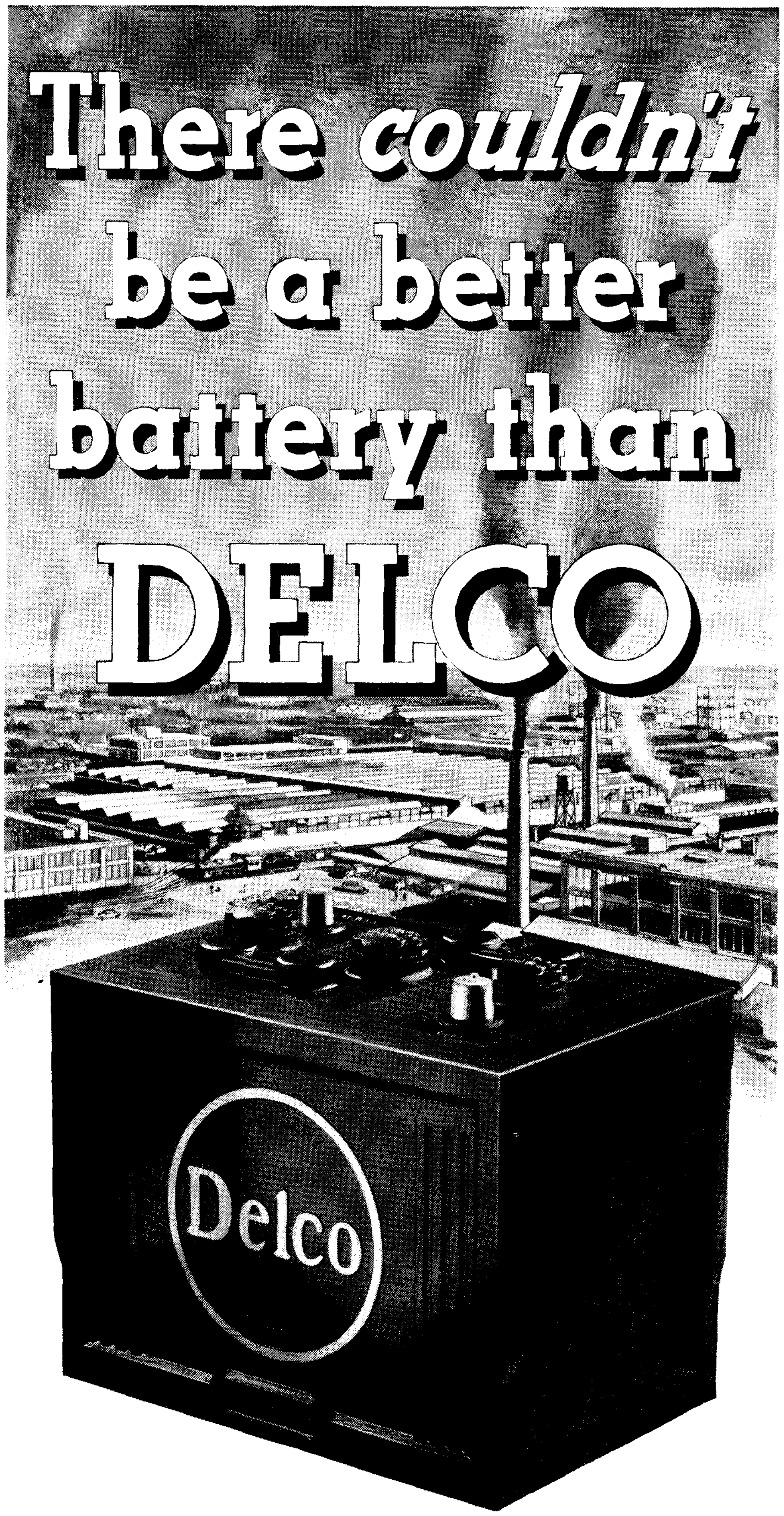

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and the young lieutenant spoke hurriedly to Peggy.

"There's a Rebel officer here," he said, "and you'll save yourself trouble if you produce him."

"There is a Rebel officer here," she said steadily. "My brother. He's dead."

Silence fell over the room. It was disturbed only by the scraping of a boot. Then a man relaxed his breath, and the lieutenant, red flushing his skin, spoke in a muffled voice.

"I'm sorry, but we'll have to see."

She led them to the kitchen. The men grouped in the door. They knew death from many fields and no examination was necessary. The lieutenant removed his hat. The men followed. He tried twice to speak, before he said, "I'm sorry, miss. We'll see that no one else bothers you." They tiptoed down the long hall and closed the door quietly behind them.

When Peggy returned to the kitchen, Chris Moltan stood in the doorway.

"I was not afraid," she said. "That was not why I saved you. I remembered that you believed you had a way of life too. There is so little left in Virginia, to be destroying."

"Thank you, Miss Blackfort, but my way has already gone. Their bullets could have made me no deader than I am."

She shook her head, as in some vague protest, and moved unsteadily toward her brother's body. "If you wouldn't mind leaving me alone with him . . ."

The young colonel bowed. "Always at your service, ma'am." He tiptoed out of the room.

Moving without sound, he walked down the bare hall. The house was silent. He stepped outside to the balcony, where he had seen Peggy that morning. When he went down into the garden, he kept close to the inner wall until he reached the room above the empty stable. There he found a shovel. From the abandoned brick cottages, where the slaves had lived, he took four blinds from the windows.

LILAC dusk lay in the walled garden. Near the wall, where buds of rambler roses climbed to the top, tulips and crocuses bordered a strip of grass. It was there Chris dug. It was no ghoulish task for him. Many comrades had he helped bury, but never before an ancient enemy. Gawin's sleep would be none the less deep because the young Moltan dug his grave. When he had almost completed his task Chris was conscious of a silent white form that stood watching him. Chris laid one blind at the bottom, and placed one on either side. When he climbed out of the pit, Peggy Blackfort stood at the head. Dusk was gently falling then but he saw her eyes, luminous in the half-light. They were clear and unafraid, and without hate of him.

"I had never heard that you were kind," she said.

"I'm not."

"This is the kindest act you could do for my brother."

He did not answer that and, though his face was shadowed, she understood. "For me, then," she said.

"It is still not kindness."

She made a small movement. "All day you've said such things to me. I don't understand."

"Don't try. With darkness I'll be gone and you'll never see me again."

"With darkness you'll be gone," she said his words over, as if to herself. "I'll be here alone tonight, and tomorrow I'll join my mother at my married sister's. I was supposed to leave this afternoon, but Gawin came. . . . Then, if you leave at darkness, perhaps now we could . . ."

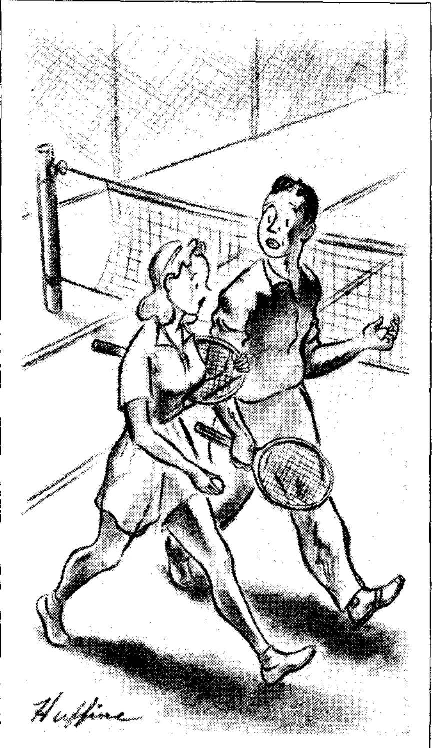
"Yes. Now."

They entered the house. In the kitchen the girl knelt beside the still figure in a blanket of Confederate gray. The colonel waited. She stood up and nodded. The big man gathered the corpse in his arms. Hanging from Colonel Moltan's elbow was his enemy's belt, with CSA on the buckle, and a sword and holstered revolver sagging. He walked ahead of Peggy Blackfort to the open grave. With infinite care he lowered Gawin Blackfort. He placed the dead man's belt and weapons across the body. Then he placed the last blind upon the two upright ones, and there was no more to be seen of Gawin Blackfort. His sister had not spoken, standing at the head of the grave.

"Do you know any of the burial service?" Chris asked.

She shook her head.

"Then I shall say what we say over all good soldiers." He picked up the shovel and pitched the loose earth upon the blind. "He was my countryman, companion at arms, who died that our state might be saved." The earth fell. The blind was covered. The dirt fell steadily, reaching toward the top. "I am the resurrection and the life . . . whosoever believeth in me shall not perish, but have life everlasting. . . ." The earth reached the top. "He has returned to the earth from which he was born, and may his blood fructify our poor land for Virginians as yet unborn. . . ." The last of the earth was piled into a mound. Chris picked a rambler rose from the garden wall and placed it on the top. "Let us pray it is not our brother's last bivouac, but last reveille. Amen." He stepped away from the mound.



**"Really, now, it's just as simple as table tennis, only you don't have to go behind the furnace for the ball"**

D. HUFFINE

Still the girl uttered no sound, nor made a move. The dusk had faded into early night. The colonel could see only the white of her face and the flow of her dress. At last her crinolines rustled and she came soundlessly to him. There was in her eyes an expression such as he had never seen. She took his arm in a simple gesture of confidence, as any young lady might take the arm of her escort. It was the most beautiful gesture she could have made and it shook at his resistance to her youth and her inescapable need. Almost he forgot that life was ended, as they had learned it.

Back into the dark house, to the library where he had left his cape and hat, they walked in silence. There she

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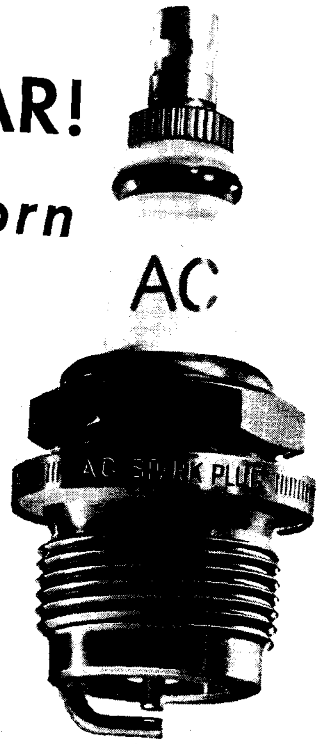

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# "WE TOOK A PLEDGE

## *Say Dodge Engineers,*

# "THAT'S WHY WE BUILT THIS SAFER CAR!"

**BUILT LIKE A BATTLESHIP!** A battleship is built to withstand *far more* punishment than it is ever expected to take. That's the way Dodge engineers designed the new Dodge—built *extra* safety into it—built it to take punishment you'll never give it! See, in the pictures below, how they have done it!

HERE'S the car that motor experts and safety officials everywhere are talking about! The car that gives such a wonderful new meaning to safety that a prominent New York traffic official says: "It's the achievement of the year...the car that sets the pace for the future."

### WHAT IT IS

It's the big new "Safety-Built" Dodge—and it was designed from the beginning to help cut accidents 'way down. In at least 15 important ways, it gives motorists greater protection against today's driving hazards. It's a sensational story...we can't begin to tell it all here...but we've put some of it in "words-and-pictures" for your convenience. Study these pictures! See for yourself why safety officials say, "*This is the safety car America has looked for!*"

No other car can give you all the great safety features that the 1938 Dodge offers. Imagine a frame so rugged it could stand the weight of a 3-ton elephant! Picture *genuine* hydraulic brakes that could control a big truck if they had to! Picture, too, genuine safety *plate* glass in *every single window!*...steel walls, steel floor and roof like a vault in the mint! ...and the big Red Ram Floating Power Engine with its *extra-fast* getaway to whisk you out of the tight spots!

### MONEY IN YOUR POCKET!

But safety isn't all! Dodge owners say they've never driven a car that's so easy to handle...so gloriously comfortable to ride in. And the famous Dodge economy means money in your pocket every day you own it! Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gasoline—and up to 20% savings on oil!

And here's the best news of all! Dodge costs far less than many cars that do not give you as much...yet, remember this: it's priced so close to the small cars that you'll hardly notice the difference! See your Dodge dealer today! See and count *all* the great Dodge features which make up the 15 safety factors that are so vital to motoring safety today!

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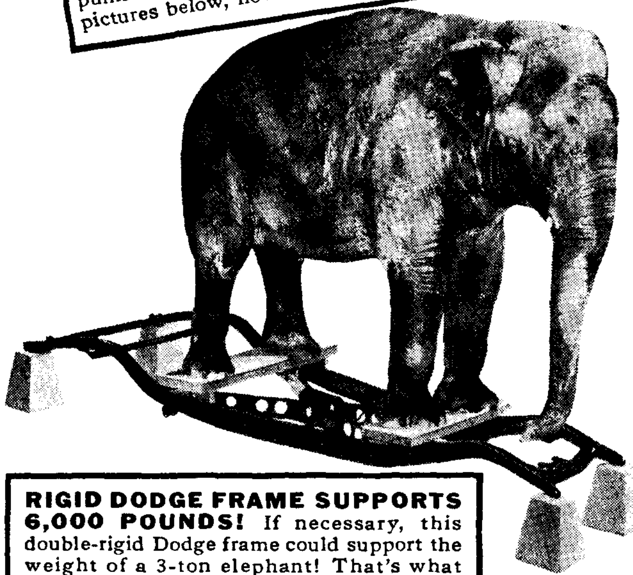
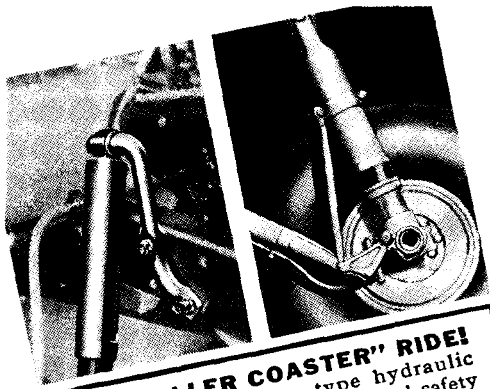
**Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.**

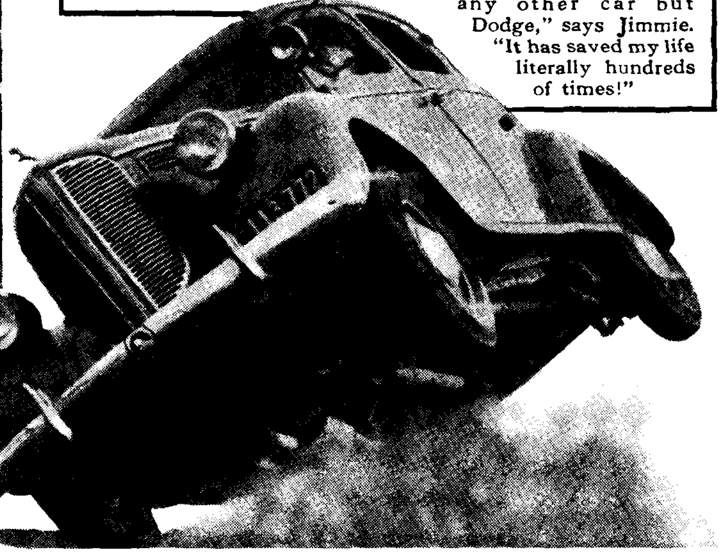


**RIGID DODGE FRAME SUPPORTS 6,000 POUNDS!** If necessary, this double-rigid Dodge frame could support the weight of a 3-ton elephant! That's what Dodge engineers mean by the *extra* safety factor built into the vital parts of every Dodge!



**NO "ROLLER COASTER" RIDE!** New Dodge airplane-type hydraulic shock absorbers give you *added* safety on rough roads because, unlike shock absorbers on many cars, they control *both the upward and downward* motion of *both front and rear* ends of car!

**SAFER! *GENUINE* HYDRAULIC BRAKES!** Big enough to control a big truck if they had to! Nor do you have to "jam" them on to get the desired response. They bring you to a safe, even, non-swerving stop because the pressure on each wheel is *always* equal! Safety-sealed against water and dirt, they are always responsive on wet or dry roads.

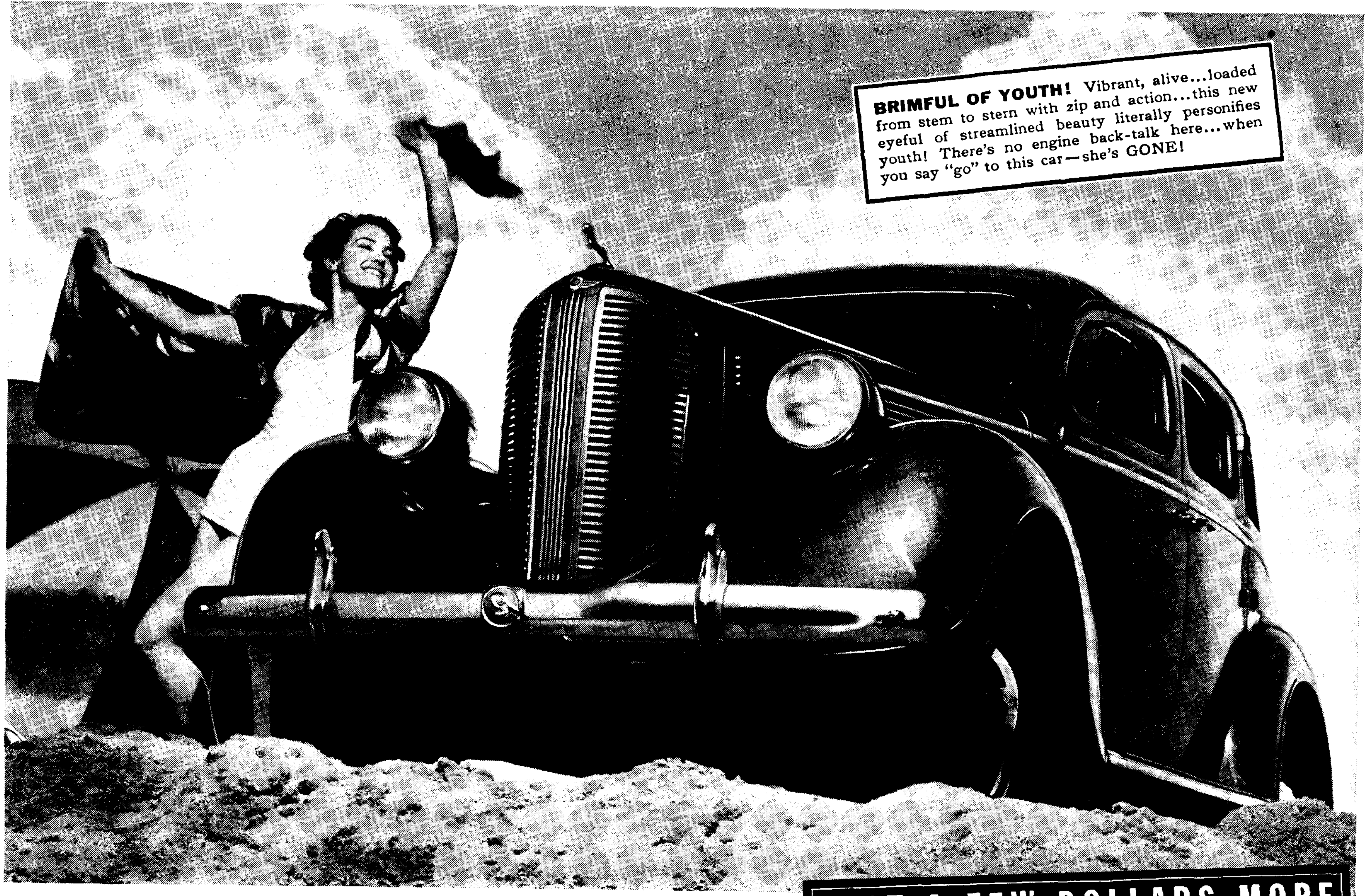


**SAFER WHEELS AND SPRINGS!** Every week thousands pay to see Jimmie Lynch, daredevil stunt driver, put cars through the most fiendish tests ever devised! Look at the beating those Dodge wheels and springs take as Jimmie comes roaring off a "ski jump"! "I'd be a sucker to use any other car but Dodge," says Jimmie. "It has saved my life literally hundreds of times!"

# *BE SAFE IN THE BIG NEW* DODGE

# TO SAVE LIVES!"...

**DODGE ENGINEERS,** who took a pledge to save lives by building Dodge safer in 15 vital ways: Fred M. Zeder, Vice-Chairman of the Board and head of engineering (fourth from left), and his associates: left to right, O. H. Clark, George B. Allen, Carl Breer, Mr. Zeder, Owen R. Skelton and H. T. Woolson.



**BRIMFUL OF YOUTH!** Vibrant, alive...loaded from stem to stern with zip and action...this new eyeful of streamlined beauty literally personifies youth! There's no engine back-talk here...when you say "go" to this car—she's GONE!

# AND SAVE MONEY!

**JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS!**

**Budget terms to suit your needs!**

NEW CHAMP
MAKING RING HISTORY

ALTINIZED
Super-X
REG. U. S. OF A. PAT. OFF.
PISTON RINGS

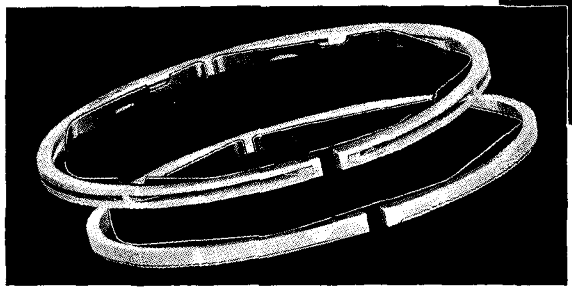
Stop Oil Waste—
Increase Power

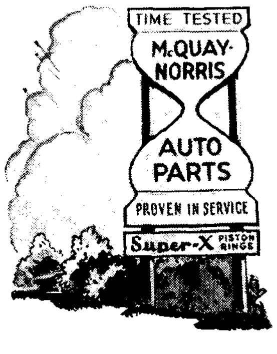
EVERY day the sensational new Altinized Super-X Piston Rings are proving to more and more car owners that here at last are rings that give an entirely new meaning to piston ring performance—rings that are true friends of motor economy. These new rings work better and last longer. They stop oil waste . . . increase gas and oil mileage . . . maintain compression . . . deliver more power . . . lessen blow-by.

Two exclusive features give these new rings the unmatched performance that amazes car owners. A more effective seal against compression and oil leakage is provided by the *exclusive design of the famous Super-X Piston Rings.* Resistance to friction and wear is provided by the fine bearing surface of *the exclusive Altinized Finish that protects not only the rings but pistons and cylinder walls as well.*

Insist on the Genuine McQuay-Norris Altinized Super-X Piston Rings. You pay no premium — yet you get performance unduplicated by any other spring expander rings. Sold and installed by *good* dealers and repair shops.

Here are the RINGS THAT OUTPERFORM!





Altinized Super-X Piston Rings are made of Electalloy (electric iron) and are electrically coated with a special tin-base bearing alloy that makes them wear-resistant. The exclusive Altinized Finish enables these rings to withstand the punishment of the break-in period without damage to pistons and cylinder walls assuring efficient motor operation thereafter. They outperform because they:

1. **REDUCE SCUFFING** during break-in period because of the fine bearing surface of the Altinized Finish.
2. **INCREASE NATURAL WEAR LIFE** 33⅓% by actual tests over piston rings with usual finish.
3. **COMBAT ACID CORROSION** thereby giving longer life because the Altinized Finish is not attacked by the acids of motor operation.
4. **RESIST FRICTION** because the Altinized Finish allows freer ring action and gives the spring expander maximum flexibility.
5. **PROVIDE QUICK SEALING** because the Altinized Finish makes possible a faster adjustment until the surfaces are finally "mated."

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asked him to light the lamp upon the mantel. She turned to him in the soft glow and there was on her face then a loveliness that was unbearable to see and not to touch.

"Much I heard of you was untrue," she said, "and much I never heard, is true. I want you to know that before you go."

He made no answer, for there were no words for what he felt then. Even had there been, this was not the fitting time, as there would never be a fitting time for the two of them.

"Go with the darkness, you said," she murmured, "and into it, too, I reckon. That is what is left for us all, in one way or another."

"Yes."

"Must it be?"

"What else is there for us who have died with our way of life?"

"You have youth and strength."

"And you have youth and beauty." All that he had been feeling weighted those few words and the great emotion of the man filled the room like music.

"Yes, Colonel Moltan?" She was waiting: it was in her voice and in her glowing eyes.

The man who lived by sabers did not live by words, so he took her into his arms. She neither resisted nor yielded. Her warm youth against him, charged his blood and nerves with a fire of life long forgotten. He reached for her lips. Did the fierce strength in the man make her forget all the old stories? He could not know. Only her body yielded at last and she returned his kiss, and her arms were tight against the hard column of his neck.

IT WAS one moment in time, but enough so that he believed that there was life again for those who wore the gray. Then the moment was broken, by her. She moved out of his arms and then she was standing, looking down at him.

"Almost you fooled me," she said.

He shook his head. "Almost I fooled myself."

"What do you mean?"

"You see, I love you."

"No. Don't add that—"

"For years, I think, since I first saw you."

"Please don't leave me with lies now. In God's name, leave me alone."

"I'll leave you alone, but not with lies. That is something even my worst enemy could not say of me."

"I know. That was wrong of me to think. But why do you say you love me and, yet, that you are going, into the darkness?"

"There is nothing else for me, and I wanted you to know before I left."

"What is there for any of us?" She gazed helplessly at him.

The anguish and fear in her eyes were more than he could bear, and he turned and picked up his cock-brimmed hat. The pine sprig fluttered. "For me it is my regiment and a few days of fighting."

"You must go *now?*" In her cry he felt all her bewilderment and longing for him to stay. He needed the strength gathered from all the retreats for this final retreat.

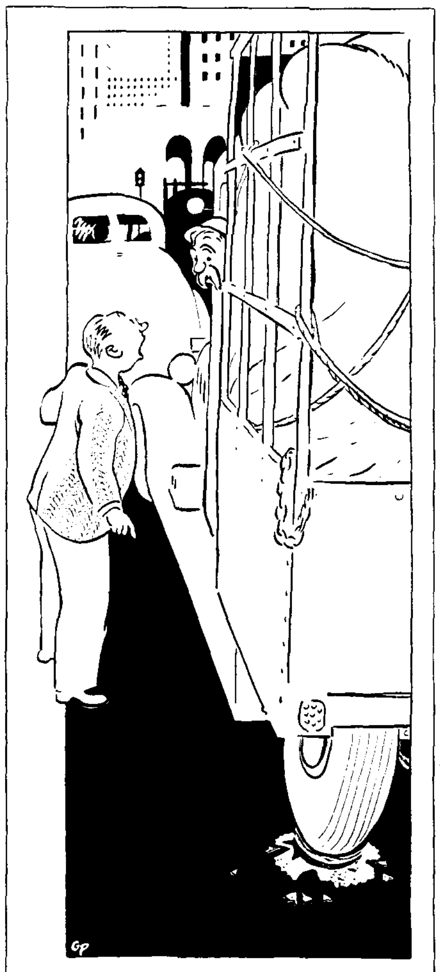
"I must rejoin my regiment." He hesitated a moment, then, "Goodby," and he turned quickly as men must go when they know they must. When he reached the blackness of the balcony, he thought he heard her call his name. He was not sure it wasn't the mood of her anguished longing calling inside him. He paused to listen, and heard only the bitter music of enemy caissons rumbling past.

Suddenly he knew the pain of a disappointment like nothing he had ever endured, and the days of fighting that were left him reached ahead to a chilly night without morning. Then he saw her in the doorway, pale in the darkness. The caisson had muffled the sound of her running feet. As she moved toward him, her breast rising and falling, all sounds were silenced by the voice in him.

"I came to tell you it's not too late." Her words were little more than a whisper. "Not when we love each other."

He checked his involuntary movement to her, fighting down the desire to believe, which would betray him. "You're excited now, Peggy, scared and lonely."

"I'll always be scared and lonely without you. I knew that when I felt your absence. I think I have always felt your absence. You brought a color into this bare house today, something it never had when it was chock-full of fine things. I knew when you left, and the color was gone, that my family had hated you for having that, when they didn't. I knew, too, that Gawin had hated you most of all because he wanted it most of all. His reason for hating you was an excuse. I'm sorry for him, but loyalty to him and my family cannot help me now. Only you can do that, Chris Moltan."



**"Please back up—
you're on my hat!"**

GARRETT PRICE

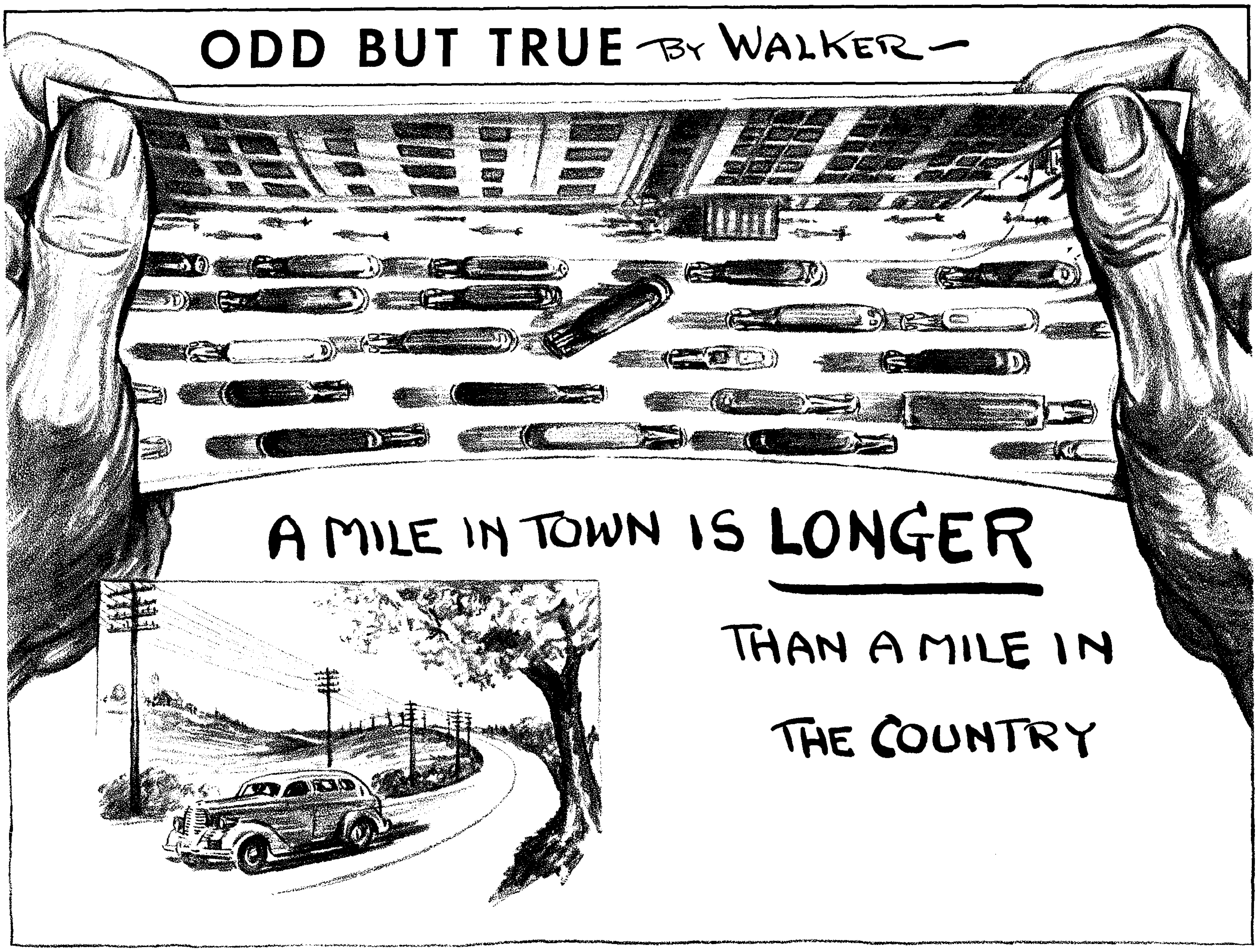
He could not stay his involuntary movement then and he took her in his arms, gently this time. He felt all the need of her woman's life in his hands, and he could only say: "We won't have anything we've known to live by, you understand that?"

"We won't need that now, but we had to find each other to know it."

"Then I'm grateful to the mob that made me leave my regiment. I've got to rejoin it now. But I'll be back, soon, and wherever you are I'll find you."

"I know, and whenever you come I'll be waiting."

Once more they kissed, and once more he moved alone into the blackness. This time, though he ran to fall in with the running army, the near surrender was not the end but the beginning. And though he would never ride again as a Confederate to Dixie, he would ride at some tomorrow to the new song in him.


ODD BUT TRUE —BY WALKER—
A MILE IN TOWN IS LONGER
THAN A MILE IN
THE COUNTRY

# In STOP and GO, a mile S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S

## In low and second, your engine makes up to 3 times as many revolutions as in high—*uses 3 times as much gasoline*

STOP-AND-GO driving fools your speedometer —while your car is going a mile, your engine may go the equivalent of *two*.

The number of extra revolutions your engine makes depends on how many times you stop and start—how much of your driving is in low and second gears.

You can't avoid stop-and-go driving, but you can do something about its high cost. Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you ⅓ of a mile.

To cut this costly waste, they rearranged the chemical structure of gasoline. They make every drop of Super-Shell "motor digestible" —every drop usable in stop-and-go driving.

There is a Shell dealer near you. Use Super-Shell regularly and your savings count up.

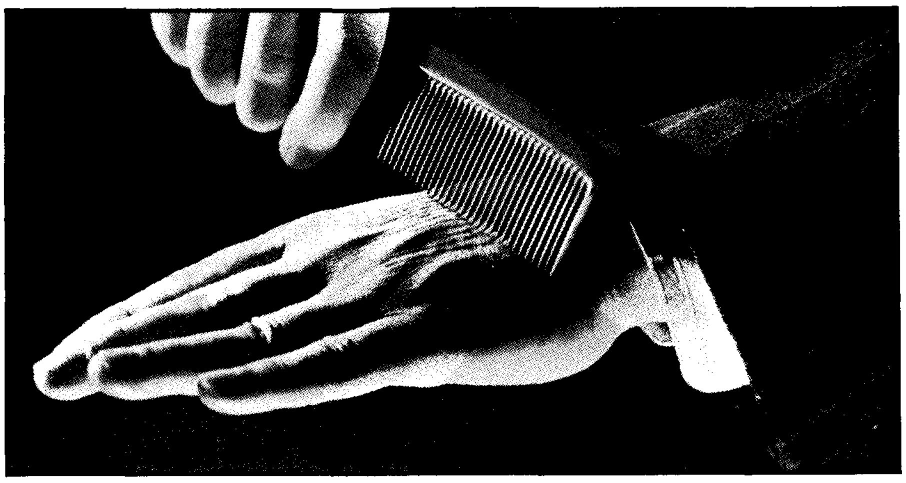
**SUPER-SHELL**

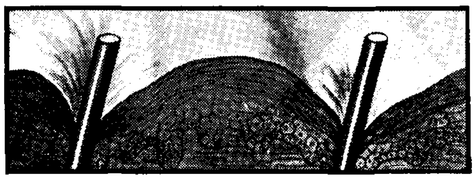
***SAVES ON STOP AND GO***

SHELL

BETTER THAN 10,000 WORDS

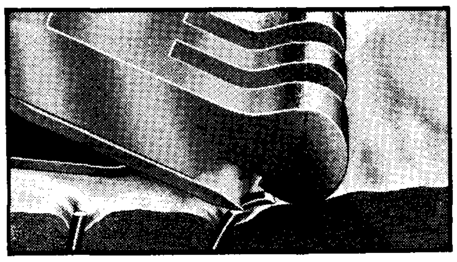
This picture tells, better than 10,000 words, why Schick abandoned its common "tooth" type blade guard. A good shave requires that the naturally bumpy skin* be *stretched* and *flattened*—not given an *additional* set of ridges and valleys.

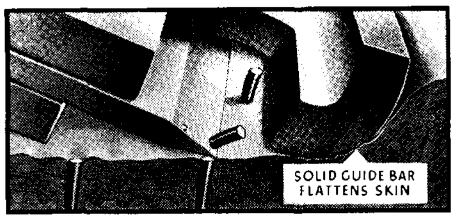




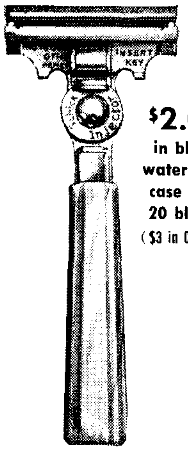
* Whiskers grow in tiny pits (as pictured at left). The bumpy, uneven skin surface must be stretched and flattened if the razor blade is to cut the hair closely at the skin line without nicking the high spots or ridges.

**WRONG:** Examine closely this picture of the "tooth" guard once used on the famous $5.00 Magazine Razor. It was abandoned because it did not properly and sufficiently flatten and stretch the skin ahead of the blade. And, its "teeth" had a tendency to make *additional* furrows in the skin surface.





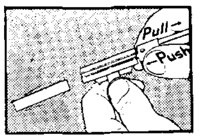
**RIGHT:** At right below is shown the solid, flat guard of the Schick Injector Razor (now used also on the Magazine Razor). Note how it "irons out" the skin, giving an absolutely smooth skin surface ahead of the blade edge. Whiskers are forced up from their pits and held firmly upright so that the blade can whack them off neatly, without "pulling" or damage to the skin. Five years of study by a great Industrial Research Institute developed this scientifically correct blade guard

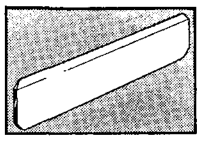


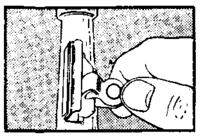
INSERT AT SIDE OF RAZOR

Schick Blades are protected in a bath of oil in this metal blade-injector cartridge. Blade edges are suspended in space; no paper covering which might dull them

**$2.00 in black waterproof case with 20 blades ($3 in Canada)**







One-second blade change . . . a pull and push of the "trigger"... out shoots the old blade and in goes the new . . . nothing to unwrap, take apart or re-assemble. Quick . . . time-saving.

Schick Blades are double-thick . . . able to take and *hold* sharper edge. Each blade individually honed, stropped, inspected. Result . . . more *comfortable* shaves per blade.

Save minutes every day . . . no need to wipe and dry the Schick Injector Razor after every shave . . . a flush under the faucet, and it's clean. No removing, cleaning and replacing blade.

Schick Injector Razor

Magazine Repeating Razor Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut

# Wedding Day

Continued from page 17

tribe. It's a radio. All-wave. Plays records, too. The latest thing. Can't have a home without a radio."

Bill felt a sudden return of the glowing sensation. Kendall liked him. Kendall was a great guy to work for. "That's swell of you."

"Forget it."

"You're coming to the wedding, aren't you?"

Kendall shook his head. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about. You know that gang of South Americans that's been out here looking around? Well, we just closed a deal with them. They've ordered parts for two hundred transports. The boss and I are flying east tonight with them to sign the contracts. They're going to set up an assembly plant in Buenos Aires and throw the ships together down there. Part of the contract is that the company furnish a man to run the assembly plant." Kendall leaned back in his chair. "Want the job?"

The wind went out of Bill Brophy as if he'd been kicked in the solar plexus. He gulped, tried to speak, and found he couldn't.

Kendall laughed. "Take it easy," he said. "Come along to lunch, and we'll talk it over. I want you to meet these fellows."

Bill gulped again and found his voice. "I'd like to, but—"

"But what?" asked Kendall.

"Betty's waiting out front to drive into Los Angeles to pick up the marriage license."

"That's okay," said Kendall. "Let her pick it up by herself. I want you to meet these men before they leave. Besides, I've already told them you were eating with us. If you don't turn up, they might be offended. They're kind of ceremonious."

BETTY was in the space marked, "Reserved for U. S. Army." She looked trim and fresh and sweet, and just seeing her made Bill feel funny inside. He leaned down and kissed her. Then he stood up again and wondered if anyone had noticed. The noonday whistle hadn't blown yet.

"All set?" Betty asked.

Bill took a deep breath and crossed his fingers. "Darling," he said, "I can't go. Kendall says I've got to have lunch with some guys."

"Who?" said Betty.

Bill hesitated. He was superstitious about telling things before they happened. Besides, if he did tell her, and it fell through, she'd be disappointed. Or maybe she wouldn't want to go to South America, in which case things would be worse.

"Oh, just some guys," he said vaguely.

"Just some guys," said Betty. "What about us? We're supposed to be getting married this evening. To get married, you've got to have a license. Or had you forgotten?"

"Oh, darling," said Bill. "Don't be like that. I've *got* to eat lunch with these guys. It's important."

"I thought," said Betty frigidly, "that our getting married was important. Of course, if it isn't . . ."

"Don't say things like that," said Bill miserably. "Things have been busy at the plant. I've got a job to do, and it isn't so easy for a guy in my position to go traipsing into L. A. during business hours. Besides, we made application Tuesday. All you've got to do is drive in and pick up the license. It sounds sort of unreasonable to me that—"

A dangerous gleam kindled in Betty's eye. "So now," she said, "I'm unreasonable. Well, let me tell you something—"

She did.

Kendall and Bill and the South Americans had lunch. There was the chief representative of the Trans-Cordilleran, Jaime Donovan—and what a hell of a name for a South American *that* was—and a fellow named Rodriguez, who was operations manager. They were pretty nice guys, and both talked fair English. They wanted to know about Bill Brophy and aircraft assembly lines. Apparently, they were satisfied with what he told them, for Donovan said finally to Kendall:

"I think maybe we make a deal with Mr. Brophy. But Mr. Brophy will take Señor Rodriguez with him this afternoon? Explain things? Show his work? Then, on the way to New York, we decide."

"How about it?" asked Kendall.

"Sure," said Bill absently. "Sure."

He was thinking at the moment about the wing jig and 120's cracked landing gear—and about getting married. . . .

When the whistle blew at five minutes to one, Kendall and he left the South Americans and walked across the street. Kendall grinned at him. "You're in," he said. "Just be nice to Rodriguez this afternoon."

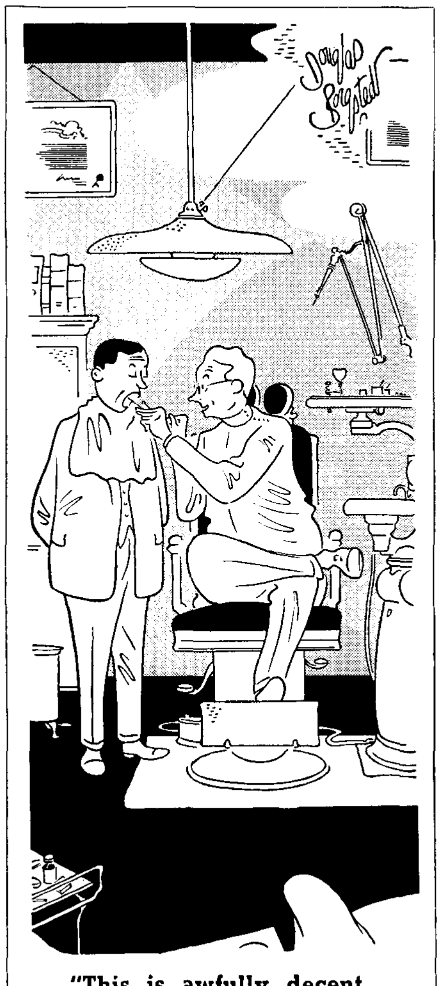
"Sure," said Bill. "Sure, I'll be nice—" All at once, a horrible thought occurred to him. "Say, when are you leaving?" he asked Kendall.

"About six. On 120. It's being ferried east for Seaboard Airways tonight."

"Holy cat!"

Kendall looked at him. "What's the matter?"

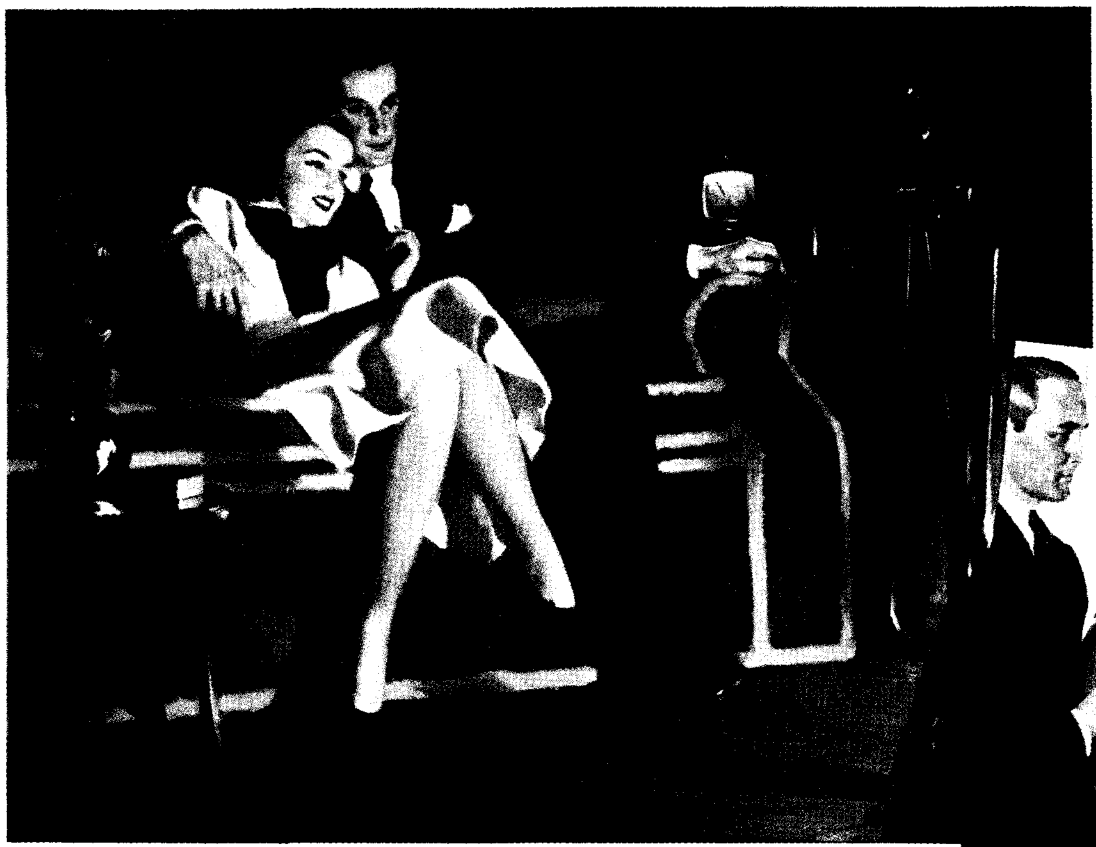
Bill swallowed. "Hadn't you heard?



"This is awfully decent of you, Mr. Watson. I've been on my feet all day"

DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

# "An old flame never dies"



**"There's a lot of truth in that song,"** I said to my wife as it came in over the radio the other night.

"You mean you have an old flame?" she said.

"Certainly," I told her. "But it isn't a girl, it's a car—a Packard. I've wanted one for years."

"So have I," sighed Anne, "ever since I wore pigtails. Don't you suppose we could afford one?"

"I don't know," I told her. "But it won't cost a thing to find out."

**Well, with that start,** we didn't let any grass grow under our feet. The very next day we went down to the Packard showroom and asked the man to let us see the new Packard Six.

At first, we couldn't believe the car he showed us *was* the Six. It's a *big* car—100 horsepower . . . 122 inches in wheelbase . . . *seven inches* longer than last year!

**And when we took it out on the road,** that car simply took our breath away! The economical Packard Six challenges any competitive eight on smoothness and performance.

Could we afford it? Since the $100 price reduction on the Packard Six—with no change whatever in the car itself—almost anyone who can afford *any* new car can afford a Packard! The car we traded in covered the down payment, and the monthly payments were only a little more than those of our old smaller car. And we found that the Packard Six costs no more to run—and even *less* for typical service operations—than many *small* cars.

## PACKARD

**With the recent $100 price reduction** on the new 1938 Packard Six, the 4-Door Touring Sedan is only **$1070**—delivered at the factory in Detroit with standard equipment; State taxes extra. The minimum down payment on the above factory delivered price would be **$357.**

● *ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE* ●

The brewers of Schlitz asked one of America's foremost theatrical producers to tell you what makes a Broadway hit show

# It's got that certain Something

It is opening night. Backstage, not a dressing room key is left on its hook by seven o'clock. When the half-hour is called, every eyelash is in place, every button has been tested a dozen times, every zipper has been zipped and the most seasoned actor is feigning nonchalance.

Out front autograph hounds clutter the sidewalk. Tall policemen clear paths through them for the ermine coats. Exhibitionists jam the lobby and scream in the foyer. Critics mill up and down the aisles.

"Curtain going up! Curtain going up!"

A last dash for seats. The house lights dim. The orchestra fades out. The footlights glow. A breathless, endless hush. In the flies a buzzer sounds faintly. The curtain rises.

The first speech—then a roar. Laughs pile on laughs. First intermission, delirium. Second *entr'acte,* the audience in the aisles. Final curtain, cheers. "Author, Author!" A scared looking little man mumbles something. More applause! House lights! Crowds milling backstage!

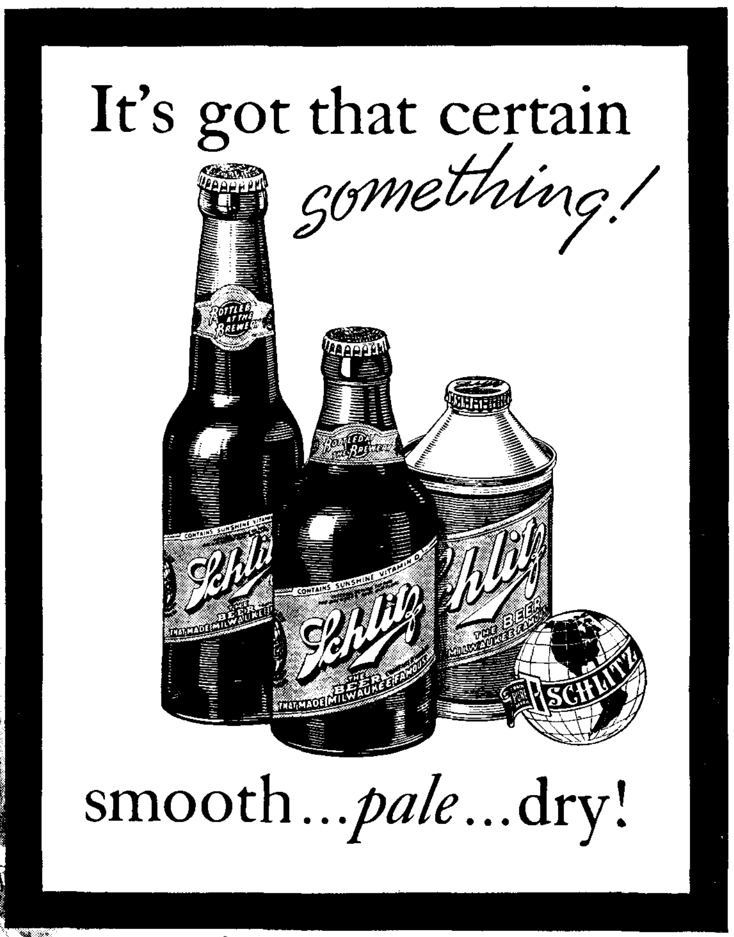
The critics rave! There is dancing in the streets! A hit show has been born! It has that perfect combination of every element—great writing, brilliant acting, unforgettable music, inspired scenic

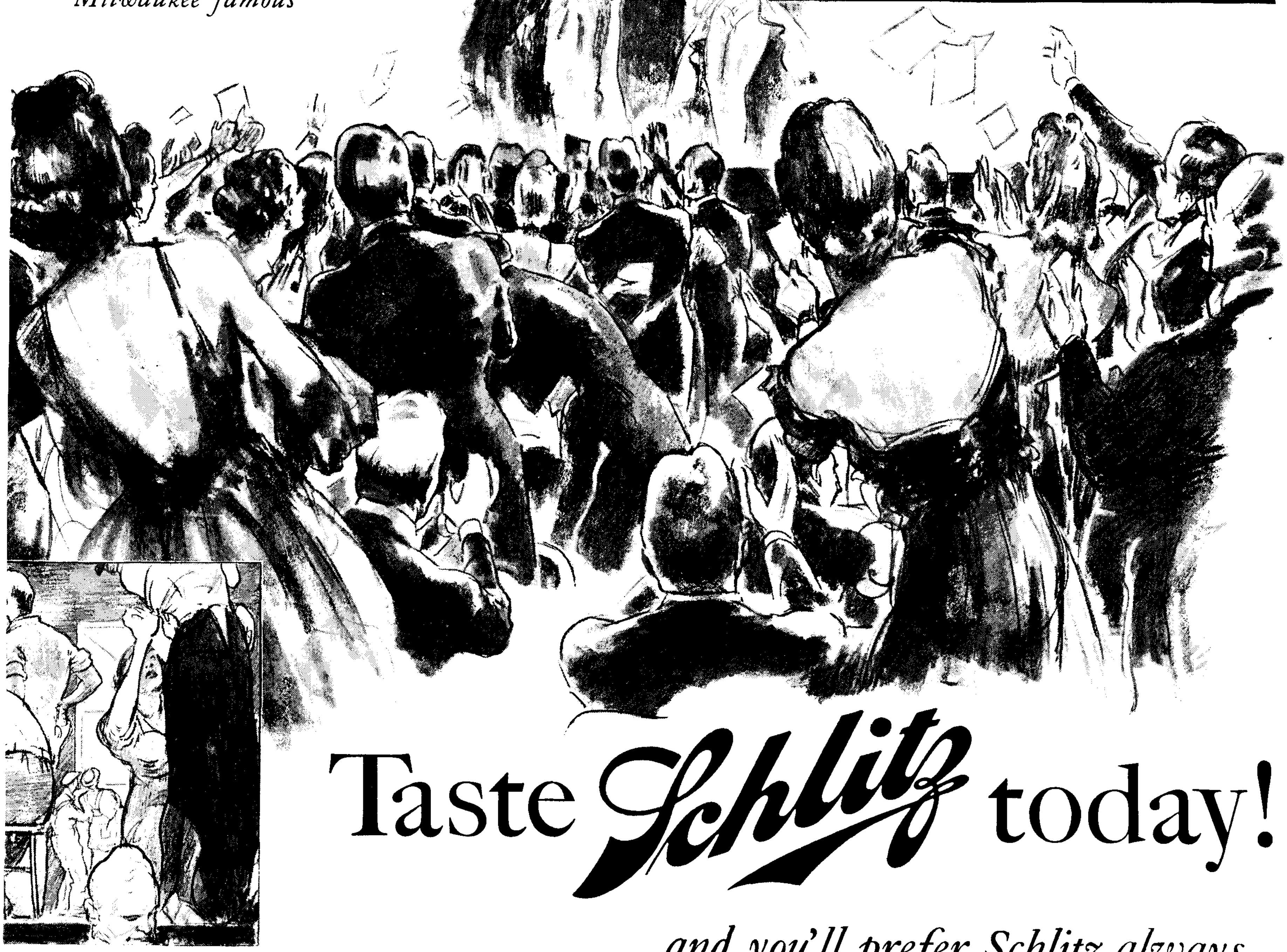
*Behind every smash hit—*
*creative thinking, infinite work, unswerving purpose—and then fame!*

effects, all held together by masterful direction—that gives a play *that certain something* which lifts it to the heights and beyond comparison with the ordinary.

It's the same *certain something* that makes one figure-skater the champion of the world—that makes one race horse the most valuable creature on four legs—that makes one ball player jam the stadium on every appearance. It's this same *certain something*—indescribable but *real*—that makes Schlitz Beer so delightfully different, so delightfully drinkable!

*The Beer that made*
*Milwaukee famous*





# Taste Schlitz today!

*...and you'll prefer Schlitz always*

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# *"Dad was right when he told us 'You'll be AHEAD with a CHEVROLET!'"*

These young folk, starting life's journey together, will always have good cause to applaud Father's judgment of motor cars. Because Dad's statement, *"You'll be ahead with a Chevrolet,"* means far more than that Chevrolet excels in modern styling, Perfected Hydraulic Brake safety, and quick acceleration. It also means that Chevrolet excels in the *complete* job of putting extra enjoyment into motoring and keeping money in the owner's pocket! Ask your nearest Chevrolet dealer for a thorough demonstration—*today!*

*THE CAR THAT* **CHEVROLET** *IS COMPLETE*

*General Motors Instalment Plan—Convenient, Economical Monthly Payments. A General Motors Value.*

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

The check pilot landed 120 with her left parking brake locked."

"Hell!" said Kendall. "What did it do?"

"I don't know yet. The bulkheads may be twisted. I won't know for an hour. Why don't you book east on an air liner? That'll put you in New York in the morning."

Kendall frowned. "I can't," he said. "These fellows have to take a clipper out of Miami for South America tomorrow afternoon, and we have to stop over in New York. It's close figuring. I'd planned to put them in Newark by ten in the morning, have their agent meet us at the airport, and then slide south about noon. See what you can do. Nine P. M.'s our dead line. Keep me posted." Bill felt the cordiality slipping from Kendall's voice and eyes. "You should have told me about this sooner. . . ."

BILL BROPHY, with Rodriguez in tow, appeared on the flight operations department apron at one-fifty exactly. He found Wilkenson, the flight operations supervisors, and Jim Dutton, of final assembly, peering up into 120's left-hand engine nacelle. Wilkenson, a sour-looking individual with chronic dyspepsia and the disposition that goes with it, pulled his head out of the nacelle and jerked a thumb upward.

"Take a look," Wilkenson said.

"This is Señor Rodriguez," said Bill. "Of Trans-Cordilleran Airways. Mr. Dutton and Mr. Wilkenson."

"Pleased to meet you," said Wilkenson sorrowfully. Then to Bill: "Ain't you going to look at that bulkhead?"

Bill poked his head into the nacelle and looked up. On the lower edge of the outboard landing-gear-support bulkhead, just above the dog casting, a quarter-inch wrinkle disturbed the smoothness of the duralumin web.

"Hell," said Bill.

"Yeah," said Wilkenson.

"Twenty hours," said Dutton.

"It's no good?" said Rodriguez.

"It is no good," said Bill.

"This is the ship we go to New York in tonight?"

"I doubt it," said Bill.

Rodriguez shook his head. "That is very bad."

He doesn't know *how* bad, thought Bill grimly. On an American transport the retractable wheels pull up into the engine nacelles. The folding strut that carries the wheel is hinged at its upper truss to two dog castings, which in turn are attached to bulkheads that are an integral part of the center section. One of these bulkheads was bent, which meant that a major rib buried inside the wing had to be removed and replaced. The normal repair job, Bill knew, would call for stripping off the metal skin that covers the outside of the wing, removing the bulkhead, and replacing it with a new one. But doing that would consume many hours, and there weren't many hours to consume.

Bill shuddered mentally and took a long shot. "Cut the rivets and pull that thing out of there," he told Dutton. "I'll have Kelly Patterson send up a new bulkhead. Just cut the rivets. Don't touch the skin."

"What do you mean?" howled Dutton.

"Just what I said. We'll pull the bulkhead out through the gas-tank bay. Then we'll shove the new one in."

"You're nuts," said Wilkenson dourly. "The hole's too small."

"Look," said Bill in quiet desperation. "Kendall says this crate flies by nine P. M. If we start pulling skin-plating we'll be all night on it."

"How about the new bulkhead?" groaned Dutton. "Who's going to put that in?"

"I'll worry about that," said Bill. "All you've got to do is to get this one out."

Wilkenson shrugged. "It's your funeral."

"It probably is," agreed Bill.

The factory whistle began to blow. Three long blasts and a short. Bill sighed and ran one hand through his hair. "Now what?" Rodriguez followed him across the cement floor of the final assembly hangar—past 123's huge fuselage, sitting wingless on the assembly line. "Lord!" said Bill under his breath. "I'd forgotten about that." They went to a phone booth, and Bill dialed the operator.

"Brophy talking," he told her. "They're paging me on the auto-call."

"One moment, Mr. Brophy," said the girl. "Miss Fay is on the wire. . . ." Bill felt a sudden hollowness in the pit of his stomach.

"Bill," said Betty's voice. "Oh, Bill!" There were tears in the voice.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"Oh, Bill. I couldn't get the license. They won't give it to you unless you bring the receipt tab off the application blank, and—"

Bill made a frantic grab for his hip pocket, came up with his wallet, and flipped it open. A printed form stared at him through a celluloid pocket. "I've got it here!" he groaned.

"Oh, Bill! I *knew* it. Well, you'll have to bring it right in. You'll just have to. The place closes at four."

Bill cleared his throat. "But I can't leave now. I told you that. The plant's gone crazy today."

"I don't care," cried Betty. "I don't care about the old plant a bit. We are supposed to be married, and— Oh, Bill, I've kept *telling* you about that license!"

"I know, darling. I know. We should have gotten it before. But I just can't leave now. Can't we get it first thing in the morning?"

Betty's voice acquired a glacial tinge. "No, we can't. What about the twenty guests we invited? And the minister? And Mother? And everybody else? I suppose we just hand them one of those tickets they give you at a baseball game?"

"A rain check," Bill furnished.

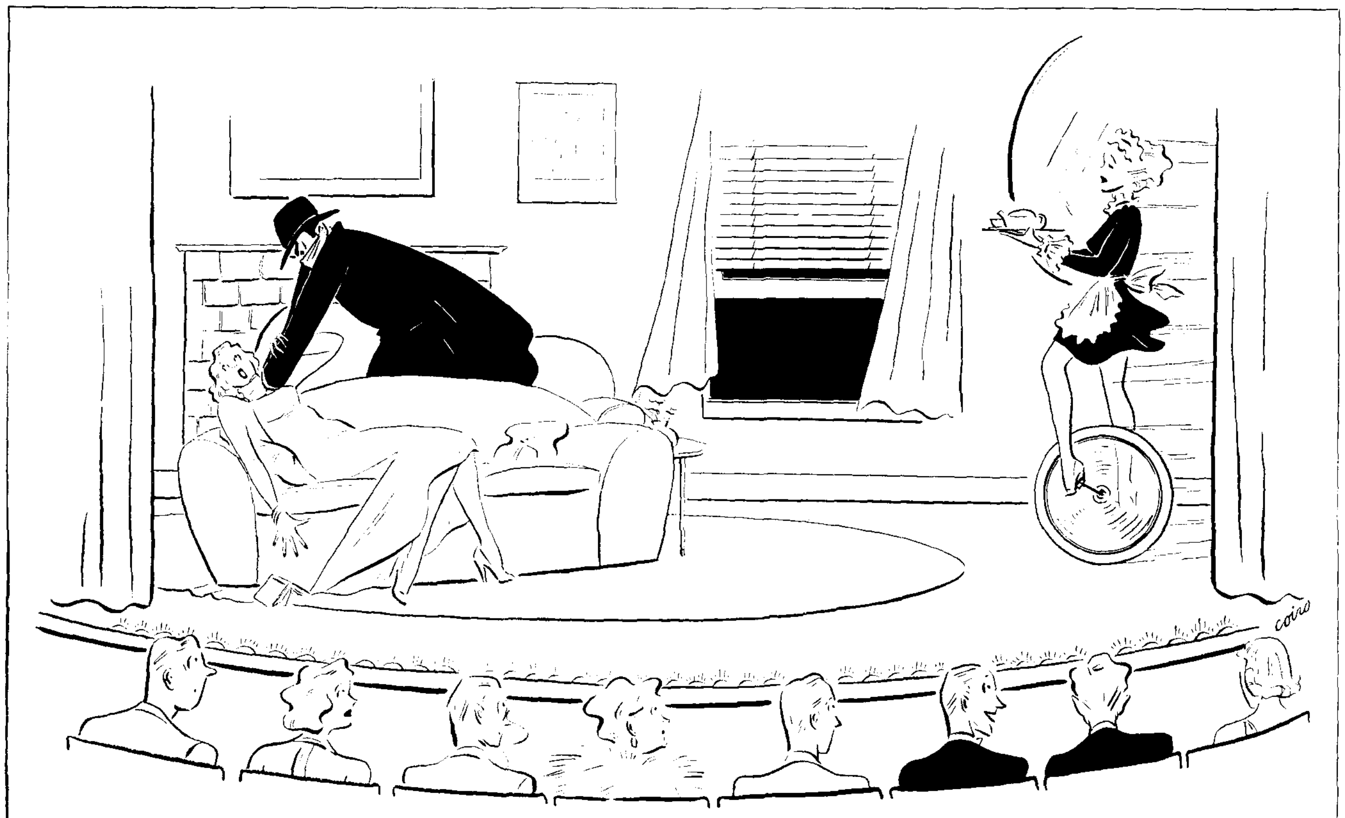
"A rain check. . . . I suppose we just tell them to come back when we get our license, and we'll get married for them?"

"Couldn't we just have a reception or something? We could pick up the license tomorrow and get married in L. A. on the way to the mountains."

"No," said Betty acidly. "We can't. Tomorrow's Memorial Day and the license bureau is closed— You listen to me, Bill! If you don't get into Mother's car and drive down here this minute, there isn't going to be any wedding. Tonight or ever!"

ALL at once, the repeated impacts of the day reached up and slapped Bill. He felt quietly desperate. "Betty," he said, "I've got a job to do. I can't drive into Los Angeles or Hollywood, or even Beverly Hills. If I do, I won't have any job, and a husband without a job is no good to himself or anyone else. Kendall says 120 has to fly east tonight, and 120 cracked up this morning. It's up to me to get it fixed. Kendall's my boss and I've got to do what he—"

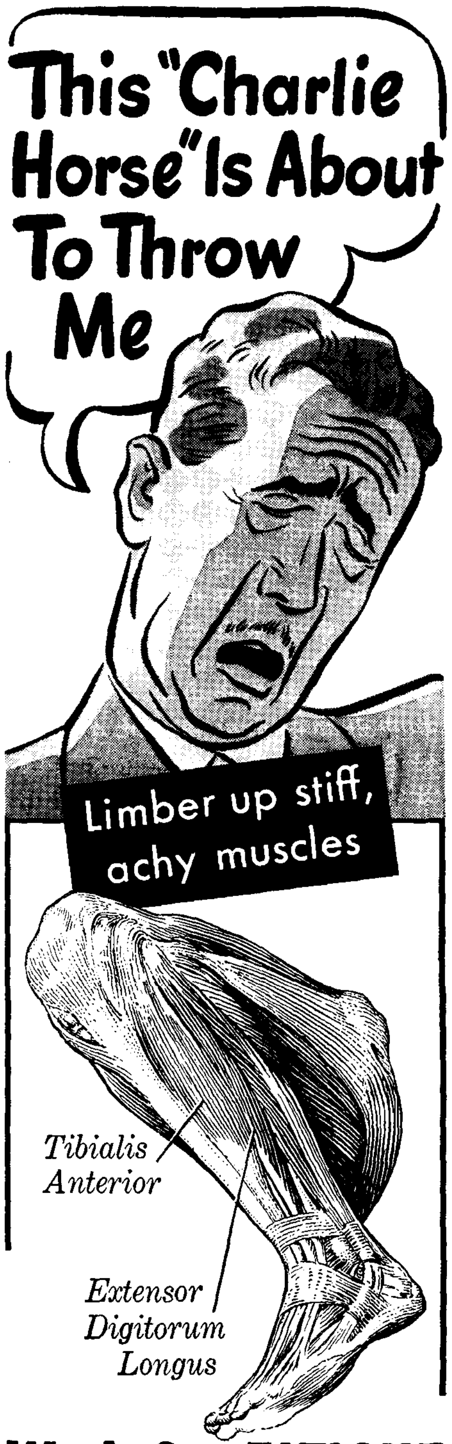
He found himself talking to a dead



"Here comes the maid stealing the scene again"

WILLIAM COIRO

# This "Charlie Horse" Is About To Throw Me



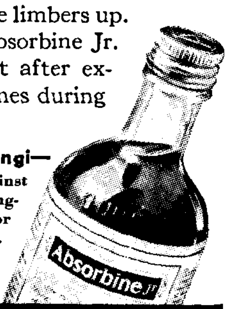
# Wash Out FATIGUE ACIDS —reason for muscle soreness

■ When you get a "Charlie Horse," fatigue acids in the muscle cause the trouble. After any unusual strain, these acids settle in the muscles—cause them to swell and tighten up. First thing you know, you can hardly walk.

For quick relief, turn to Absorbine Jr. Rub it on the aching muscles. It speeds the blood through them to wash away the fatigue acids. As soon as you use it you begin to get relief. It eases the pain. Reduces swelling. The muscle limbers up.

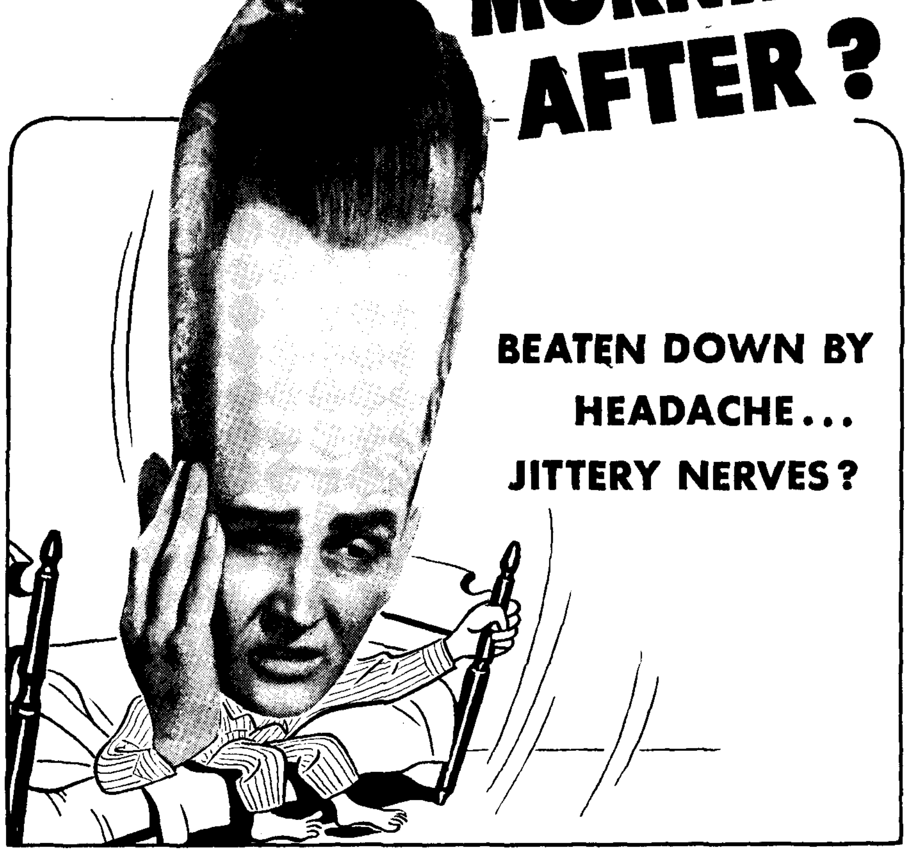
Keep a bottle of Absorbine Jr. handy. Use it right after exercise and 2 or 3 times during the day.

**Kills Athlete's Foot Fungi—** **Absorbine Jr. protects against surface infection. At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.**



ABSORBINE JR.

How do you feel the MORNING AFTER?


BEATEN DOWN BY
HEADACHE...
JITTERY NERVES?

or
CLEAR-HEADED...
MORE ALERT...
READY TO LICK
THE WORLD?

WAKE UP FEELING BETTER...

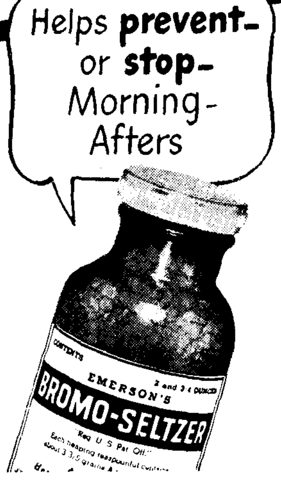
BEFORE BEDTIME take a Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, it works to offset the effects of hearty eating or drinking—to help prevent morning-after headache.

AFTER WAKING another Bromo-Seltzer refreshes you by relieving that exhausted, heavy feeling that comes from late hours... leaves you more alert.

IF you get a morning-after headache, Bromo-Seltzer snaps you out of it FASTER—a group of doctors found—than any other remedy they tested.

But why not *avoid* this misery? Bromo-Seltzer at night settles your stomach, soothes your nerves and ALKALIZES! Wake up feeling better! Then, another Bromo-Seltzer refreshes you! At all drugstores, soda fountains. Be sure to keep it at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER



line. He hung up the receiver. His heart was somewhere down around his knees, and his eyes felt dry and smarting.

Force of habit made him dial his office. The kid answered.

"Ludwin, down in fuselage installation, just phoned," he told Bill. "He says those new gas tanks are oversize. He says he can't get them in the tank bays. He wants to know what to do."

Bill drew a deep breath. "Tell him," he said carefully, "tell him to carry them down to the ocean. Tell him when he gets them down there, just to pitch them in."

"Huh?" said the kid.

"Nuts!" screamed Bill, and slammed up the receiver.

AT FOUR o'clock, Bill had straightened out the mess about 123's wings. He and Rodriguez stood for an hour in the bedlam of the wing department, while Bill shrieked at the chief inspector above the roaring of some sixty rivet guns. The old man had been stubborn. He didn't care about sag. He'd admit that a metal wing was elastic. Sure. But he was darned if it was twenty-one thirty-seconds of an inch elastic. Furthermore, he added, it was his business to see things were right, and he'd see they were right if American never built another transport.

Rodriguez didn't help. He stood around the edges of the argument and got in Bill's hair. He asked questions. He made suggestions. And when at last Bill had the wing lowered, and laid down flat, and ran a piano wire along the row of rivets to prove that the spars were as true as a maiden's heart, Rodriguez came forward with a series of technical questions on the modulus of elasticity of metals. Bill answered them through carefully clenched teeth, because it was important to be nice to Rodriguez. He even smiled.

At 3:50, the factory whistle blew three long and a short. Bill glowered at the old man, loosed several cutting remarks anent an inspection staff that would pass a hundred and twenty-two sets of wings before it discovered spar-sag, and answered the phone.

It was Kendall, and his voice was not any too cordial. "How are things going?"

"Awful! The whole outfit's gone haywire. Tanks, wings, parts—"

"To hell with them! How's 120?"

Bill drew a deep breath. "I don't know," he said. "I'm trying something. If it works I'll have the job out around eight. That'll give us an hour for testing and Air Commerce approval. Ask their man to come back around then, will you?"

"Okay," said Kendall. Then: "You'd better be right."

There was a pause. Then: "I thought you were getting married at six."

"So did I," said Bill bitterly.

BY FIVE-THIRTY he was ready to admit that Dutton and Wilkenson were right. The bulkhead wouldn't go in through the gas-tank bay. He and Wilkenson and Dutton were tired and dirty and discouraged; and the half-dozen mechanics working overtime in the event of success had lost interest and wandered outside onto the apron to smoke. At five-forty-five, for the sixth time, the bulkhead jammed, half in and half out of the opening.

Wilkenson grinned at him sourly. "Give up?"

Bill set his jaw. "No," he said, "I won't. It almost went that time."

"Almost," said Wilkenson, "ain't in. What's more, it ain't going in. The opening's smaller than the bulkhead by a good five thirty-seconds of an inch. And you can't put something big into something small. It just won't go—not unless you can shrink it, that is. Maybe," he added with heavy irony, "we could dunk it in water."

Bill fixed him with a sour eye. "That's not funny. Shut up and drag that thing out of there again."

"Say," said Dutton suddenly, "I been thinking. Why can't we take the bulkhead apart and assemble it inside the wing?"

Bill shook his head. "I thought of that. It wouldn't line up. That's why they build them in a jig. I'm going outside and have a smoke. Get that thing out of there again. I think it'll go next time."

But outside the big hangar in the cool dusk he knew that it wouldn't, and wondered what stubbornness made him keep on trying.

Betty was gone, now. So was his job, probably. Oh, he wouldn't lose it right away, but it was a cinch now he wouldn't get this South American thing. Even if it wasn't his fault. He had let Kendall down; and he remembered what happened to other men who'd let Kendall down. They'd stayed along for a while, and then something happened and they'd resigned. They'd had to resign....

HE GROUND out his cigarette and went back into the hangar. Dutton and Wilkenson had the bulkhead out, and it was lying on the floor—an odd-shaped piece of duralumin, with stiffening angles along either side of its flat web, and a stiff flange around its edges. To its bottom was riveted a big casting shaped like the head of an Irish Setter—the "dog casting," which supported the upper truss of the landing gear. Altogether an uncompromising object, that bulkhead, with no more give to it than there is to a slab of half-inch steel boiler plate....

Wilkenson said, "There's no use in trying it again, Bill. Really there ain't. You're wasting your time. Better go home and forget about it." For once his voice had lost its snarl and his eyes were sympathetic.

"We'll try it," said Bill grimly. He picked up the bulkhead—it wasn't very heavy for a thing so rigid—and slipped it up into the tank bay. He slid it upward about six inches and turned it sideways. It was easy so far. It had, he reflected, been easy the other half-dozen times he'd tried to work it in that afternoon. Until its widest point got to the attaching angle of the tank bay. Then it wedged and wouldn't move either way... like it was doing now!

"Damn!" said Dutton.

Wilkenson said softly, "I told you it wouldn't go."

Bill felt a sick hopelessness.

"Take it out," he told Dutton wearily. "Take it out and we'll try again...." A metal wing was elastic.... Then, why wasn't a bulkhead? A bulkhead was a metal structure, too. Well, he supposed it was elastic, if you put enough pressure on it. If you had leverage enough.... Like Betty. Even she might give. Only—he laughed—he didn't have enough leverage to bend her. Or the bulkhead either, for that matter.

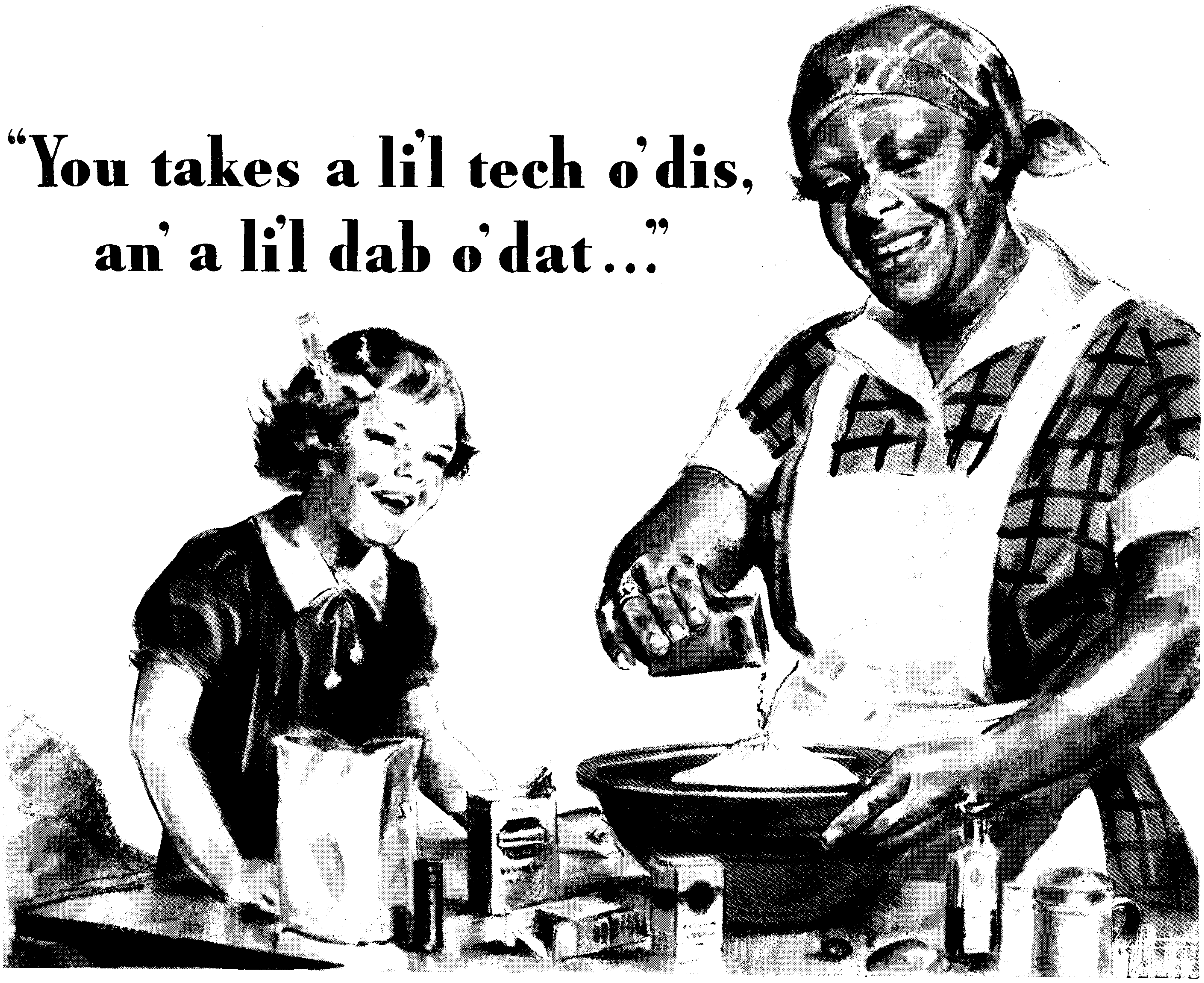
Leverage! That was it. Leverage. And quite suddenly the thing came to him. Came to him so he found quick tears in his eyes and his legs felt weak. There wasn't much thrill to it right then. No triumph, for at that moment Betty was uppermost in his mind. He wondered dully if South America would be a good place to forget the girl you loved....

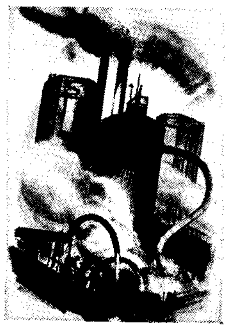
He turned to Wilkenson. "I've got it licked," he said flatly.

Wilkenson stared at him. "What are you talking about?"

"I've got it licked, I tell you. A metal wing will bend. So will a bulkhead. So will anything if you put enough pressure on it. We can't bend the bulkhead,

# "You takes a li'l tech o'dis, an' a li'l dab o'dat..."





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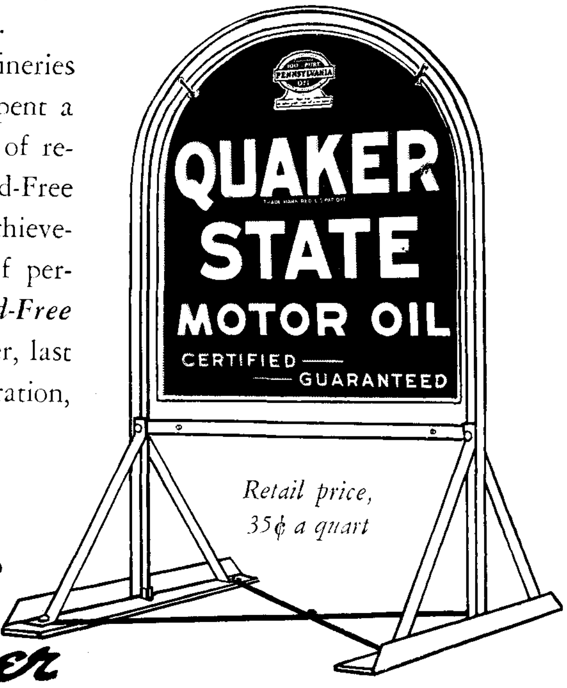

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LEADERS IN SOUND-TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

but look at the tank bay. It's a metal box with a frame around it."

Wilkenson laughed. "You're nuts. That frame is stouter than the bulkhead."

"But we've got the pressure. All we need is leverage," said Bill. He felt a strange excitement building in him. "Block up the engine nacelle, and start piling sandbags on the wing—clear out to the tip. Leverage! The wing'll sag some, but the tank bay will give. It can't help it. The frame will spread like the sides of a paper box when you press on its ends. We only need to spring it five thirty-seconds of an inch—and we've got enough leverage to pry up the Sphinx!" He began to laugh. . . .

THE job was done by eight. The bulkhead was in and riveted in place. The new landing gear was swung on the dog fittings. The hydraulics were hooked up, and when the oil pumped into the retracting strut the gear folded smoothly up into the nacelle.

Wilkenson looked at Bill. The foreman was white-faced, and under his deep-set eyes were smudges of black. "You're a lucky guy," he said.

Bill managed a grin. "Plenty!" Then he remembered, and the grin left him. "Maybe I'm lucky," he said. "Maybe not. Anyhow, call Air Commerce and ask him to look the job over. Then call Kendall and tell him that his airplane will be ready in an hour." He started away.

"Where are you going?" asked Dutton.

"I don't know," said Bill. "I think maybe I'll get drunk."

But he didn't. For when he went out to his car and started to get into it he found Betty sitting in the front seat.

"Hello," he said. He didn't say anything else right then, because he was tired, and at the moment, it somehow didn't seem so extraordinary that she was there. He pulled open the door and slid in behind the steering wheel beside her. He looked at her. She was holding something wrapped in waxed paper, and a small vacuum bottle.

"I brought you a sandwich," she said. "And some coffee. I thought you might be hungry."

A strange happiness filled him. He took the package and the vacuum, but he made no motion to open them. He just held them in his hands and looked at her.

"Did you get it fixed?" she asked him.

Bill nodded.

"Are you awfully tired?"

"Awfully," he said. Then: "Why did you come?"

She laughed—a low laugh with a break in it, as though something were caught in her throat. "Because I love you, Bill. . . . No, that isn't the reason. Not all of it. Our loving each other is something we can't help. I even loved you this afternoon when we were quarreling over the phone. . . . No, I've just learned something. I used to think your job was more important than I was. But it isn't. I know that, now. I understand about your job. It's something we both must have. For our happiness."

THE glowing sensation Bill had felt that morning returned to him. Only this time it wasn't quiet. It was fierce and exultant. It made him want to laugh and cry all at once. It made him so happy, he thought he was going to burst inside. "Oh, darling!" he said. Then he kissed her. . . .

Afterward, Betty laughed a little—unsteadily. She looked at her wrist watch. "Oh, sweetheart, let's drive up to Malibu and watch the sunset. We'll be back here at eight-thirty."

"Be back *here?* What for?"

"We're going to be married this evening. Remember?"

"How can we get married?" asked Bill. "You didn't get the license?"

Betty shook her head. "No, but you told me this afternoon that 120 was flying east tonight; so when I got over being mad I called Mr. Kendall and asked him if we could fly as far as Las Vegas."

Bill experienced a peculiar sensation in the region of his stomach. "Oh, you did? And—?"

"He said yes."

"But he didn't even know then that 120 would be fixed tonight."

"That's what he told me. But I told him that of course it would be fixed. That you were wonderful at fixing things."

"And what," inquired Bill gently, "did he say to that?"

"He said he thought you were, too!"

Bill commenced to glow again, magnificently. Kendall, he reflected, was one swell guy. He looked at Betty—just a little fearfully. "Darling," he said. "Just one thing more. How would you like to go to South America?"

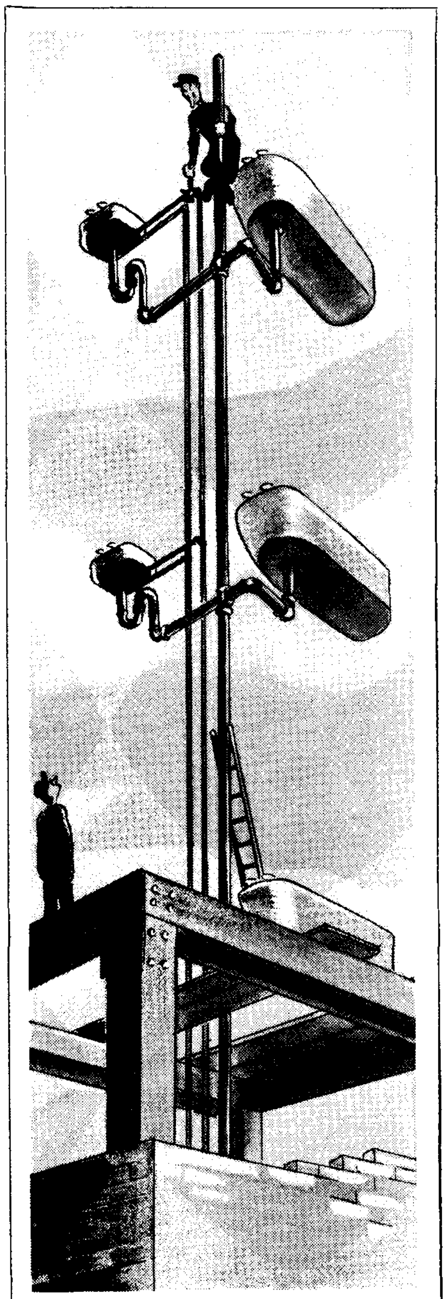
"South America?"

"Yes. South America. Gauchos and things."

"Pampas, too . . . ? Oh, Bill! I'd simply love it! You mean—?"

Bill laughed like a zany. "Darling," he said, "you'd better brush up on your Spanish!"

Whereafter, in an excruciatingly wonderful climax of the glowing sensation, he took her in his arms and kissed her again—very thoroughly.



"I thought I told you to stop working overtime!"

BERT GELLER

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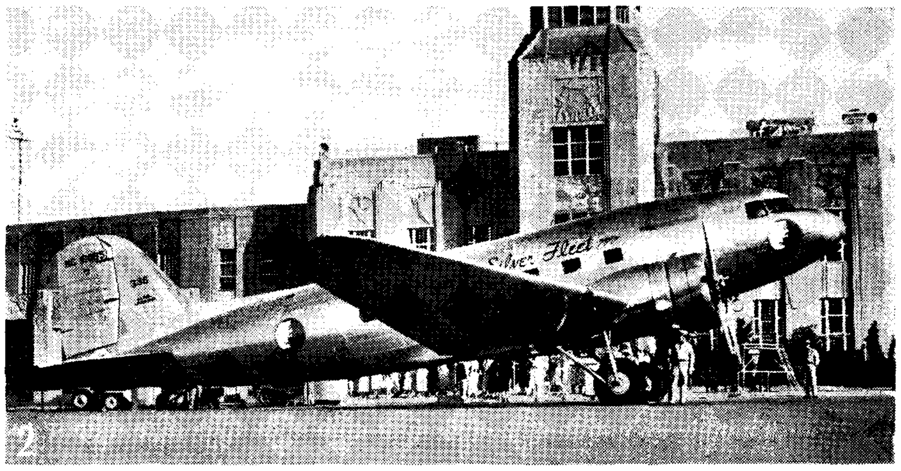

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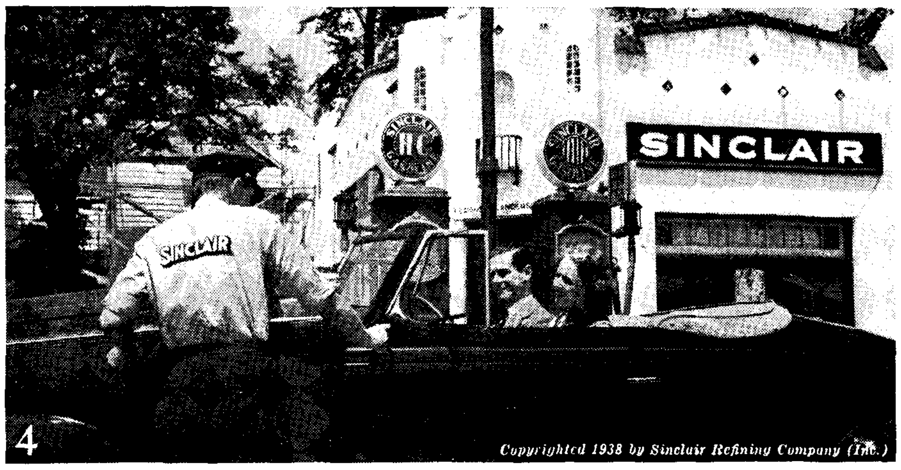

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# They Won't Stay Down

Continued from page 13

the building of the Shenandoah was represented by blimp building and operation. The blimp is a small, nonrigid ship holding its shape by internal gas pressure. It is to the modern Zeppelin as an outboard-motor craft is to an ocean liner. Thus, when we built the Shenandoah we patterned her principally from blueprints drafted from a captured military Zeppelin of 1916 design, when the Germans had sacrificed safety factors to efficiency. In the few years of her operation American designers built one or two semirigids and one metal-clad airship. The latter is still in service.

Then with imported German supervision were built the Akron and the Macon. In one step we produced ships that nearly doubled the volume of the latest German ship, the Graf Zeppelin. No doubt Germany had plans for ships to equal our own but it can't be denied that we proved the construction of *great ships* possible.

### Saving the German Fleet

If the United States begins dirigible construction again in an effort to catch up with Germany we must not neglect several important considerations. Only experience can teach, and mastery in operation must be learned through experience. Balanced against the native American desire to do things quickly is the technical superiority of German consistency. That dogged consistency stretches over thirty-five years of patient application, establishing the truths step by step. But there is another factor equally as important. That of mechanical skill. In the German airship works at Friedrichshafen are to be found three generations of mechanics. Thus, the art of building airship structures has been a progressive one with the Germans. It is not implied that the United States must spend an equal length of time before we can build sturdy ships, but whatever we do we must be both consistent and progressive in our program.

Besides the commercial aspects of the dirigible, we may then consider proved and possible military uses.

Already we hear some skeptics saying: "What? Use those big balloons in a modern war? Why, we could knock 'em down with one well-placed bomb!"

Granting that argument, first let us review briefly what Zeppelins accomplished during the World War. In reviewing the war history of airships we find that the raids over England approximated less than ten per cent of their employment. Yet, that is the phase most people remember and still shudder about.

The effect the Zeppelin raids had was exactly according to German design. Strafing from the sky was conceived for the purpose of creating fear among the civilian population. Any material damage hoped for by the dropping of bombs was incidental to the lowering of morale. After each Zeppelin raid British authorities found a marked reduction in the output of their munition factories. It does not require any stretch of the imagination to picture the results of bombs falling out of the darkness upon factories filled with high explosives.

Turning from the bombardment record, both proved and possible, Germany's Zeppelins gave greatest constructive service in naval use. Not only did they serve in keeping approaches to the naval bases free of mines, but they also are given credit for saving the German *high-seas fleet from annihilation.* A 1917 report of the British Admiralty said in part: ". . . airships saved the high-seas fleet at the Battle of Jutland . . . saved their cruiser squadron on the Yarmouth raid . . . they were instrumental in the sinking of the Nottingham and Falmouth. Had the positions been reversed in the Jutland battle, and had we rigids to enable us to locate and annihilate the German high-seas fleet, can anyone deny the far-reaching effect it would have had in ending the war?"

Briefly, the situation at Jutland was that, because of low-lying fog and rain clouds over the North Sea, no heavier-than-air craft could take off. Zeppelins, flying just above the waves, operated continuously, spotting the arrival of reinforcements dashing at full speed to give superior gun power to the British Grand Fleet. It was upon the information relayed to his flagship by radio from the searching Zeppelins that Admiral von Scheer decided that withdrawal was better judgment than to renew the engagement against a reinforced British fleet.

The military record can't rest on what has been done in the past by military dirigibles. It must include what can safely be predicted for the future.

Conceding what one well-placed bomb could do to an airship, from the military viewpoint safety is not a first principle. The main consideration is: May airships be effective in military operations even if their loss in service is discounted in advance?

Let's get down to that old and obvious criticism—that because of size the dirigible is too vulnerable. In that respect she is not alone. Consider the surface aircraft carrier, which is a floating base for airplanes. The exposed area of an airship's bulk is practically the same as the flight deck of either our own Saratoga or Lexington.

True, it would take more bomb hits to sink a surface carrier than to wreck a dirigible, yet the decks of a surface carrier are as vulnerable as an airship.

### Equal to Twenty Destroyers

In defense the surface carrier has gun power that an airship lacks. But then consider the speeds of the two ships. Eighty miles an hour for the airship, against a maximum forty for a surface carrier. That makes a great difference in being easy to hit. Then, too, more depends on a surface carrier's keeping her flight deck safe from bombs than does on an airship's running away to prevent the same thing. There are too many airplanes dependent on the carrier as a base, for her to be bombed out of commission.

The airship's most important American contribution in postwar maneuvers, I repeat, is as a flying aircraft carrier, to be used as a scout far in advance of the main fleet. Primarily the airship is a scout herself, but her greatest effectiveness is as a mother ship for scout airplanes.

Consider two fleets seeking an engagement. Both fleet commanders have cruisers, destroyers, submarines and airplanes for use as scouts. Nearest the main fleet will be the smaller surface scouts while the airplanes will be able to penetrate only to limited distances ahead, except for the longer-ranged patrol bombers.

The tactical advantage then is with the fleet commander who *first* establishes the presence, strength and disposition of the enemy. The fleet commander with an airship scouting one thousand miles *ahead of his surface formation* has the advantage because as a *scout only,* one airship and her brood of five airplanes are equal to twenty destroyers.

That broad statement is supported by simple arithmetic. Place twenty destroyers fifteen miles apart on a frontal line. The line then will extend three hundred miles. Assuming a speed for the destroyers of twenty miles an hour, this force will in one hour sweep an area of six thousand square miles. Quite an area when areas are considered.

Here's the proved airship record in that same hour. Place the airship in advance of the fleet and then have her five airplanes patrol a line one hundred miles in advance of her. On the patrol line place the airplanes twenty-five miles apart, thus giving a line 125 miles wide. The airplanes are placed farther apart than the destroyers because of the superior visibility by reason of elevation. Advance the patrol line of the airplanes only fifty miles an hour in order to conserve the fuel supply. In one hour the airship's five planes will have scouted an area 6,250 miles in extent, a little better than what the destroyers have done.

Reduced to dollars, twenty destroyers cost about $100,000,000 against $5,000,000 for the airship and her five planes. Reduced to man power, three thousand men are required for the destroyers while only ninety men are necessary for the airship and five planes.

Before the layman sits down to write his congressman excitedly of this apparently overlooked bargain in national defense, offering as it does superior equipment at five cents on the dollar plus even greater economy in personnel, we admit this is a distorted picture of destroyer service. The comparison is only in their function as scouts. We have disregarded the destroyers' invaluable role in the fleet as offensive units. And obviously an enemy would have much more difficulty in sinking twenty widely separated surface craft, than a single airship.

"But," says the patrol-bomber advocate, "how about our long-range patrol planes? Look how far they can fly with a full load."

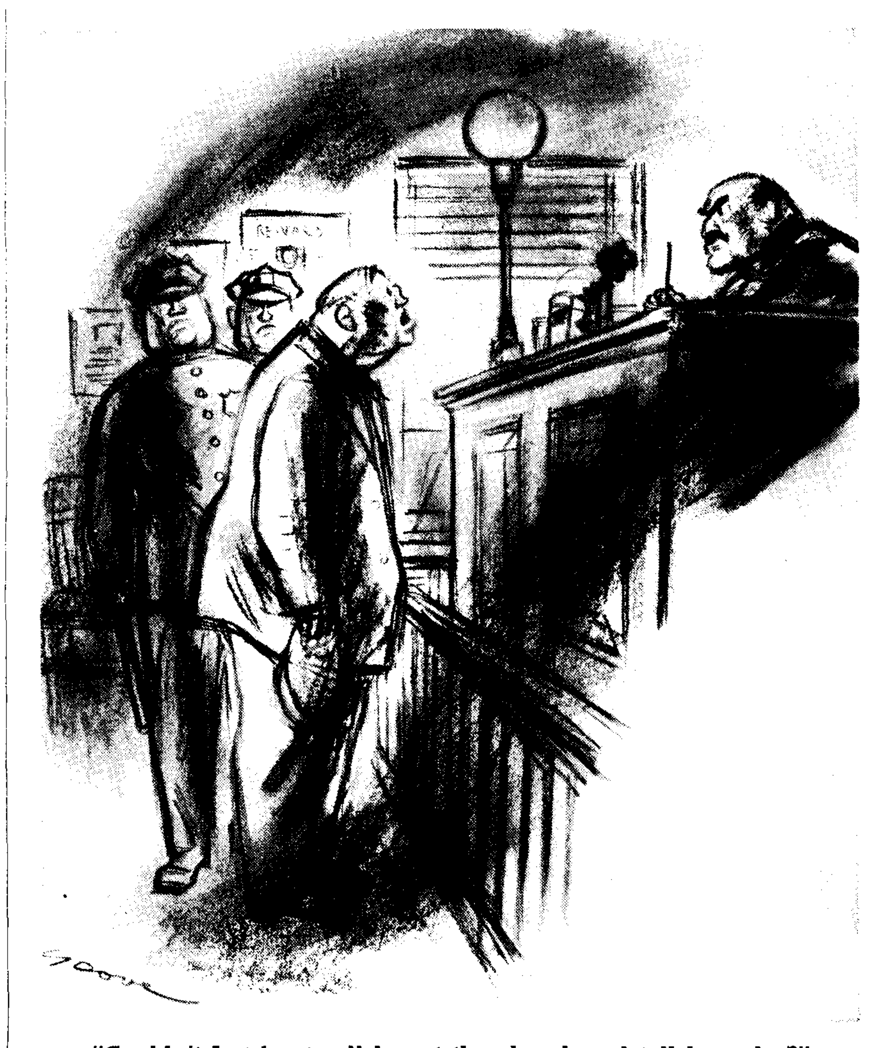
A fair question. Simply stated, we answer:

"Until airplanes can operate one thousand miles in advance of the fleet and maintain a continuous patrol night and day the airship is in a class by itself—and the growing efficiency of the patrol-bombing plane is recognized."

In such scouting operations used in the examples given, it is assumed the atmosphere is clear with average visibility. Suppose we have fog—and our own West Coast has plenty of it—then what?

In such weather the airship has a great advantage. There were many times, in the writer's experience on both the Akron and Macon, when the airship flew along in the fog and above it while airplanes from surface ships could not be launched. Even the fog did not prevent the airship from scouting. Upon numerous occasions the Macon flew above the fog and released her planes. After they were released the planes flew over the fog until they found a hole in it. Then they spiraled down through the hole, found the base of the fog cloud and carried on their scouting operations. In addition, the Macon carried a subcloud car, which was an observation basket that was lowered with an observer at the end of a wire cable. By keeping the subcloud car just below the scud or fog, the airship was able to carry on its observation work while she remained hidden from view.

It is too bad the majority of Americans will look to the performance of a German airship to seek justification for our own future airship program. Yet, it is not solely in selfish nationalistic spirit that we bid Godspeed and fair winds to the LZ-130 as she sails through the skies. Men and materials fail, but ideas do not die.



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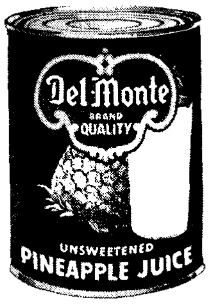

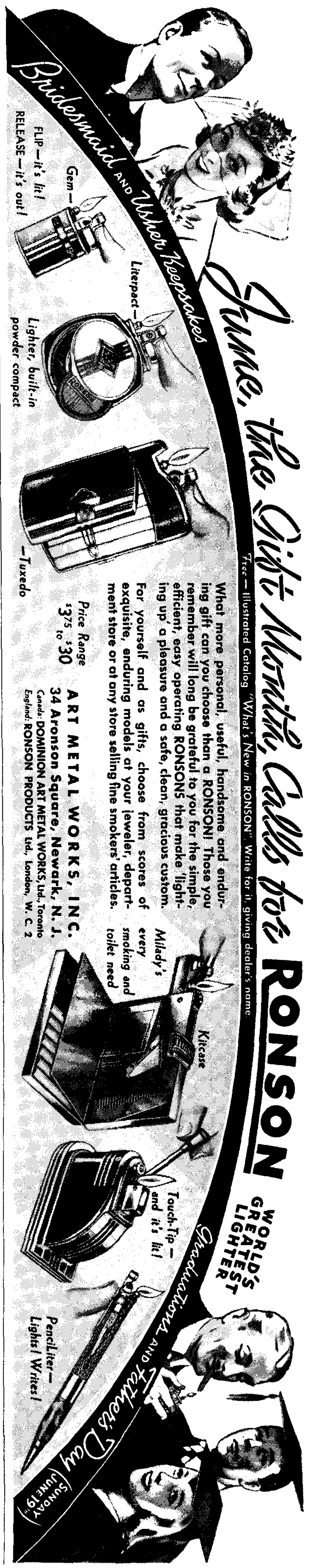

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# In and Out

## By Henry F. Pringle

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

**They were bad enough to get in. Are they good enough to get out? That's the New York Parole Board's problem—and also the convict's**

AT FIRST it looks so easy. The sky is blue again and the birds sing and the paroled convict drinks deeply the blessings of his restored freedom. But not for long. All too soon he realizes that he is not actually free. It may dawn upon him that he is not as free, even, as he was in prison. For he must earn a living again and the hand of the world is turned against him.

The stain of his years in prison will never quite wash out. The parolee will find that jobs are hard to get and hard to hold. If he is able to keep secret his past he will walk through all his years with the dread of exposure hanging over him. Assume for the moment that he is fiercely determined to go straight. The parolee strives under a hundred handicaps. The police will push him around and arrest him, perhaps, for crimes with which he had absolutely no connection. Employers will bar him. Women will scorn him.

Such is the plight of the average paroled convict. And yet he often does make good. Thousands of parolees are abroad in the land today. It doesn't matter where you live. It may be Kansas City, San Francisco, New Orleans or a small town in Maine. Wherever it is, the chance exists that the ordinary-looking man opposite you on the bus is a convict on parole. Or that middle-aged woman in the next seat at the movie theater may have done time in some penitentiary for arson.

The important thing is whether the men and women who are on parole in the United States are being supervised with any degree of strictness and efficiency. In most states there is inadequate supervision. In some there is none. In most states convicts are turned out, hit or miss, at the termination of their minimum terms, with generous allowances for good behavior. The motive behind parole is often merely the necessity of making room in the penitentiaries for new convicts. The parole board, all too often, is controlled by politics. Rarely are its members trained in criminology. In Arkansas the law requires that two of the three commissioners shall be "experienced and practical farmers." All these defects contribute to the bad odor that arises from parole today. It has been called a calamitous failure by law-enforcement agents everywhere.

But parole *can* work. It has worked in New York State for the past five years. The New York State Board of Parole has some 7,500 convicts under its control, and they constitute, I suppose, about an average collection of holdup men, swindlers, pickpockets, con men, forgers, arsonists and murderers. In the two years between 1934 and 1936, however, the New York board cut in half the number of felonies perpetrated by men on parole. About ten per cent, only, of the parolees in New York are annually returned to prison for violation of the rules under which they were released—not all, by any means, go back for new crimes. Although 55,000 felonies were committed in the state last year, only 150 were done by parolees.

There are, inevitably, parole failures. If you had charge of 7,500 men never convicted of even a traffic violation, you would have a fraction who would break the law. New York's parole board has failures, too.

There was, for instance, Harold Russell Ryder, who once was called "a playboy of Broadway." Ryder was one of the high-pressure security salesmen of the boom days. He went to Sing Sing Prison in 1931 for grand larceny on a three-to-ten-year term. He was paroled in September, 1935, with the specification that he must not return to any branch of the security business. But Ryder disobeyed and somehow kept that fact from the parole officer in charge of his case. Last fall he pleaded guilty to a $200,000 investment fraud. So he was returned to Sing Sing with the prospect of serving seven years of his old sentence and then starting to work off a new five- to ten-year stretch.

Clearly, the New York parole officer in this case had failed properly to supervise Ryder's activities. The one-time "playboy" made up for the mistake fairly completely, though. He died in Sing Sing a few weeks after being returned there.

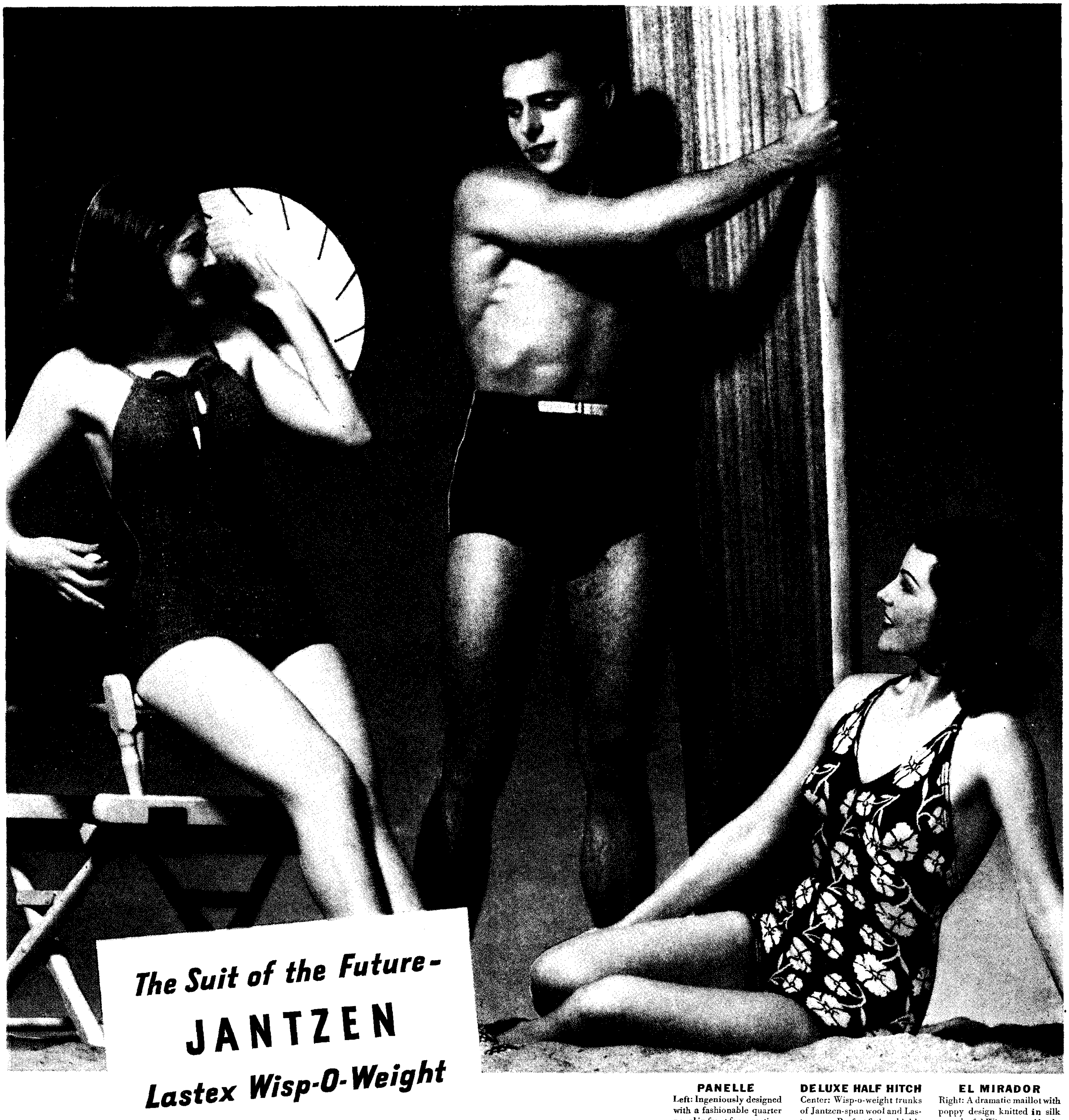
There are other mistakes, too. I watched at Sing Sing, Great Meadows and Dannemora prisons as members of the parole board passed on the cases of men who had violated the provisions of their parole or, far worse, had been apprehended in new crimes. These men had betrayed the trust that had been imposed in them. There was small sympathy on the face of Dr. Joseph W. Moore, the psychiatrist who is chairman of the board. Nor did Frank I. Hanscom and Joseph J. Canavan, his fellow commissioners, betray any. Patrick Cooney, an old-time crook, was fairly typical of the men who appeared. He was a second offender who owed a dozen years or so of a thirty-year definite sentence, a type of penalty no longer inflicted. His offense was burglary. Cooney had been paroled in September, 1933, and had attempted some form of con game on which the Grand Jury had declined to indict him. But this had constituted a violation of his parole.

"Five years," ordered the parole board.

Then there was Peter Loomis, a robber, who was long on promises and short on performance. Loomis was serving eight to sixteen years and had been paroled in April, 1932. He was back for a violation in October, 1933, and was given an additional three years. Now he had been out for a year and was back again.

"Two years; for further consideration after that," decreed the board. Loomis, if he doesn't look out, will serve his full maximum of sixteen years.

A dozen such cases were heard that afternoon at Sing Sing and the penalties (Continued on page 66)



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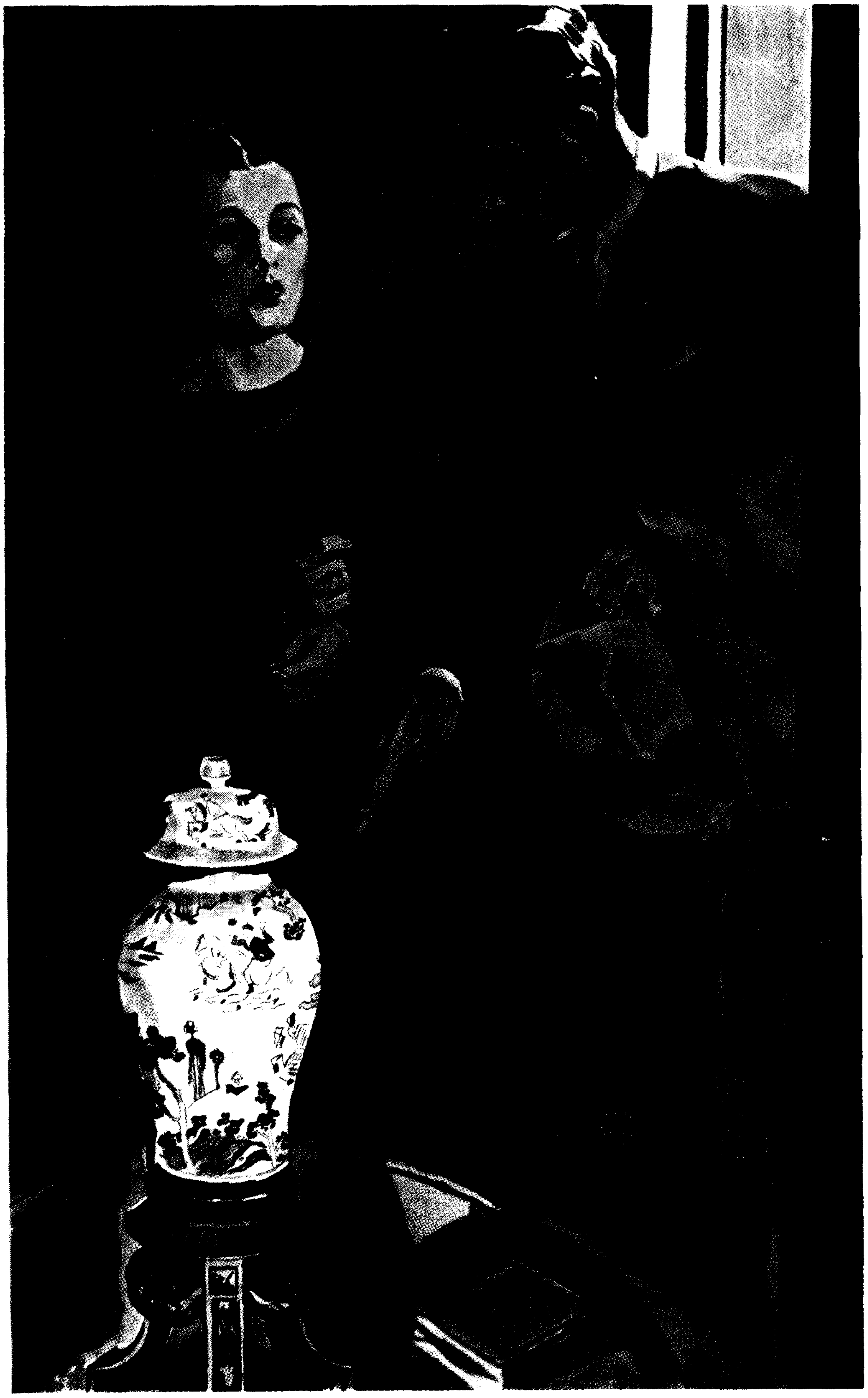
# Achievement

## By Richard Sherman

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

**Ambition and Lana Hawes. Only another woman would see it her way**



"A beautiful thing, Lana," he said. "It must have great value"

THE name and telephone number scribbled on the operator's memorandum which he found waiting at his hotel signified several things to him. "Lana Hawes called," said the memorandum, and that meant, in proper chronological succession, tightly braided pigtails he had once pulled, a middy blouse on which he had once spattered ink, the aching iciness of an iron key against his fingers as he clamped two obstinate skates on two impatient feet, a borrowed pony of Cicero's Orations, and an organdied waist gingerly encircled by a blue serge sleeve in his first waltz.

The name evoked the quiet unsentimental memory of his first kiss, too, an experimental and somewhat fumbling kiss motivated not by any tenderness but by a mutual curiosity. There had been no romance, not even a childhood romance, between himself and Lana Hawes. She had been "the girl next door"—first a playmate, then a schoolmate, later an adult neighbor whom one took for granted; never had she been anything more to him or he to her. The fact that she had in some way discovered his presence in New York and was now looking him up indicated merely that she had not forgotten their friendship.

Or did it indicate something else, too? Knowing her, he had an idea that it did, and he smiled appreciatively as he reached for the phone to put the return call through. There must be some reason other than nostalgia for her call, for Lana had never been one to give way to nostalgia's moody charms; she had always looked ahead, never behind.

He could easily guess what her reason was. She was undoubtedly aware that soon—tomorrow, in fact—he would be going home, back to that small Midwestern town where she had once lived and where he still lived, where they had grown up together. And what she wanted him to do—he was conscious of it immediately, even as he waited for her answering "Hello?"—was to carry back the message that she had at last achieved success. He didn't know what form that success had taken, for her ambitions had been many and varied, but somehow they must have been fulfilled. Otherwise she would not have called him. Otherwise she would have preferred to remain concealed in the comforting anonymity of the teeming city.

Her voice had lost its Ohio flatness and was overlaid with the inflections of a decade of "diction teachers." "Bobby!" she said, with an arch gaiety which lent a false tensity to the unimportant situation. "Why didn't you look me up? I'd never have known you were here if I hadn't happened to see your name in a list of hotel arrivals."

"I didn't have your number," he said, thinking privately that she might have figured that out for herself. "Anyway I wasn't sure that you were still in New York."

"Yes, I suppose that's true," she said. "I *have* rather lost touch with the old home town, haven't I?" Her tone made "the old home town" seem to be an object of amused tolerance; beneath her words ran an undercurrent of "How incredible that people should still live there." She hurried on. "When are you going back?"

"Tomorrow," he said.

"Oh, but I must see you. You must come over. I'm on West Seventy-fourth." She gave the number. "It isn't far. Can't you drop by for a nightcap?"

He grinned into the mouthpiece. Yes, his hunch had been right. He was to serve as a carrier pigeon. He was to relay the news that Lana had made good. But made good how?

"I'll be there in half an hour," he said, and thought, "I'm coming because I want to satisfy my curiosity. You're having me come because you want to satisfy your pride. Strange and wondrous are the uses of friendship."

"Oh, by the way," she said, as he was about to ring off. There was a prelude of significance in her tone. "I imagine I'd better warn you that I'm an old married lady now."

Was this it? Was this the treasure she intended to disclose to him and the announcement of which he was to take back with him?

"Really?" he said, elaborately noncommittal. "My best wishes to you!"

"Yes," she said. He knew it now. He knew it from the smug complacency with which she spoke. "Yes, I'm Mrs. Frederick Tanner."

There was an awkward instant of silence then, for she was waiting. At first he did not realize what she was waiting for, and then, instinctively, he knew. She was waiting for him to say, "You mean *the* Frederick Tanner?" But he couldn't say it, for he had no reason to say it. The name meant nothing to him. Probably it should have meant something, but it didn't.

"Well," he ended lamely, aware that he had failed

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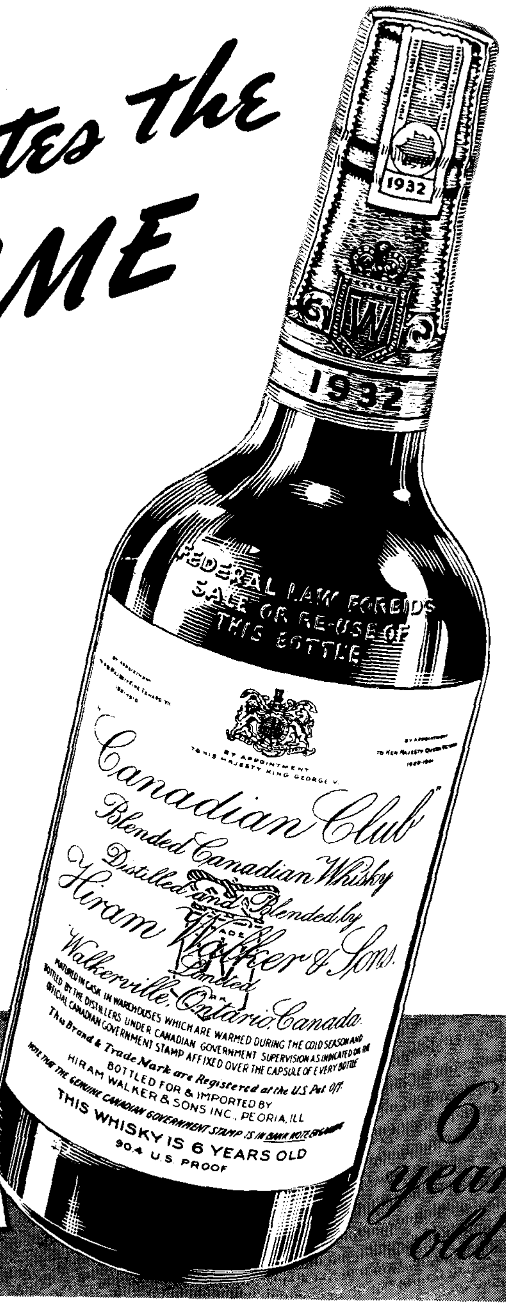
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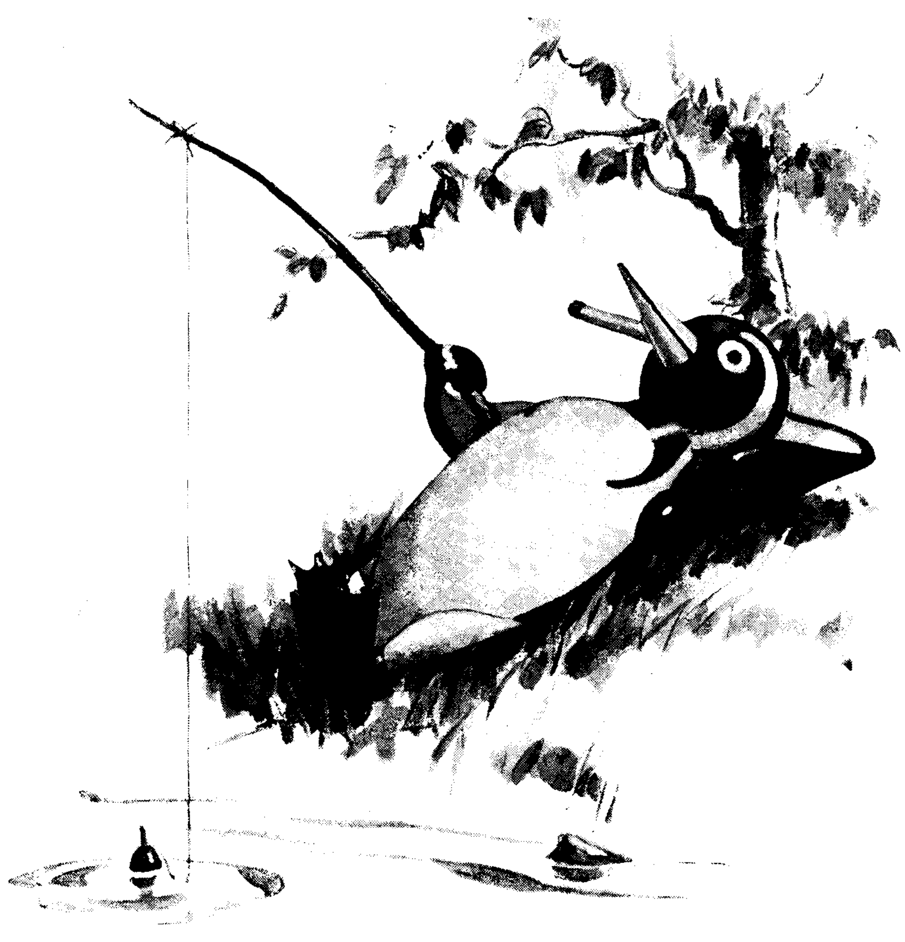

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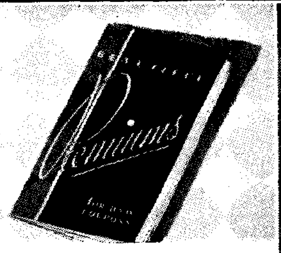

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to rise to the occasion, "well, that's fine. I'll be right over. It'll be nice seeing you again, Lana."

Lana Hawes. . . . Sitting in the gloom of the cab, with the exciting and unfamiliar city sounds and lights streaming past, he thought of Lana Hawes and was translated from the metropolis to the town to which he would be returning tomorrow; a small town, but even smaller at the period when he was now remembering it. To him it always was and always would be home, and he left it, as now, only under business necessity. To Lana, even then, it had been a place to get away from, if possible, forever.

He remembered her as she used to be—a girl who was almost pretty, whose clothes were almost as nice as the best, who had a talent for amateur theatricals that was almost professional, and who came from one of the best families in town; almost. If she was aware that she missed the first-rate by only a narrow margin, but nevertheless a distinct one, she gave no sign. She never abandoned hope. Some day there would come a time when she would be the most accomplished and sought-after dancer at the party. Some day her beau would be the handsomest, the richest, the most popular boy in town. Some day she would show them all . . .

DURING their high-school years a novel was published that provided her with a deathless nickname, one she was not even aware of but by which she was always referred to behind her back, though not necessarily with malice. They called her, with good reason, "Alice Adams."

After college—a second-best college where she joined a second-best sorority—her friends began to marry and settle down. She had her proposals, but she accepted none of them. Word spread round that she was "waiting." Waiting for whom? For the Prince of Wales? For Valentino? . . . One summer an exceedingly eligible young man from Chicago visited the town and began to pay her his attentions. It was obvious that she was happy. He was good-looking, he was wealthy, he lived in a city.

They were seen at the country-club dances, where her triumph and satisfaction were radiant. She began to buy clothes that conceivably could have been regarded as the start of a trousseau, though she laughingly denied that it was a trousseau, "because of course even if I *were* collecting a trousseau—and mind you, I don't say I am—I would hardly do it in a town of this size". . . .

The young man returned to Chicago in the autumn, after marrying her—almost.

The original Alice Adams admitted defeat and turned to stenography. Lana did not admit defeat—did not even recognize it—and turned to a wider horizon. It was during the following winter that her stage aspirations, latent since the days of the senior play, revived. She was going to New York to study "dramatics." Yes, she was going to New York and then, after an interval, she was going to become an actress. She had been wasting her time here at home, and only now had she discovered what she was really meant to be—a Broadway star. . . . She did not say outright that she was going to be a Broadway star. She did not even say outright that she was going to be an actress. Instead she said, with a modest smile, "I'm going to try to learn at least." But the implication was definite.

Word drifted back occasionally. She had finished her course at her dramatic school. She was "looking around." There was a possibility that she might get a good part in a Gilbert Miller show. There was a possibility that she might get a fairly good part in a road company Coquette. There was a possibility that she might get into the chorus of a revival of The Student Prince, provided she took dancing lessons. There was a possibility that . . .

Someone visiting New York ran across her once. She was working in the stationery department of a large department store.

But her letters proved that she had not forsaken the theater and its glamor. She wrote that she lunched frequently at the Algonquin. She mentioned names—many names, some familiar even in a small town, others unfamiliar, yet nevertheless somehow mysteriously impressive. "Noel," "Gertie," and the rest—if she was not intimate with them, she at least gave the appearance of being intimate with them. And if she did not actually frequent the more exclusive—and more expensive—gathering places of stage celebrities, at any rate the names of those places dotted the pages of her letters home.

And then her letters home ceased, because the reason for them had gone. Her mother died, and she had no bond with the town except her girlhood friends, grown to maturity now and more interested in their children and their homes than in Lana's career. For several years no one had heard of or from her. Now and then her name would be mentioned, and there would be reminiscent smiles. Poor Lana, poor "Alice Adams" Lana. What was she doing now, off there in New York? Was she still attempting to assail the heights of the theater, that world that had always been a magic paradise to her? Or had she realized at last that she had never been destined for a place in the hall of fame?

The cab halted, and he got out. The building was unpretentious, in fact dismal. . . . Well, it was evident that she had not married money.

But he remembered the pride in her voice as she had said, "Yes, I'm Mrs. Frederick Tanner." She had not married money, but she had married *something*. In some inexplicable fashion, she had achieved her success.

THEY sat sipping highballs in the small, dreary living room, the three of them, and he wished that he had not come. For it was tragic—well, at least pathetic—to see where Lana's high-flown dreams had ended. She was living in a cheap apartment with a husband who was—well, what Fred Tanner was.

He had expected either a handsome man or a brilliant man or a charming man—after all, there must be *some* reason for Lana's complacency—but Tanner had none of those qualities. He was a scrawny, sallow person with thinning hair, a shiny suit, and embittered eyes. He merely sat slumped in his chair with his drink in his hand—it was quite obviously not his first drink—and gazed morosely into space. Now and then he turned a cynical, almost contemptuous glance on Lana, chattering brightly. She made comments to him to which he offered no reply. He simply sat.

Looking at Tanner and then at Lana, he concluded that she was either the bravest woman he had ever seen or she was the stupidest. From the blitheness of her tone, the gaiety of her manner, one might have thought that she had the world at her command. She queried him concerning "the old home town," but it was clear that she had small interest in his answers. She had not asked him to come in order that she might find out what had happened to the town. She had asked him in order that the town might find out what had happened to her. And what had happened to her was that she was married to a man who had all the earmarks of a confirmed alcoholic. He could not understand it and, after half an hour, he could not stand it. His drink finished, he rose to leave.

"Already?" she said. "I hate to see you go. It's been so nice."

Nice? It had been horrible.

Tanner swayed up from his chair, extended a damp palm, mumbled a "Goodby," and immediately slouched back again, leaving Lana to show him to the door. He wanted to get out quickly now. He wanted to get into the fresh air and forget the closeness of this apartment and what he had seen in it.

IN THE hallway stood a magnificent Chinese porcelain. He had noticed it on entering, and had been struck with its incongruity. It must have cost three times as much as all the rest of the furnishings put together. And now, to cover up the awkward moment of departure and because here at least was one thing he could honestly admire, he commented on the bowl.

"A beautiful thing, Lana," he said. "It must have great value."

He saw by her smile that he had pleased her; in fact, he suddenly felt that if he had not spoken she would have called his attention to it.

"Oh, it does," she said. "It has a sentimental value too, you know. It's a wedding gift." She paused significantly. "From Morris."

"Morris?" he asked, politely. He knew she wanted him to ask.

"You know. Eve Morris," she said, with obvious pride.

He smiled. Well, at least she did have famous friends. Morris—one used the last name only, like "Garbo" or "Cornell"—was the brightest star on Broadway. He had seen her play the night before. It had been running one year and would probably run another.

"Wait till I get back home," he said. He felt sorry for her, and he knew that what he was saying would please her. "It'll be all over town that you got a wedding present—and what a present—from Eve Morris."

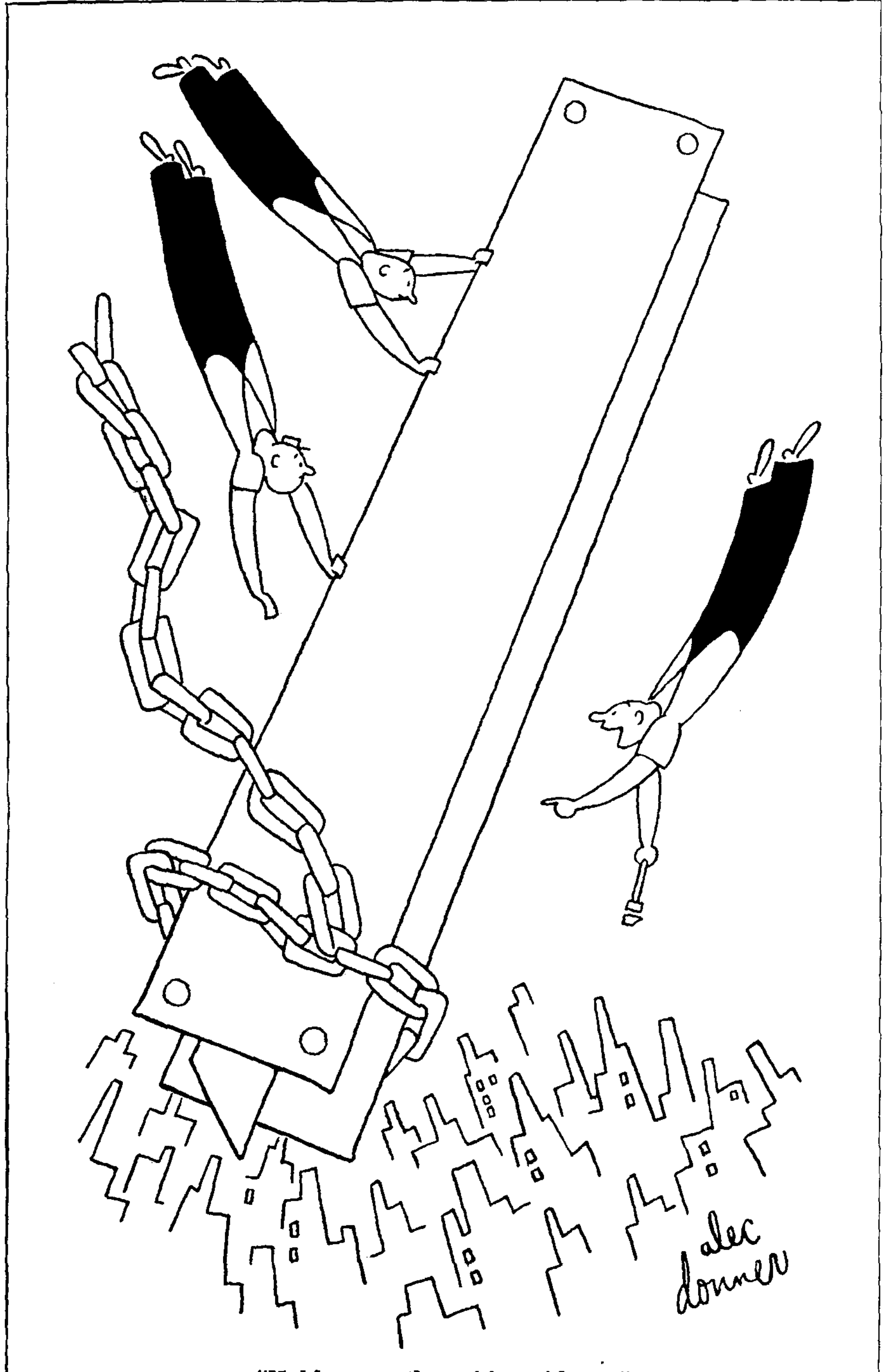
"Do you think they'd be impressed?" she said.

"You know they would."

She drew herself up to her full height, and somehow as she stood there in that dismal hallway she took on majesty. She wasn't subtly hinting now. She was telling him outright.

"They might also be interested to know," she said, "that Fred was her first husband." She paused. "In a way, you see, we're almost related, Morris and I. She was the first Mrs. Frederick Tanner and I'm the second."

There was an instant of silence then, in which she waited for him to speak and he did not dare to speak because he knew that if he did his voice would be broken either by laughter or by something very near to tears. But it was not he who broke that silence after all. It was broken by a ragged, whining voice from the other room, calling, "Lana! Where the hell did you hide that whisky?"



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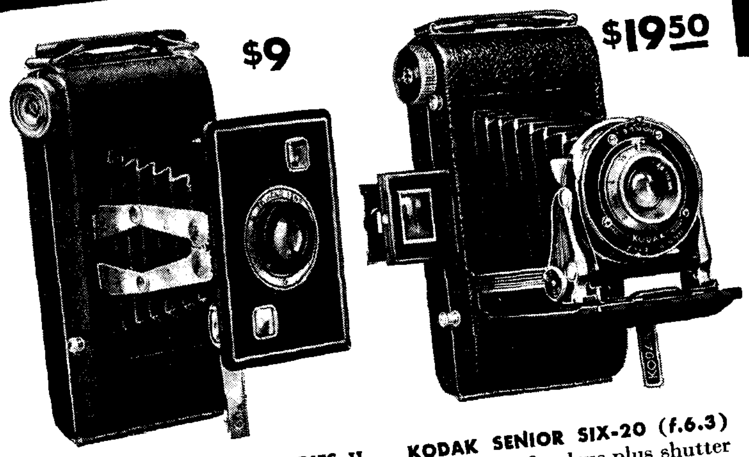

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## The Amazing Selznicks

Continued from page 11

every box-office and technical standard, these are great pictures. While David is making pictures Myron is busy selling the highest-priced stars in the business to producers. Last year Myron Selznick, Inc., did a gross business of fifteen million dollars.

Yet—only a few years ago David and Myron were living in one room in a decidedly second-rate Hollywood apartment house. In those days Myron and David were not above rising very early to "borrow" the neighbors' milk bottles before the neighbors woke up. A few years ago Myron and David were two young men in search of jobs, any kind of jobs. The answer to their success lies in the mute soil that holds the remains of their father, Lewis J. Selznick. Myron and David are the twin echoes of that almost legendary figure who pyramided a handful of diamonds and an instinct into twenty-three million dollars and leadership in the industry when it was young and lusty and full of joyous larceny.

### Heritage of Daring

When Lewis Selznick died he didn't leave his sons much in the way of material benefits. He didn't have to. When he passed on in 1933 they no longer needed help. Selznick was one of the early buccaneers in the industry. He was a pioneer who roared bawdily through the then uncharted seas of financial, political and theatrical intrigue that was the motion-picture industry of twenty years ago. When he died he left his two sons an amazing heritage of daring and lots of farsighted intelligence.

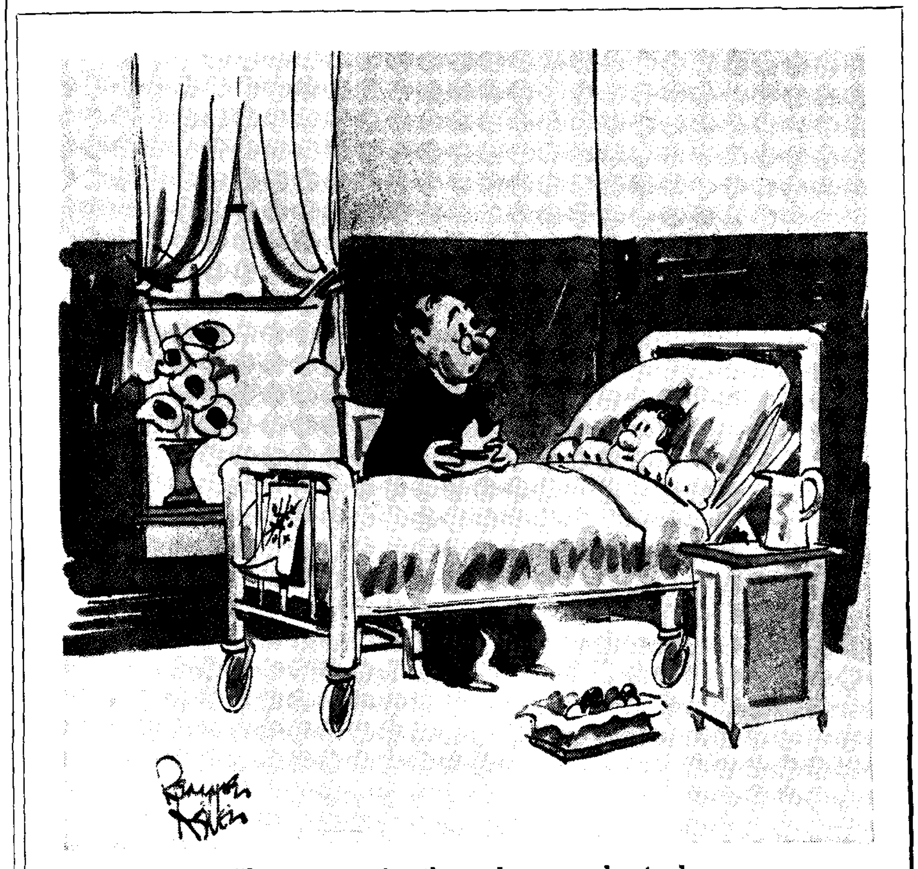
L. J. was somewhat ahead of his time. Myron and David have profited by his example. They too yearn to be ahead of their time—but not too far ahead. When Myron insists that a producer give an artist $200,000 for making one picture he is not basing his figure on the present worth of the star. He is basing it on what the star will be worth a year hence. When David goes entirely overboard on technicolor, something that other producers had shied away from, he does so taking his chances that pictures in color will be commonplace within a year or two. Two at the most.

If you get away with that, Hollywood hails you as a genius. If you look ten years ahead you are a screwball, a nut, a crackpot and a person to be avoided. Lewis Selznick was like that, and so he was destroyed. But he must enjoy many a celestial chuckle these days. Myron and David have never forgotten the men who destroyed him. Today David makes pictures that panic those men. Today Myron makes them pay and pay in dollars and cents for the things they did to his father fifteen years ago. And neither of Lewis Selznick's boys is yet forty. Myron is 39—David is 36.

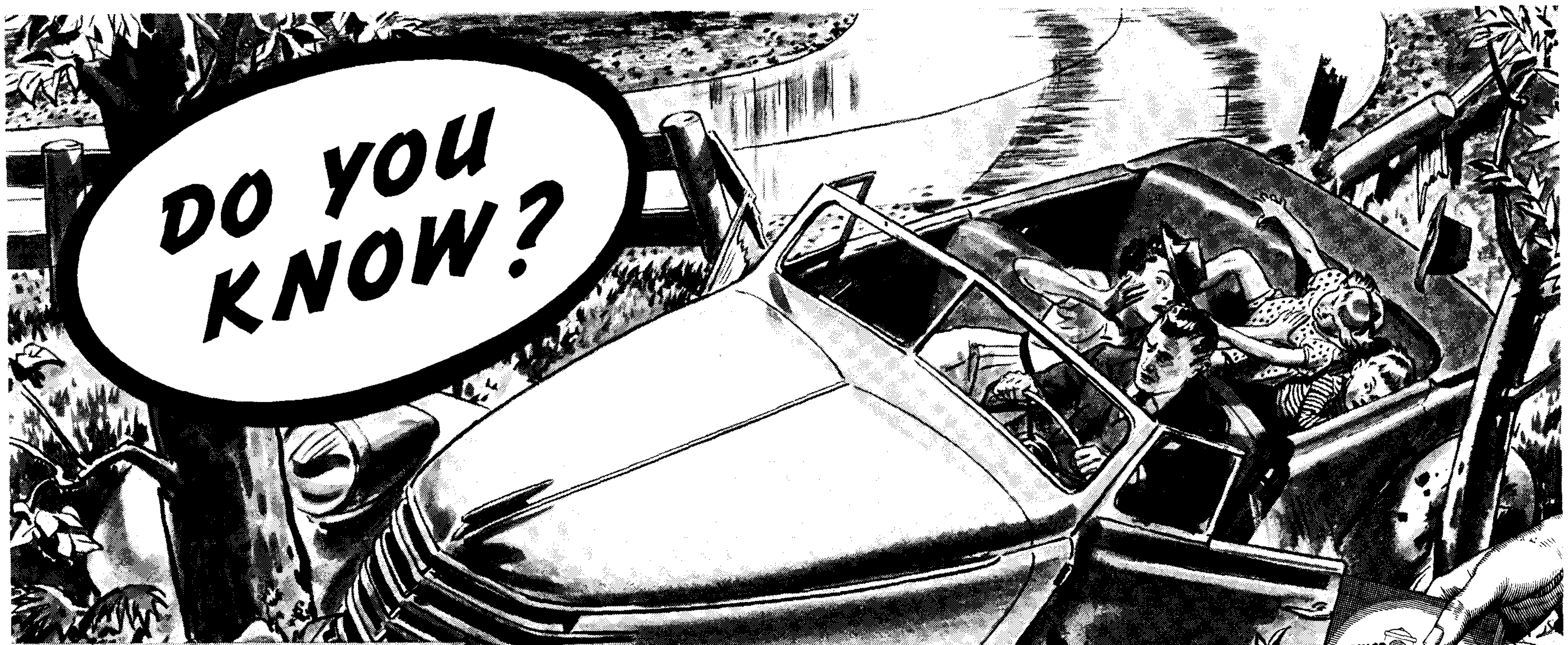
To understand the success of David and Myron one must go back to the days when Lewis Selznick owned a small jewelry shop in Pittsburgh. Here Selznick learned the financial principles of barter, expansion and amalgamation and he exercised in a small way what he later would be able to exercise in a big way.

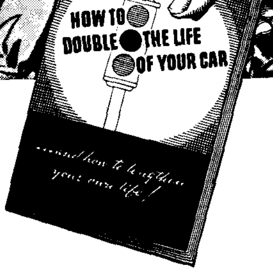
L. J. had a tremendous zest for living. Life to him was a perpetual practical joke, and even when the joke was turned on him he was able to laugh. To him the amassing of money was nothing but an exciting, hilarious game.

When he married Florence Sachs the neighbors and the relatives of both were voluble with prophecies of doom and so sorry for sweet Florence Sachs. Young Selznick was an unstable, laughing dreamer who would come to no good end. In Russia where he was born his name had been Zeleznick. He was one of eighteen children and he had run away from home at the age of twelve. He had worked as a factory hand in England and then had come to Pittsburgh. Florence was the gentle daughter of conservative orthodox religious Jews. She saw something in this wild-eyed visionary that no one else saw. With him she embarked on an exciting



"I guess you're the only one who took my plea for more members seriously" REAMER KELLER

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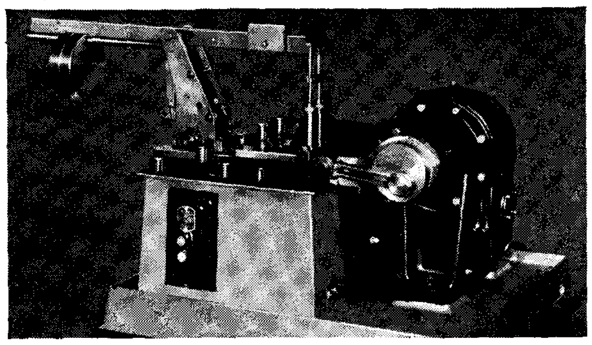

**Torture Tests** on specially constructed laboratory equipment like this wear machine prove that Perfect Circle's new and exclusive *Ferrox* low friction *Surface,* used on all X-90 Rings, increases oil mileage, and cuts rate of ring and cylinder wear in half. (See Free Book, page 44)

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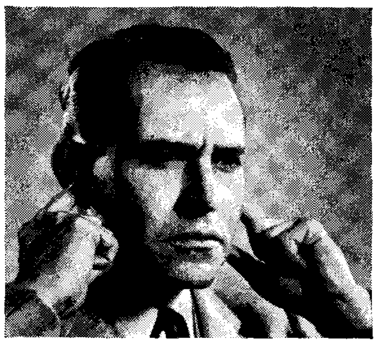

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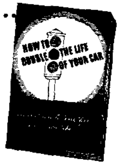

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**Inside front cover and pages 73 and 79.**

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adventure that lasted until his death in 1933. But when they were married she was the only one who had faith in him.

He was to prove himself a smart one. He moved from Pittsburgh to New York where he opened up another jewelry store. It wasn't too successful. Moreover, it didn't provide enough action. Lewis Selznick didn't know what he wanted. On an impulse he held an auction of his wares and then started looking for excitement. The baby motion-picture industry was then beginning to bawl right lustily, and Selznick liked the sound. Mark Dintenfass, an old friend from Pittsburgh, had found success of a kind in the business and Selznick talked things over with him.

### The Game He Liked

Pictures themselves didn't matter to Lewis. He thought they were ridiculous and childish and even to his death he scorned them as entertainment. But his eyes were bright as he listened to the stories of financial intrigue, of sudden raids made by one company on another, of skirmishes and financial forays—these made him tingle. This was a game he liked. He acted as broker for Dintenfass and he sold the latter's Universal stock to Carl Laemmle at a price that satisfied Dintenfass and made Laemmle happy too—it gave him control of Universal Pictures. It also gave Selznick a desk in the offices of Universal—and a job. No one knew what he was to do. He was just supposed to make himself useful. "Find a job for yourself here," Laemmle said.

Selznick was like a chorus girl who has been given a free rein in a jewelry store. He sighed happily and looked around at the many tempting opportunities for fun. He noticed that the company had no general manager. First of all he got out some stationery on which he labeled himself General Manager. Laemmle was busy with affairs of stock. Other powers in Universal were busy watching one another. Each faction thought that one of the others had appointed L. J. general manager. Selznick was pretty much on his own and within a year he was virtually running the company. No one knew quite how he had assumed such responsibility.

Now Selznick was a man whose ambition and whose dreams were always just a little beyond his ability. This is no criticism of his talent. It is a tribute to the magnitude of his dreams and his ambitions. Suddenly Carl Laemmle realized that this stocky blond man from Pittsburgh with the persuasive manner and the likable smile was getting too darn' big. After all, this was his (Laemmle's) company. One day Selznick received a curt note saying that his resignation (which he hadn't submitted) had been accepted.

Selznick roared with laughter and then ambled happily into the fight for picture control. His energy and his personality compensated in part for his lack of funds. The latter didn't bother Selznick. Nothing bothered Selznick. He wound up with a picture company, a weak, rather sickly company called the World Film Corporation. It had little more than a name. To make pictures Selznick needed capital. That was easy. You only had to follow Broadway south to Wall, take a sharp left turn and there was lots of capital waiting for action.

During those early days men like Selznick, Laemmle, Robert Cochrane, Pat Powers, Adolph Zukor, Edwin Porter, Jesse Lasky, Sam Goldwyn and Joe Schenck—whom Selznick had brought into the industry—were adventurers exploring this virgin field. Each was an individualist. Each flung himself into the mad scramble for wealth and power. There was a tacit gentlemen's agreement among them that everything went.

Selznick loved it. He took the rewards casually. His fun came in outwitting the others, in chuckling secretly at some coup he had pulled. He was usually one step ahead of his competitors. He had instinct where they had rules. He didn't know much about publicity but he pulled more stunts casually than his rivals did after months of preparation. He grew into Lewis Selznick Enterprises and that title in flaming electric lights ribboned across Broadway making the others sick every time they saw it. Selznick owned Clara Kimball Young, the Talmadges, and he persuaded the glamorous Nazimova to take a whirl at pictures. She demanded a thousand dollars a day for her work.

"I'll not only give you a thousand dollars a day," Selznick chuckled, "but I'll pay it to you at the end of every working day."

She thought that he was being generous. He knew that he was getting her for nothing. The publicity that stunt would give him couldn't have been bought. Each afternoon newshawks and photographers were there waiting for Alla Nazimova to collect her thousand-dollar bill. The picture War Brides was a sensational success. Selznick himself never saw it. He didn't like pictures.

Meanwhile his two sons, Myron and David, were growing up. He sent them to good schools and he gave them huge allowances just to teach them that money was a silly thing that shouldn't be taken seriously. He gave Myron a thousand dollars a week and David $750 a week.

"Spend it all," he'd roar happily. "Give it away. Throw it away. But get rid of it. Live expensively. If you have confidence in yourself, always remember to live beyond your means. Then you'll have to work hard to catch up. That's the only fun there is — hard work."

Presently Myron and David were tired of puttering around at school. They wanted to work for their father. He gave in and put them to work. He paid them each fifteen dollars a week. Their huge allowances stopped. Sure, he'd give them anything they wanted, but if they worked for him they'd only get what they were worth. Lewis sent both sons through the mill. They worked in offices, they worked in cutting rooms, they went on the road selling.

### No Partners Wanted

In 1922 Lewis Selznick was one of the three biggest men in the industry. James Cox Brady offered him five million dollars for a piece of the business but L. J. didn't want to be bothered with a partner. William Randolph Hearst offered him several million dollars for a share but Hearst wanted to control the board of directors and Selznick turned him down. Adolph Zukor offered him $5,000 a week if he'd move to China.

Finally Zukor, unable to beat him, joined him, but both men signed the articles of agreement grimly knowing that henceforth they would battle each other within the company. In 1922 Selznick was very wealthy—on paper. He could perhaps have liquidated for twenty-three million dollars. He had enormous assets but he had expanded and pyramided far beyond his powers to reach.

One day someone pulled a few beams out from under it and it crashed with a mighty roar. Overnight Lewis Selznick was destroyed. The knockout blow came so suddenly that Lewis Selznick never knew just what hit him. Myron and David felt that they knew. Myron, tight-lipped, twenty-three, cried loudly that the other companies, unable to beat his father individually, had collectively

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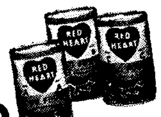

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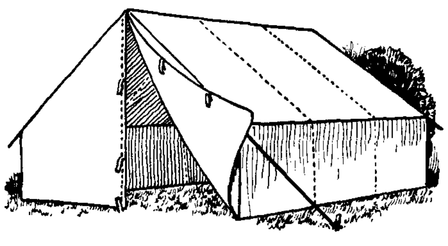

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ganged up to destroy him. There is a great deal of evidence to support Myron's charge. But Lewis Selznick didn't whimper. He knew the rules of this mad game. He took the knockout as all good fighters take it. He was done and knew it. He was never able to come back.

He had done a great deal for the industry. There was the Will Hays appointment, for instance, a story never told until now. The picture industry found itself working in Hollywood but being run from New York. The rulers of the kingdom never thought of actors or actresses as individuals. They were names on contracts. They were box-office attractions or they were not box-office attractions. They were cheerfully ignored while the magnates gave all of their attention to their rollicking game of outwitting one another.

### Rescue from Scandal

But things were happening in Hollywood, and soon New York had to take judicial notice because the box office was being affected. There was the Fatty Arbuckle scandal, which spread across the continent like a prairie fire. There was the mystery of who killed William Taylor. Preachers cried that Taylor, the picture director, had been killed as a result of the way people lived in Hollywood. The stupid efforts of the industry to hush the story only added fuel to the fire which was blazing merrily under the industry. A dozen other scandals broke and all bore Hollywood date lines.

All of these things plus the fact that the pictures had discovered and were exploiting something called Sex combined to make Hollywood a target at which thousands of preachers, newspapers and societies were taking pot shots. Another growing danger to the industry came from state censorship and increasing taxes. The industry was not represented in Washington. It was a football being kicked around by anyone who felt like kicking. Pictures were, to put it mildly, in very bad repute.

Selznick, musing upon the sad conditions, thought of what baseball had done. Baseball, facing much the same kind of public opinion, had taken Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis down from the bench and had installed him as high arbiter of disputes and guardian of diamond morals. It had worked very well. Selznick thought the picture industry should do the same thing.

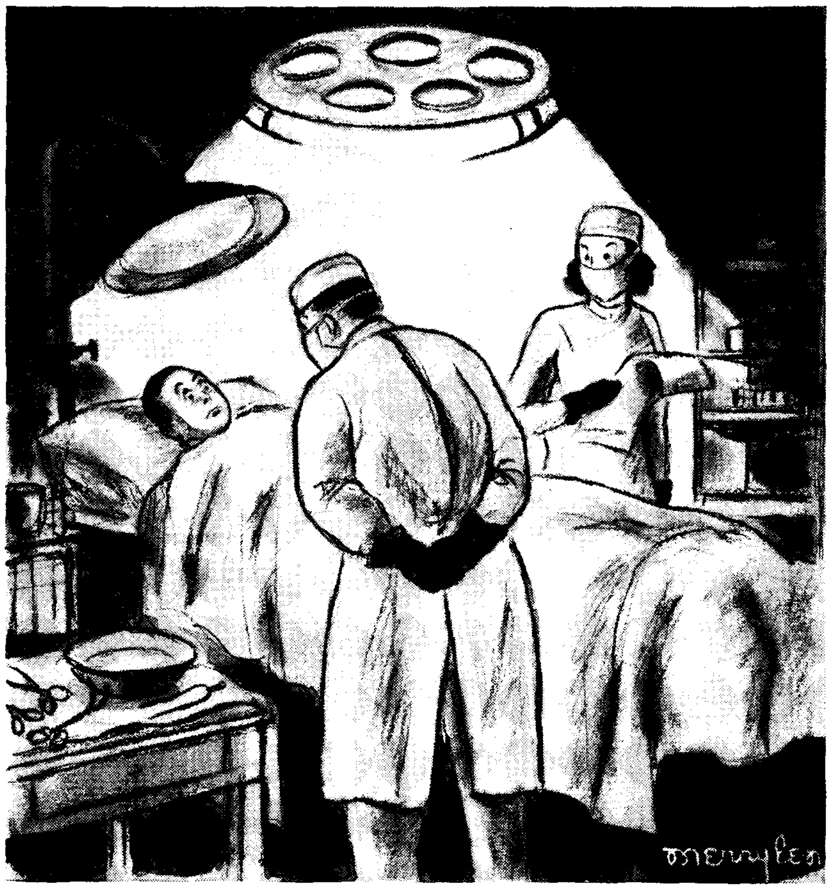
He talked it over with a shrewd Indiana lawyer, Charles C. Pettijohn. Will Hays had just been named Postmaster General by President Harding. Pettijohn said to Selznick, "I knew Will Hays in Indiana. He's a fine man, bright, quick, and he's got a good reputation even among his home folks. He'd be a good man for the job."

Without another word Selznick consulted Hays. Only Pettijohn and twenty-year-old David were present at the interview. He found Hays mildly receptive and then finally enthusiastic. He indicated to Hays that he was speaking for the whole industry. Actually this idea was his own. Then he went to the other big figures in the industry, discussed the matter with them, and without their realizing what he was doing—he sold Hays to them. He did it so cleverly that several of them ended up thinking it had been their own suggestion. Even now you'll find producers who will tell you confidentially that they were responsible for bringing Hays into the organization.

The nine controlling companies formally asked Hays to take the job of keeping Hollywood's linen clean at $100,000 per annual bath. Hays took it. It is generally admitted in Hollywood that Hays has done a magnificent job. It is quite possible that he did save the industry.

Hays was Selznick's final gift to the industry that made him an emperor and then destroyed him. Selznick is dead but he lives in three ways: in the permanent record of the industry; in Myron, who is the most powerful agent in Hollywood; in David, who makes the greatest pictures made today.

**The story of Myron and David Selznick will appear in next week's Collier's**



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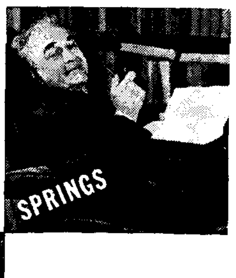

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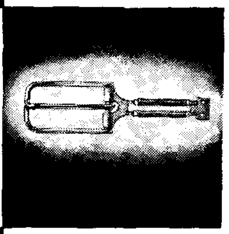

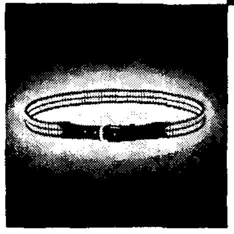

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# In and Out

Continued from page 56

were always severe. They were not as harsh as those for the men actually convicted of a new crime. Four of these followed Cooney. Like Ryder, they were informed that they must serve all that remained of their previous sentences before even starting their new ones.

There would be more violations of parole in New York—as many, perhaps, as in most of the other states—were it not for the unceasing labors of the ninety-two parole officers on the staff of the board. A majority of them are young men who have chosen criminology as their lifework. Most of them are college graduates. But they must have qualities that the traditional social worker does not possess. They have the power to make arrests. It is not unusual for them to face desperate criminals who know that apprehension will mean long additional years in prison. So they carry guns when necessary and are trained to use them. Not infrequently a parole officer must journey to some distant point where a parole absconder has been located and bring him back in handcuffs.

But these are functions deplored by the average parole officer. The work that really interests him is helping parolees to remain honest during the difficult weeks and months during which the pallor of prison days begins to wear off and the routine habits of institutional life begin to fade. That work begins in the prison itself. There is a parole officer in each state institution who must thoroughly acquaint the inmates with the conditions under which, in due time, they may be released. He becomes familiar with the prisoners' home conditions. He keeps an eye on their correspondence to see whether old criminal contacts are being maintained. It is his duty to pass on the heartbreaking news when, as in the majority of cases, the parole board has rejected a petition.

The work outside of the prisons is carried on through three main offices, in New York City, in Albany and in Buffalo, with parole officers located in strategic cities throughout the state. I was permitted to sit in, one day, at the New York office while the men on parole made their weekly or monthly reports. The officer to whom they were reporting was a young man of thirty or thereabouts named Joe Levine. Before the interviews began he told me about his work in the field on the previous day in a poverty-stricken section of Brooklyn. Early in the morning, he said, he had dropped in at a bakery where a parolee, who had gone to prison for attempted robbery, was supposed to be working. The man was not there and the parole officer found him at home, in bed.

### Jobs Were Getting Scarcer

Pretty soon this parolee, whom we shall call George, came into the office. He had, it appeared, been catapulted into crime from a ghastly home environment. His father had been murdered in a speak-easy. The father of his accomplice in the attempted robbery had been killed in an identical manner. George was pretty defiant when Levine asked him why he had been in bed.

"What can I do? I can't get work," he said.

He added, with an oath, that he would under no circumstances take employment with a cousin who owned the bakery in question. He sat back and waited for Levine to make some suggestion. George, I felt sure, was on his way back to prison to serve the three years he still owed at Elmira. He would go there for violation of parole if not for a new crime. But Levine will do what is possible to prevent it. He placed George under what is called "intensive supervision"; that is, he would be required to report once a week. He was told to call daily at the employment office maintained by the parole board.

Discouragement over lack of employment was profound in the faces of most of the men who reported that morning. Jobs were getting scarcer week by week. Yet there were cheering notes, too. One of them was a middle-aged Italian who once had owned a prosperous cloak and suit shop. His wife, a highly unstable woman, had demanded frequent trips to Italy. During one of them Pietro—which was not his name—had sought consolation with another woman and, threatened with exposure, had shot her during a quarrel. Fortunately, the wound was slight; Pietro had gone to prison for from two and one-half to five years. He had been paroled last fall, but he returned to a broken home. His wife, it developed, was by now mentally unbalanced. His children were suffering.

### No Power to Cut the Sentence

Parole Officer Levine had taken charge of the situation. The wife had been sent to an institution. The children were being taken care of by relatives. Pietro's own business had long since vanished to pay lawyers and other costs, but he had obtained an excellent job as foreman in a cloak and suit shop. Possibly, as the years passed and his period of parole ended, he would, again, be employing several score workers. And when that day came, Levine observed, many a parolee might find employment in Pietro's shop.

Levine interviewed a score of men that day. Week in and week out, throughout New York State, his fellow parole officers daily talk with or visit hundreds of other men who are walking wearily along the road to rehabilitation. In the rural areas some of them are bewildered farmers who, pressed by debt, have attempted to collect insurance by setting fire to their barns. Some of them are men whose maximum sentence was life. These will never be discharged from parole.

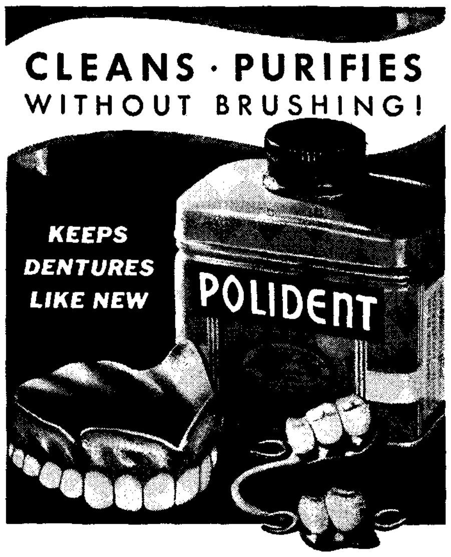
The average working day of a parole officer in New York is ten to twelve hours. He must see his men during the hours when they are not employed, and this often means at night. When a parolee absconds—that is, fails to report at the stated hour—the officer must assist the police in effecting his capture.

And suppose a parolee gives signs that he is slipping back into his old criminal associations? Pat was such a case. His crime, too, had been robbery and he had been on parole for five years. A laborer, Pat had worked diligently and had earned as much as $25 a week. But now he had no job. Reports had come to Levine that Pat had been seen in a gambling house in the squalid Brooklyn area where he lived. He was probably playing the races or the numbers. From these contacts he might be tempted into another robbery.

Pat denied that the place was a gamblers' hangout. It was just a candy store, he said, a shade evasively. He wanted work. Hadn't he done so well on parole that he was now required to report only four times a year?

"It's once a month from now on," Levine warned. "Use your head, Pat."

Any adequate parole system depends on the use of the indeterminate sentence.



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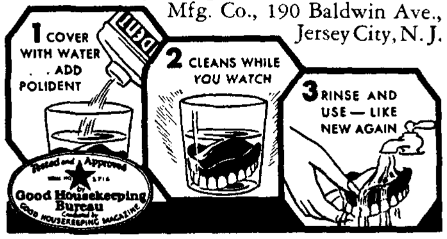
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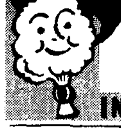

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"Old Town Canoes"

This is far from an experiment in penology. It has been mandatory in New York since 1907 for first offenders. A judge, in sentencing a convicted defendant, obtains all possible information as to background, mental age, psychiatric quirks and physical health from the probation officers of the court. He then fixes, within the limits of the prescribed penalty for the crime in question, a minimum and maximum term of imprisonment. Traditional in penology, too, has been the provision of time off for good behavior. Without such allowances it would be impossible to administer a prison on any enlightened basis. If any mistake has been made, however, it is that the allowances are too generous. At present a New York convict who obeys all the prison rules receives four months off every year. The parole board, of course, can cancel all such cuts.

In New York, at least, the board has no power whatever to cut the sentence of any convict. The judge fixes the term. What the parole board does is to add to the minimum, if it chooses, or order release at the termination of the shortest time set by the court. And this brings me to the myth, in the American criminal system, of the so-called "first offender." Hardly twenty per cent of the men and women committed to prison as first offenders in New York are actually so. The balance had, on the average, at least four previous brushes with the law. Other states have similarly lax laws. Take the case of Charles A. Pearse, alias J. T. Moore, alias L. Lewis. I ran into him at Clinton Prison up at Dannemora.

Pearse was forty-five years old but had the appearance of a man of sixty. Prison, enough of it, does that to any man. Yet he was fairly dapper, in no degree disturbed by a session before the parole board. Pearse was an old-time con man who, with two accomplices, had swindled $100 out of a rural visitor to New York last June. He was so stupid that he had returned, the next day, to the same department store where he had picked up the stranger who, less stupid by far, had been scouring the town to find him. So Pearse was arrested and charged with grand larceny. He decided to stand trial and was convicted.

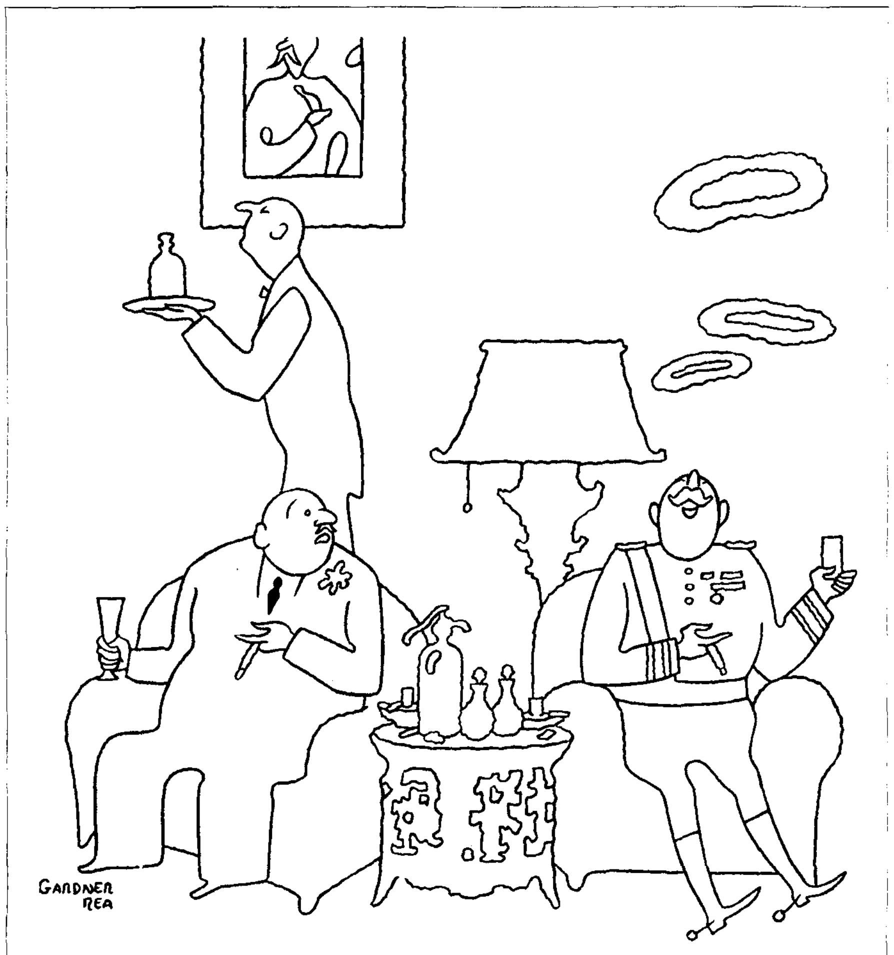
His record was beautiful. He had been arrested in Memphis in 1918 for grand larceny, in 1921 for vagrancy in Chattanooga, that same year for disorderly conduct in New Orleans and from then on, every few months, for some offense or other in Atlanta, Washington, Baltimore, New York and other cities. Sometimes Pearse had been a confidence man, sometimes a thief. He had violated the federal drug laws. He had done time in Leavenworth and in various jails and workhouses. The specific crime is meaningless because what Pearse had consistently done was to plead guilty to some lesser offense and thereby save himself from conviction as a felon.

### Few Women Commit Felonies

The judge who sentenced him in New York, it appears, could not quite picture Pearse as a first offender and gave him five to ten years. But in due time he was brought back into court from prison, was officially declared a first offender and his sentence was cut in half, as the law specifies. Pearse went to Sing Sing, for ultimate transfer to Dannemora, in July, 1936. Having obeyed every last rule in prison—confirmed crooks invariably do—he was eligible for parole early this year. In most of the other states, Pearse would have been so released and would have returned, in all likelihood, to his momentarily interrupted career of crime. In the words of the prison psychiatrist he was a "confirmed drug addict of borderline intelligence, lazy, shiftless, a gambler and con man." But the New York Parole Board has authority to hold him until the full maximum of his two-and-one-half to five-year term has ended.

Precisely that will be the fate of Pearse, alias Moore, alias Lewis.

Not all the parolees under supervision in New York, unfortunately, went to prison on indeterminate sentences. Definite sentences were mandatory for other than first offenders until, in March, 1936, this law was amended. At present



"Of course, Colonel, I don't need to ask how things are in *your* business!"

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about 1,700 definite-sentence parolees are in theoretical custody of the parole board. But they were released, by law, when their sentences minus good behavior had terminated. They might be utterly vicious, moronic, even drug addicts. One burglar, having completed a five-year term, was described by the Dannemora authorities as a "neuropathic drug addict." Yet he was soon to be released. The board has no authority to keep these definite-sentence men in prison. It cannot specify that they must have approved jobs prior to release.

The definite-sentence convicts whom I saw in the various prisons were treated with harsh contempt by the parole commissioners.

"You're going out because the law compels us to let you out and not because we want to," Commissioner Moore would say to some pock-marked crook who had been in and out of prison for years. "But remember this! We can't keep you in here, now. But we can bring you back if you violate your parole or break the law. And we'll bring you back so fast you won't know it. Then you'll serve all the time you earned in prison. All right. Step out!"

"You're a pathological liar. You shouldn't be paroled. But the law makes us turn you loose!" another commissioner would say to the next man.

To a degree, I imagine, such statements are read into the record so that the parole board can cite them if the definite-sentence parolees are arrested and thereby bring down criticism on the whole subject of parole. There is a fairly good chance that they will be arrested. As compared with the indeterminate-sentence prisoners, who are released only by authority of the board and when they have jobs, almost twice as many of these confirmed criminals fall into delinquencies and are sent back to prison.

Women aren't much of a problem as far as the state parole board is concerned. For that matter, relatively few women commit felonies. The board meets for a morning every month or two in the new women's prison at Bedford. A gangster's moll—a pleasant girl with a round face and blue eyes—was the first case at the meeting I attended. She had been arrested in a New York apartment that bristled with machine guns, and she was sentenced to from two and a half to five years. She had been married to a member of the gang, but insisted that she would never go back to him.

"I've had enough of this," she told the board.

### A Model Parole System

I think she would have been paroled had she not foolishly insisted that she had never seen the machine gun. Commissioner Hanscom observed that she was in prison principally because she had been married to the man. Canavan was less melted by femininity in trouble. He said he didn't believe her story of not knowing there were guns in the apartment. So Mary was held for an additional three months.

There weren't many cases that morning. The female of the species is, after all, more law-abiding than the male. At least, she doesn't get caught as often if she commits a felony. The last case was Essie, a young Negress who had been brought back for violation of parole. Her crime, it was hard to believe, was manslaughter. That is, she had too thoroughly carved up a gentleman friend. Essie was a household worker who lived in Buffalo. So first-class a worker was she that jobs at good pay were hers for the asking. Some months ago, she had been paroled. But Essie rebelled under the strict supervision. Soon she was in trouble. Soon she was back.

"Did you drink while on parole?" asked Dr. Moore.

"Yes, sure," was Essie's straightforward answer, her white teeth gleaming in a smile.

"Did you have boy friends?"

"Sure, sometimes."

In this case, though, honesty wasn't enough. Essie might get busy with her razor again unless broken of her love for gin. The commissioners, I thought, had a friendly feeling for Essie. But they put her case over until November, 1939. Then she will be questioned again.

Any state can, if its citizens choose, set up an adequate parole system based on the New York model. The following, I think, are the minimum requirements:

*Indeterminate sentences for all felonies. Abolition of the definite sentence.*

A parole board that will withstand political pressure. In New York no lawyer, politician or anybody else is permitted to argue on behalf of an inmate. Nobody except the inmate, the members of the board and the prison guards attends a meeting of the board.

A parole system divorced from prison management. In New York, the wardens of the state prisons may recommend parole if they like. This is given due consideration by the board. But the warden does not sit in at the meetings.

Even the prison chaplain has merely powers of recommendation. Like the warden, his interest in the inmate may be based on sentiment.

Parole commissioners who have no other duties and are adequately paid. The commissioners in New York receive $12,000 a year.

One member, at least, should be a psychiatrist.

A parole law that permits no appeal from rulings of the board.

Release on parole must be by unanimous consent of the board.

A well-trained, adequate staff of parole officers appointed under the merit system. At least three quarters of them should be college graduates trained in social work or penology.

An adequate staff means one in which *no parole officer has a case load of more* than 100 parolees. A case load of seventy-five is preferable.

A parole officer should be in residence at every state prison to instruct the inmates in regard to the provisions of parole.

Parolees violating any provision should be returned to prison at once and given additional punishment.

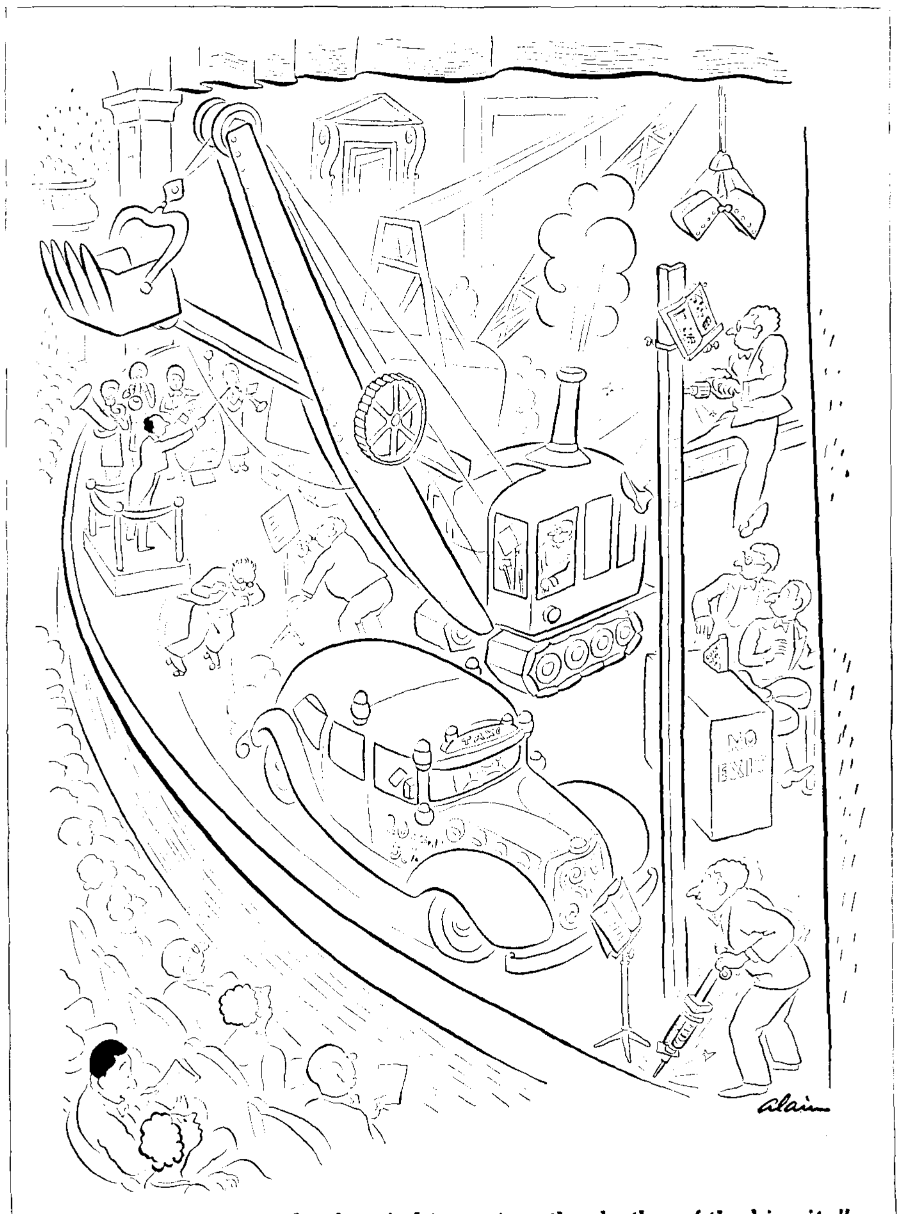
### A Stiff Fight Lies Ahead

Parolees convicted of a new crime should serve all of their unexpended sentence before beginning to serve the new sentence.

No convicts should be paroled without a bona fide, carefully investigated job waiting for him.

Parolees should be under constant supervision for the entire period of their *maximum sentence*.

So much for the minimum requirements. A stiff fight lies ahead of the citizens who want an adequate parole system, however. The criminal lawyers will oppose it. The politicians will do what they can to block it. Most of all, the gangsters, the swindlers, the con men and all their allies of the underworld will oppose it bitterly. For the confirmed crook stands in deadly terror of honestly administered, rigid parole. It is the one system he cannot beat. He cannot even bargain with it.



"The composer says that he tried to capture the rhythm of the big city"

ALAIN

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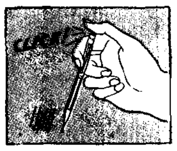

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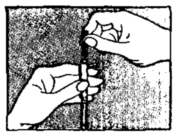

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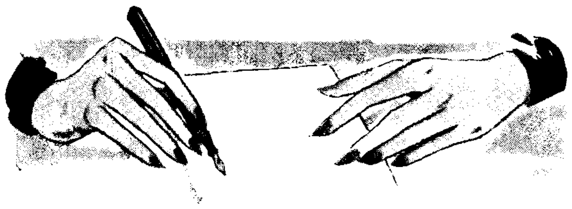
*A team that's based on two great new ideas!*

The Repeating Pencil is the first new idea in mechanical pencils in 20 years—and the new pen that goes with it differs from anything else that ever held ink. It's the Wahl-Eversharp pen with the Self-Fitting point—the *one* pen that can keep your hand happy as long as you live to use it!

A pen with an ordinary point may lose its original tryout sweetness. The point seems to change after you've used it a while. But the new Wahl-Eversharp pen will feel as if it were made for your hand alone as long as you own it. That's the great advantage of the Self-Fitting point! An advantage that only Wahl-Eversharp offers you!



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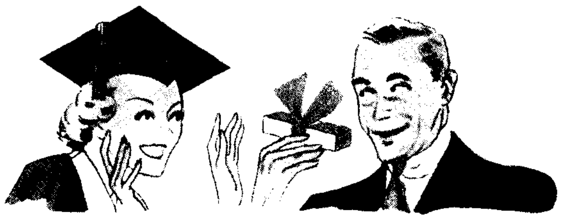

*The* *safest* *pen to give*

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Wahl-Eversharp Gold Seal pens ($7.50 to $10.75) are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the owner except against loss or wilful damage, and subject only to a 35¢ servicing charge to cover cost of handling, postage, and insurance. Other models, $2.75 to $12.50. Repeating Pencils, $2 to $6. Prices slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Company, Chicago, U.S.A.

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Wahl-Eversharp pens in the Airliner Series come with the famed Safety Ink Shut-Off* ($8.75 and $10.75). When the cap is screwed on tightly, the ink is locked in the barrel—prevented from flooding into the cap. Makes Wahl-Eversharp the safest pen to carry in pocket, purse, or 'plane.

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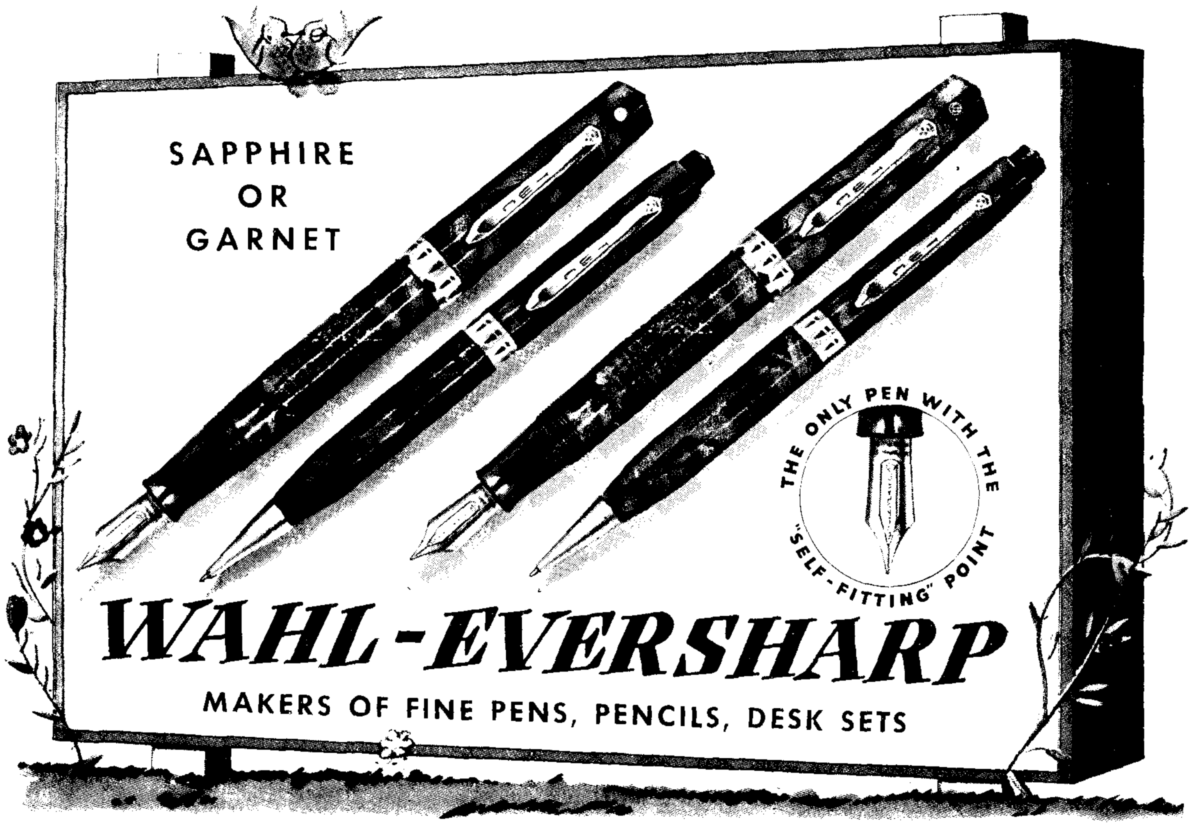
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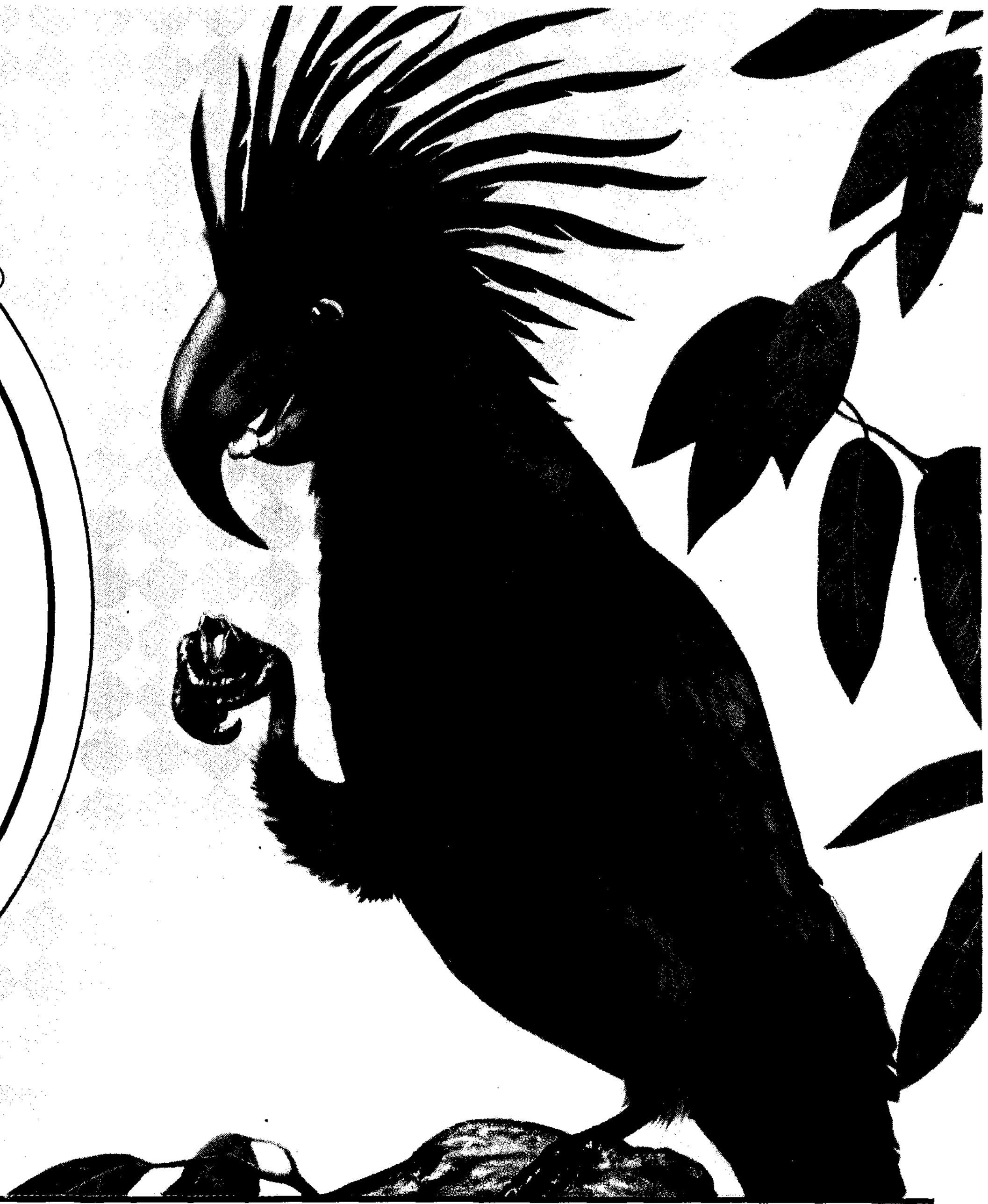
# In a Nutshell...

**For the taste of the choosy cockatoo,**
**None but the choicest nuts will do;**
**And here's a word of advice he sends:**
***It's wise to trust your taste, good friends;***
***Buy better whiskey . . . CALVERT blends!***



## "That's right, Bob—always trust your taste!"

**TOM:** "Men who think clearly about whiskey, Bob, *always* follow that rule. That's why the trend today is to fine, smooth, *blended* whiskies like Calvert . . . whiskies blended for *better taste.*"

**BOB:** "Is that why Calvert Whiskies are blended—for BETTER TASTE?"

**TOM:** "That's right. And people are learning that it takes *skillful blending*—the expert Calvert touch—to bring out all the mellow bouquet and flavor of fine whiskies. It's wise to follow that trend to better whiskey, Bob—*trust your taste* and call for Calvert."

**Call for**

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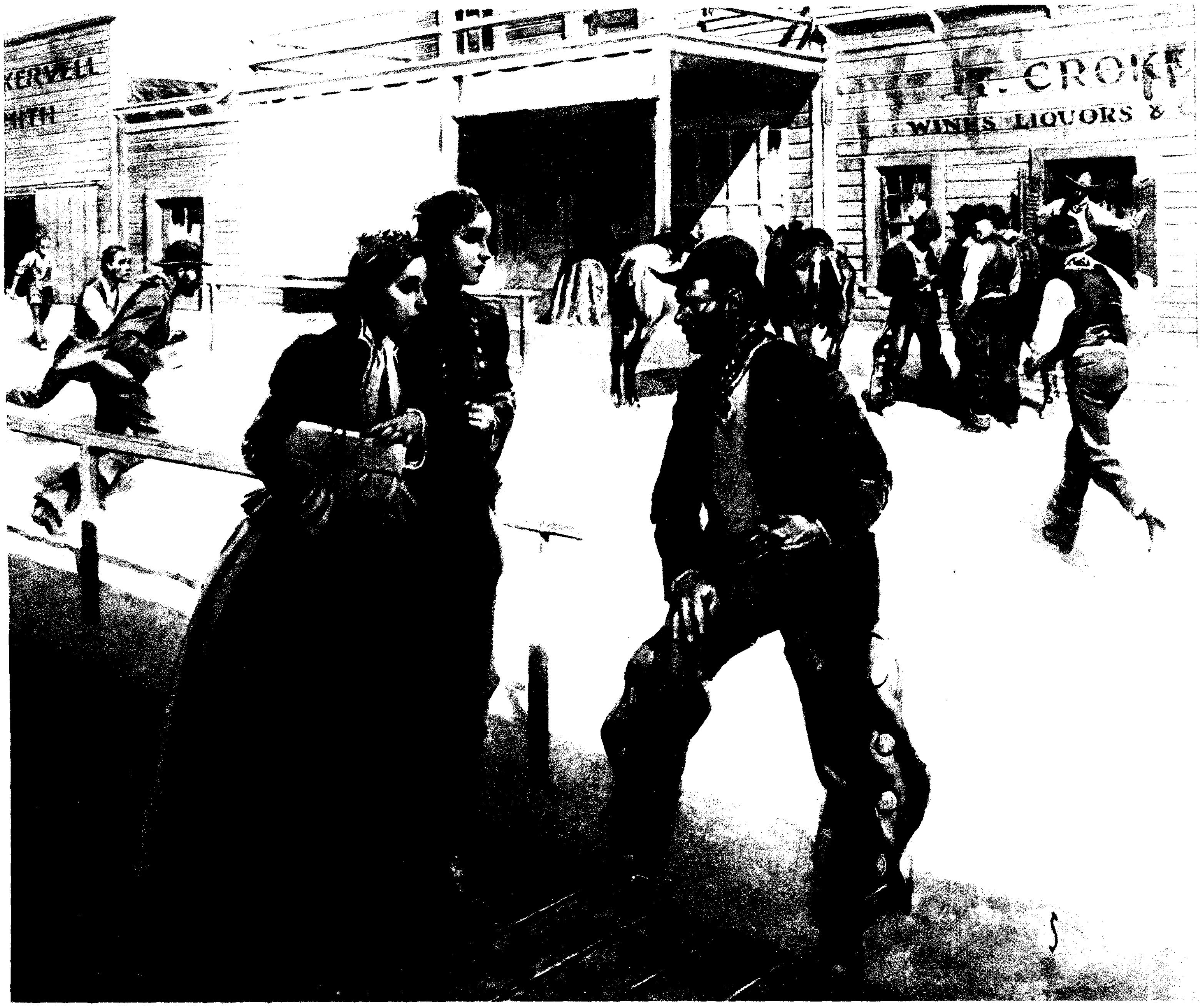

"Your husband shot and killed Hugh Clagg last night. This mornin' your husband was killed. By Merritt"

# Man in the Saddle

## By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

*The Story Thus Far:*

WILL ISBERG, owner of Skull, greatest of the Piute Desert country cattle outfits, marries Sally Bidwell, although he is well aware that the girl is in love with Owen Merritt and has consented to become his wife simply because he is wealthy.

Intensely jealous of Merritt, whom he continues to regard as a rival, Isberg does everything in his power to force the young cattleman to sell his little ranch on Christmas Creek and leave the region. Failing in his efforts, he plots—with Hugh Clagg, a neighboring ranchman—to kill Merritt.

Torn between loyalty to her husband and her love of the man she has jilted, Sally Isberg goes, under cover of darkness, to Merritt's ranch and implores him to go away. Unfortunately, when she rides away, Hugh Clagg sees and recognizes her. Neither Clagg nor Fay Dutcher, Skull's foreman, to whom the incident is reported, says anything to Isberg. Both men hate Sally; both bide their time.

George Vird, Merritt's foreman, and Juke Slover, one of his close friends, are killed. Then, following a singlehanded attack by Merritt upon Corral Flat, where Skull's chuckwagon crew is quartered, Merritt is seriously wounded. He succeeds in making his escape. But he is in peril until Nan Melotte, a young schoolmistress who is secretly in love with him, finds him and takes him to a remote hide-out: a cavelike tunnel deep in Rock Canyon. There, in that quiet spot, Nan dresses his wound, nurses him, feeds him.

For a long time Hugh Clagg has been interested in Nan Melotte. But his rude advances have only disgusted the girl. Now, learning that she and Merritt have gone away together, he scours the country, hoping to find them—and kill Merritt.

And find them he does. In the course of a frantic struggle, however, Merritt manages to disarm him and give him such a beating that he is forced to run away. Losing no time, he reports to Isberg. Taking exception to certain remarks he has made concerning Sally, Isberg shoots and kills him!

Meanwhile, two of Merritt's friends—Pay Lankershim and Bourke Prine—have found him and taken him far from the hide-out. While they are reconnoitering they encounter Isberg and his riders. An exciting gun battle ensues. In the course of the fighting Isberg and Merritt dismount and confront each other. Merritt gets "the draw" on his enemy. But he does not fire. Instead—"Will," he says amicably, "come up here. It is time—" He gets no further; Isberg raises his gun—and fires!

### Conclusion

HALF turned, Merritt missed the bullet. His own shot shook Isberg's shoulders and drove him backward to the earth. He was dead when he fell, and it was only an accident that one arm rolled up and rested on his face in a gesture that seemed to express a weary annoyance.

Merritt stepped away. He crossed the log, lifting his bad leg with a distinct effort. He returned to his horse and put his shoulder against the adjacent tree for the support he needed. At this moment it wasn't Isberg he remembered at all: it was Sally whose face was before him and it was her voice, low and soft and sad, he heard.

Coming through the timber, drawn by the last shots fired, Bourke and Pay and Cultus found him still leaning against the tree. He had rolled a cigarette. The smoke of it covered his face and Bourke, looking sharply at him, saw little of his eyes. Merritt nodded toward the base of the fallen tree, whereupon the other three went over that way. Bourke soon came back.

"Owen," he said, "did you give him a break?"

"He had his chance. I tried to talk it out with him."

"That," said Bourke, "is what I was afraid of. You had something in your head. Sally kept gettin' in front of you. I knew you'd try to talk to Isberg. I knew you'd rather lose a leg than put a bullet in him. By God, you're a fool for softness. It might've been you down there behind that tree."

Merritt moved his shoulders. The cigarette trailed in the corner of his mouth; smoke kept rising in front of his face. There was an indifference about this big man as solid as a wall, and Bourke's sharp eyes couldn't read much. But he thought he knew what lay in Owen Merritt's head, heavy and constant.

"She's still in your system," he said. "And you'll never get her out of it."

MERRITT seized the cigarette from his lips and crushed it between his fingers. He stared at Bourke, glowing. He said, soft enough to be dangerous: "Shut up, Bourke. Shut up."

Cultus Charley and Pay came back. Pay moved his skinny shoulders around to show his dissatisfaction. His eyes sought remote points in the forest. "Whut's keepin' Dutcher? I'd like to know where that jugheaded such an' so is right now."

*(Continued on page 80)*

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# Five-Year Plan

Continued from page 22

up in Budge's path to a grand slam of tennis titles and blocks him somewhere along the line—in France, England or at home in Forest Hills.

This high regard for Riggs' equipment goes back to the greatest match of his short court career—a superb losing effort against the second-best amateur in the world, Baron Gottfried von Cramm, the German nobleman whose sportsmanship, court manners and court daring endeared him to America last year.

Cramm beat Bobbie in five sets in the semifinal last year; and it was the German's experience, his refusal to be shaken under terrific fire, that won for him. Bobbie lost because he wavered, ever so slightly, on the threshold of his greatest tennis accomplishment.

But it was a great match. Riggs, instead of toying with his foe, swept through him ruthlessly at love in the first set. He hammered and beat back the German in the second set, winning it 8-6. He pressed out to the place where he held the invader in a vulnerable spot in the early stages of the third set—and then flubbed an easy overhead smash! It was the only time anybody, even Bobbie himself, ever recalled the gallant young Californian tightening up under pressure. It was youth—and understandable. The German pulled the match out. But afterward he was loud in his praise of Riggs.

"Oh," sang Cramm, in open flattery, "to play tennis like that when you are but nineteen! Bobbie is definitely your second-best player. Certainly nobody but Budge can beat him here; and if he goes to the net more often, develops a stronger volley, who knows? He may beat anybody!"

"If he played his usual game," said a locker-room eavesdropper outside the ring of reporters, "Bobbie would have beaten Cramm. He usually starts slowly. He burned himself out in that first set."

His destiny, which he confidently forecast upon his Eastern debut, was felt many months before—instigated by backslappers in Hollywood. And unlike the horses they admit they backed at Santa Anita, in tennis they backed a winner in Riggs.

### Breaking Down the Icebergs

Bobbie had won the Junior singles title at Culver, Ind., in 1935. The Southern California Tennis Association, which had sent him, expected him to go back and defend it. He was eligible for one more year in 1936. Bobbie refused, and demanded to be allowed to compete in the East in senior ranks.

The good white fathers of sunshiny Southern Cal slammed their checkbook shut and, in effect, told Bobbie he was on his own—unless he went to Culver. (It is customary for the home association to underwrite a promising player's expenses when he journeys into far fields on his first tour. Later, matters adjust themselves.) Under such orders and without a shoe button to convert into cash, another boy would have gone back to Indiana.

Riggs never does things in a routine manner. He had come by tennis unnaturally in the first place—if we are to accept the tacit belief that it is a game for the social elect. Bobbie does not come from the white-flannel and haughty-nose sector; rather he comes from the public parks regions of Los Angeles. As a matter of fact, the first racket he called his own was a decrepit affair sadly in need of repair, which he purchased for fifty cents—and from which he got very little good. A dog stole it and lost it before Riggs could use the warped and wrinkled implement.

He learned the game with borrowed accessories. Dr. Esther Bartosch, a kindly Los Angeles sponsor of ambitious tennis children, supplied the first real racket Bobbie ever had for his own—and she also supplied the hints, upon which those sound fundamentals that have carried him so far are based. She was his discoverer and first teacher. Eleanor Tennant, one of the first lady pros, later took an interest in Bobbie, and helped give him that poise and confidence he has on the court—and no doubt a few other hints as to methods of procedure for breaking down the icebergs that freeze along the Atlantic coast.

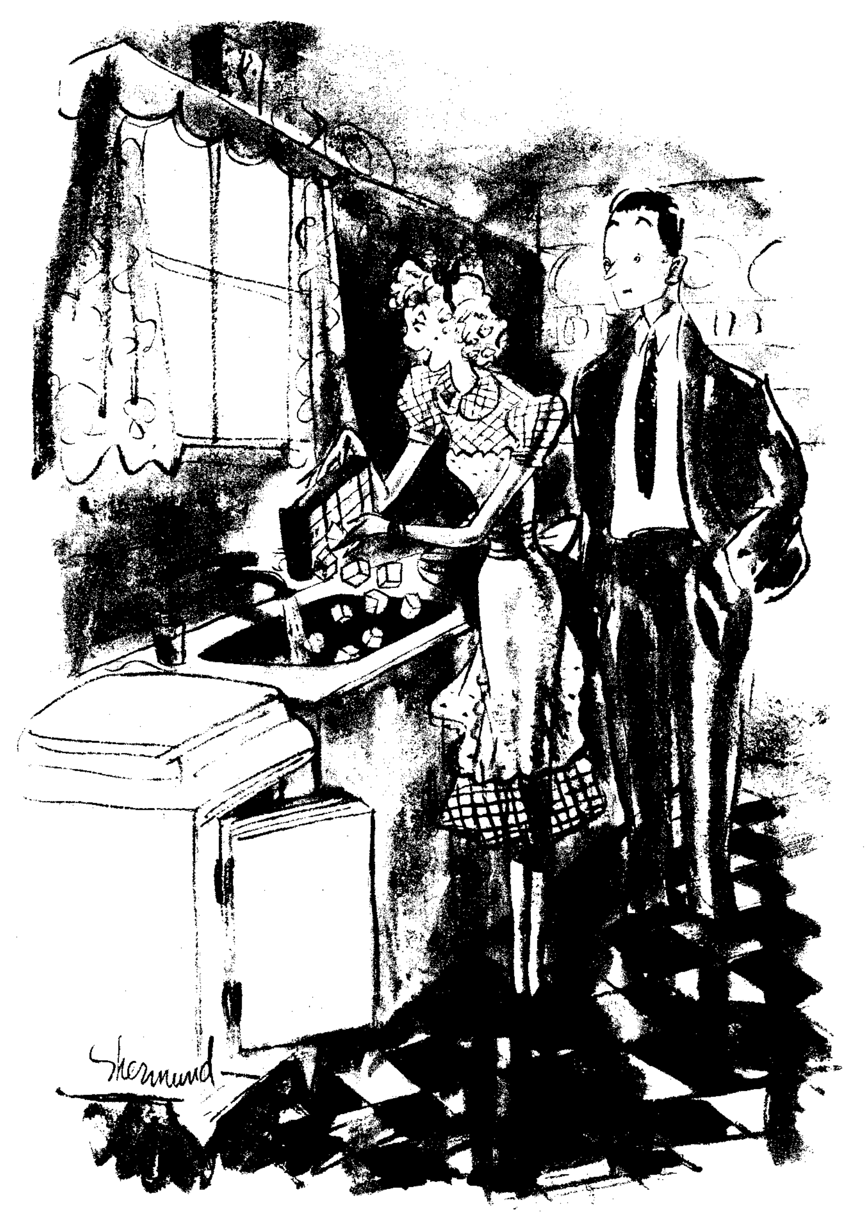
It was not extraordinary that Bobbie took exception to the edict of his home association in 1936. If Perry Jones, the head of the California group, and the association didn't want to send Bobbie prepaid to disturb the Eastern turf court wars, he certainly was not going to drown his plans, or himself, in the lake at Griffith Park. He wanted to learn whether he was top-flight material—and if he was all right, get all he could; but if he should be just an ordinary tennis player—well, let's find it out now and have done with tennis for good.

From the conglomerate population of the city of Angels, Bobbie fished out a personal angel for himself; and he made his doubles partner, Wayne Sabin, a dual beneficiary. The sponsor was a chap named Jack Del Valle, whose frank discussions on the state of affairs in tennis, his clothes of fashionable Hollywood cut, and his liberal distribution of folding money did not win the decorous clubs of Spring Lake, Sea Bright, Southampton, Rye, Newport or Forest Hills to his breast—nor to Bobbie's.

### An Off-Court Loss

Then, too, there was Bobbie himself. His court manners were somewhat less than impeccable. He was bombastic and demonstrative. He was most often called a sorehead or show-off. He, too, implored the high heavens with clenched fist, and generally conducted himself in a deplorable way by the standards of deportment associated with our "better people."

His slick, black, well-greased hair was long and unruly in the dance-hall manner. It frequently, too frequently, fell across his eyes; and upon such occasions he would stop proceedings, withdraw a comb from a pocket and publicly lay his errant tresses in place. He would swig water under an umpire's chair and then pour it over his head. He would gargle loudly and spit the liquid violently and noisily with a hissing sound for all to see and hear. His shoelaces, like a small boy's, were forever coming untied. And,



"Water is so inexpensive I thought we might as well have fresh cubes every day"

B. SHERMUND

deliberately and painstakingly, he would stop play and carefully knot them.

Across the net, the effect was explosive—and explosions are not helpful in playing a shot maker of the Riggs stripe. After the explosion, Bobbie would carefully lay his opponent among his other careless victims. Such a picture as Bobbie drew of himself, aided by strokes from sport writers, won him no friends in the galleries; but his showing on the draw sheets from Spring Lake to Longwood influenced the great white fathers of United States tennis. Here was insurance if Budge should turn pro as had Tilden, Vines, Stoefen, and Perry before him.

He takes victory and defeat, on and off the court, stoically, and with a fine show of sportsmanship. He complains very little and never alibis a defeat on the tennis court—a feat that is rare in itself. Other losses and misfortunes are not paraded publicly, either.

It was nothing short of fortitude that marked his attitude at an off-court loss last year — a loss that might have stopped a less determined kid. He left his California home, bound for the Eastern tennis wars last year, with a high heart, a well-filled purse, a new car and his brother John—who was to act as his rubber and personal chauffeur on the trip.

The winter had been kind to Bobbie and he was happy. A few hundred miles out of Los Angeles, John parked, and locked the car while the brothers dined. It was about dusk. The car was jimmied and robbed of a wardrobe Bobbie had collected with which to startle the East. A few nights later his wallet dropped out of his pocket while he was eating in a restaurant and was irretrievably lost. And then came the crushing blow—the new car burned up on the road! Out of the winter's toil and sweat in the hot sun, Bobbie had only that part of his bank roll that was represented by travelers' checks—and it took some time to collect the money.

But there was nary a complaint from Riggs. He went on his way touring the Eastern grass-court circuit looking like anything but a fashion plate, in ill-fitting duck shorts and blue sneakers; but clothes, as we have seen, rarely make a tennis player. Few knew of the disaster until an intimate friend revealed it late in the National championships at Forest Hills in September.

### His Future is Bright

This unquestioned fortitude, the dispatch with which he performed against headline stars, and his improved court deportment made him something of a hero to the tennis addicts—because all America loves a young man who does things the hard way. And Bobbie had come to man's estate without much help from the home folks.

Calculating and careful, Bobbie is now a thoroughly reformed young man. He never really was a bad boy—he was just a little different and a little rough around the edges, judged by Eastern standards. But he was a winner.

There can be no doubt that he was called aside and impressed with the hopes of the future. As frankly and directly as he had outlined his five-year plan, Bobbie last year espoused the fun, frolic and falderal of amateur tennis. Frankly he was not given A for effort in trying to get his listeners to believe this platform—but he said it, parrotlike, anyway. He was pure of heart, as far as the official fathers of organized tennis were concerned. To justify their faith while there might exist an uncomplimentary attitude toward him in California, the same white fathers just look at the record book.

He wins more tournaments a year than anybody; he plays in more. He even digs out a few around Los Angeles to make his home folks embarrassed for overlooking him during the pleasant fall of the year.

This attitude will all be changed this year. For the future is bright for the young man who came out of the West financed by a personal angel and remained to live it down; who became the most respected enemy of all "pothunters;" and who even put the great Budge on his game when facing Bobbie across a net!

If John Donald heeds the call of professional gold, Bobbie will be the white-haired boy of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, for one year at least. Then he will get a nice salary—between forty-five and sixty-five dollars a week—from a sporting-goods house.

The outlook is not at all drab for a young fellow whose only negotiable assets, two years ago, were sound tennis strokes and a keen tennis mind.

### With Unplumbed Reserve Power

High-ranking tennis stars are on salary from the bigger sporting-goods houses. The company makes a racket named for the star and keeps him supplied with the model. For playing with this model and absenting himself from tournaments that do not get supplies from the house that is paying him, and boosting the firm's products whenever he gets the chance, the star gets his rackets and a weekly salary.

(It comes under the heading of sales promotion. One star last year forgot himself completely, when after a year of being on a Middle Western pay roll at $65 a week, he lauded a foreign racket—unwittingly!)

Salary, trips abroad, life in well-conducted hotels and clubs all help make tennis a tasty dish for them as gets to the top; and Riggs is there now.

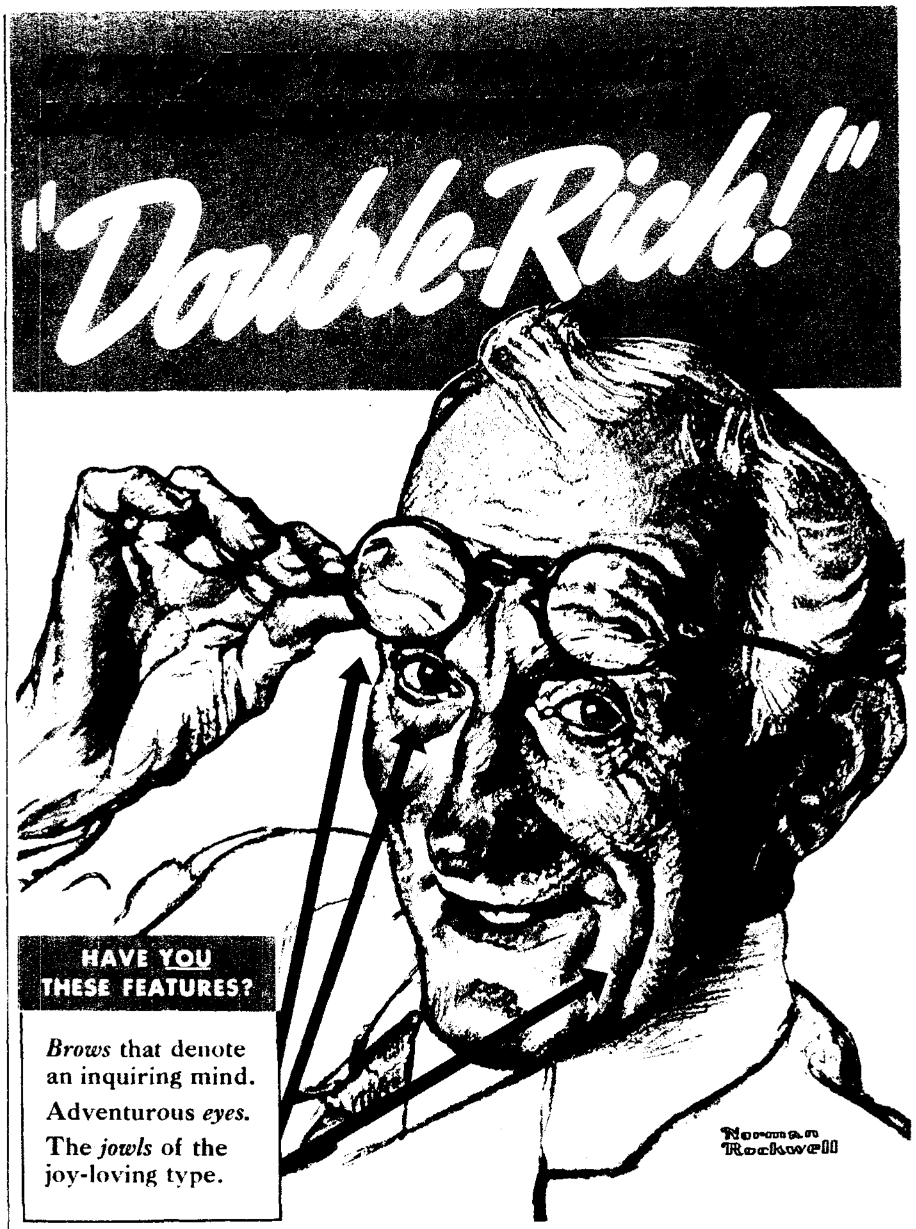
Riggs is an orthodox player, except that he makes the other fellow lead and remains at the baseline too much. If there is a single weakness in his armor, it is his reluctance to rush the net. He has a fine net game but lacks confidence in his volley. He plays a weakness and counters a lead with a well-founded counterattack. He is a youthful master of court tactics and strategy. And his keen tennis mind is backed by a punishing forehand, needle-point in its accuracy, and a backhand that is still growing in strength.

He has stretched upward a couple of inches from the five-feet-eight when we first knew him as in the national picture; and he will weigh perhaps 145 this year. He is still growing.

Only lack of height and great strength hinder him from using a fast service more often, but he has it in his bag of tricks. His sparing use of it is prompted by his own judgment of pace. Fatigue and exhaustion may weaken him, but it will never slay him; for he always leaves a little more that can be called upon for the last supreme effort. This last effort has been needed many times in these two years, for every first-tenner is out for blood when he faces the slick-haired Riggs across a net.

But Bobbie is a well-conditioned athlete with unplumbed reserve power. He's young, smart, willing and pliable. If he isn't a finalist at Wimbledon and Forest Hills this year against Budge, then the man who beats him, or Budge, will know a lot more about Bobbie than does anybody at the present time. The role is one of his aims for 1938. Another is to defend the Davis Cup with Budge.

Thirty-nine? The outstanding amateur tennis player in the world whether or not Budge turns pro! Arrogant? Perhaps. But obstacles, toil and trouble have never hindered Bobbie before—so, he asks, why should they now?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Brows that denote an inquiring mind.
Adventurous eyes.
The jowls of the joy-loving type.
Norman Rockwell

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DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

# The Circus

Continued from page 20

be kind of regular, urged us politely to try to make a little less noise, inasmuch as it was a school and people were trying to study.

"It ain't fair to the others," old man Dawson said. "They're trying to learn something for themselves."

"We can't help it," Joey said. "It hurts."

"That I know," old man Dawson said, "but it seems to me there's such a thing as modulation. I believe a lad can overdo his howling if he ain't thoughtful of others. Just try to modulate that awful howl a little. I think you can do it."

Then he gave Joey a strapping of twenty and Joey tried his best not to howl so loud. After the strapping his face was very red and old man Dawson was very tired.

"How was that?" Joey said.

"That was better," old man Dawson said. "By far the most courteous you've managed yet."

"I did my best," Joey said.

"I'm grateful to you," old man Dawson said.

He was tired and out of breath. I moved up to the chair in front of him that he furnished during these matters to help us suffer the stinging pain. I got in the right position and he said, "Wait a minute, Louie. Give a man a chance to get his breath. I'm not twenty-three years old. I'm *sixty*-three. Let me rest a minute."

"All right," I said, "but I sure would like to get this over with."

"Don't howl too loud," he said. "Try to modulate it a little."

"I'll do my best, Mr. Dawson," I said. "Got your breath back?"

"Give me just a moment longer, Louie," Mr. Dawson said.

WHEN he got his breath back he gave me my twenty and I howled a little louder than Joey and then we went back to class. It was awfully embarrassing.

"Well," Joey said to everybody, "what do you expect? The rest of you would fall down and die if you got twenty. You wouldn't *howl a little,* you'd die."

"That'll be enough out of you," Miss Flibety said.

"Well, it's true," Joey said. "They're all scared. A circus comes to town and what do they do? They come to school. They don't go out to the circus."

"That'll be enough," Miss Flibety said.

"Who do they think they are, giving us dirty looks?" Joey said.

Miss Flibety lifted her hand, hushing Joey.

Now the circus was back in town, another year had gone by, it was April again, and we were on our way to the grounds. Only this time it was worse than ever because they'd seen us at school and knew we were going out to the circus.

"Do you think they'll send Stafford after us?" I said.

Stafford was truant officer.

"We can always run," Joey said. "If he comes, I'll go one way, you go another. He can't chase *both* of us. At least one of us will get away."

"All right," I said. "Suppose one of us gets caught?"

"Well, let's see," Joey said. "Should the one who isn't caught give himself up or should he wreck Stafford's car?"

"I vote for wreck," I said.

"So do I," Joey said, "so wreck it is."

When we got out to the grounds a couple of the little tents were up, and the big one was going up. We stood around and watched.

All of a sudden a man everybody called Red hollered at me and Joey.

"Here, you kids," he said, "give us a hand."

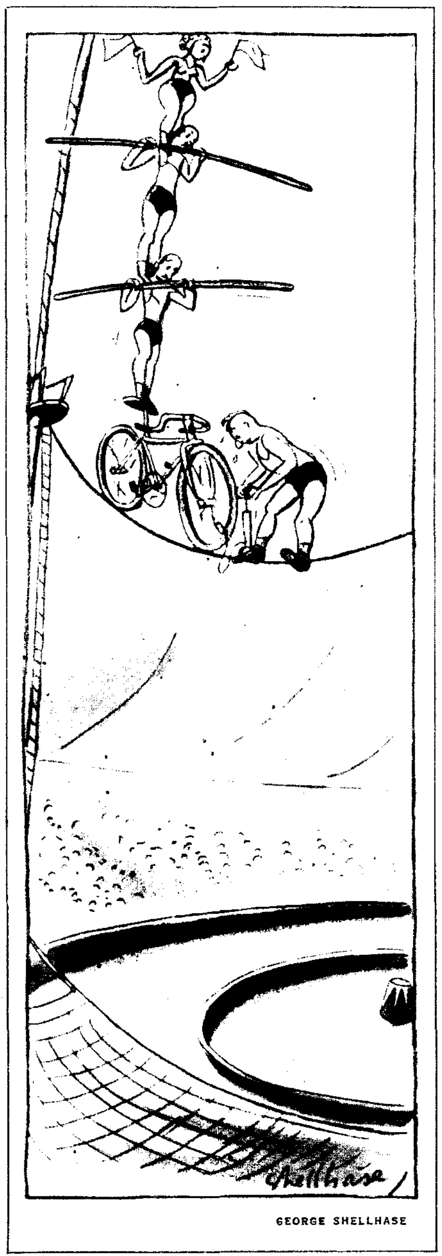
Me and Joey ran over to him.

"Yes, sir," I said.

He was a small man with very broad shoulders and very big hands. You didn't feel that he was small, because he seemed so powerful and because he had so much thick red hair on his head. You thought he was practically a giant.

He handed me and Joey a rope. The rope was attached to some canvas that was lying on the ground.

"This is going to be easy," Red said. "As the boys lift the pole and get it in place you keep pulling the rope, so the canvas will go up with the pole."



GEORGE SHELLHASE

"Yes, sir," Joey said.

Everybody was busy when we saw Stafford.

"We can't run now," I said.

"Let him come," Joey said. "We told Red we'd give him a hand and we've got to do it. We can run later."

Stafford was a big fellow in a business suit who had a beef-red face and looked as if he ought to be a lawyer or something. He came over and said, "All right, you hooligans, come along with me."

"We promised to give Red a hand," Joey said. "We'll come just as soon as we get this canvas up."

We were pulling for all we were worth and the men were all working hard. Red was hollering orders, and then the whole thing was over and we had done our part.

Joey busted loose and ran one way and I ran the other, and Stafford came after *me.* I heard the circus men laughing and Red hollering, "Run, boy, run. He can't catch *you.* He's soft. Give him a good run. He needs the exercise."

I could hear Stafford too. He was very sore and he was cussing. I got away, though, and stayed low until I saw him go away in his car. Then I went back to the big tent and found Joey.

Red gave us some more work to do around the grounds and let us sit next to him for lunch. It was swell. We saw both shows, the afternoon one and the evening one; then we helped with the work, taking the circus to pieces again; then we went down to the trains, and then home. I got home real late. In the morning I was sleepy when I had to get up for school.

THEY were waiting for us. Miss Flibety didn't even let us sit down for the roll call. She just told us to go to the office. Old man Dawson was waiting for us, too. Stafford was there too, very sore, and I figured, "Well, here's where we go to reform school."

"Here they are," Mr. Dawson said to Stafford. "Take them away, if you like."

It was easy to tell they'd been talking for some time and that they weren't getting along any too well. Old man Dawson seemed irritated and Stafford seemed sore at him about something.

"In *this* school," old man Dawson said, "I do any punishing that's got to be done. Nobody else. You can take them to reform school, if you like, though."

Stafford didn't say anything. He just left the office. He was very sore.

"Well, lads," old man Dawson said, "how was it?"

"We had lunch with them," Joey said.

"Let's see now," old man Dawson said. "What offense is this, the sixteenth or the seventeenth?"

"It ain't that many," Joey said. "Must be eleven or twelve."

"Well," old man Dawson said, "I'm sure of one thing. This is the time I'm supposed to make it thirty."

"I think the next one is the one you're supposed to make thirty," Joey said.

"No," Mr. Dawson said, "we've lost track somewhere, but I'm sure this is the time it goes up to thirty. Who's going to be first?"

"Me," I said.

"All right, Louie," Mr. Dawson said. "Take a good hold on the chair, brace yourself, and try to modulate your howl."

"Yes, sir," I said. "I'll do my best, but thirty's an awful lot."

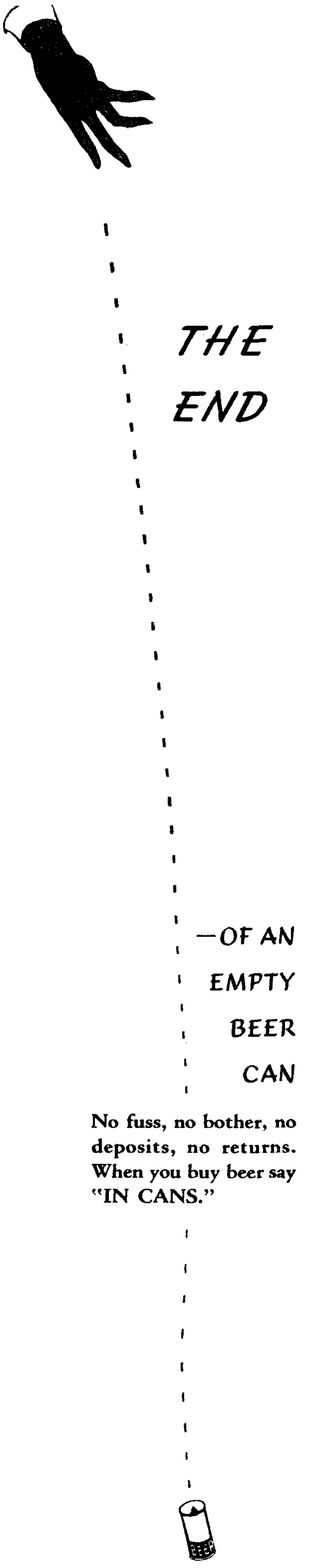
Well, a funny thing happened. He gave me thirty all right and I howled all right, but it *was* a *modulated* howl. It was the most modulated howl I ever howled and it seemed to me that I howled it only because I believed I had to, because he gave me the easiest strapping I ever got. I counted them and there was thirty all right and I howled a little, but it didn't really hurt and I didn't cry, as I was so afraid I would.

It was the same with Joey.

We stood together waiting to be dismissed.

"I'm awfully grateful to you boys," old man Dawson said, "for modulating your howls so nicely this time. I don't want people to think I'm killing you."

We wanted to thank him for giving us such easy strappings, but we couldn't say it. I think he knew the way we felt, though, because he smiled in a way that gave us an idea he knew. Then we went back to our class, and everything would be all right till the county fair opened in September.



No fuss, no bother, no deposits, no returns. When you buy beer say "IN CANS."

# The Glass Slipper

Continued from page 21

other men sitting and standing about them. Rue realized with a start that the man Murphy was reading a statement that Brule must have made. She listened.

"'—and I was reached at the hospital by the message from Mrs. Hatterick. I hurried home and met Dr. Crittenden at the doorstep; he had got the message too. But the girl was dead and we could do nothing. I called the police because it was obviously a violent death.' Question: 'You knew it was murder?' Answer:—"

Lieutenant Angel stirred and murmured: "Just read the answers."

"Yes, sir. Answer: 'I didn't know. My wife said the girl came unexpectedly and asked for her and was shown up to her room. When Miss Garder entered she seemed confused and said she'd had a cocktail. Mrs. Hatterick thought the cocktail had affected her and ordered tea and gave the girl a cup of tea. She was trying to make her swallow the tea when the girl became unconscious and died. She telephoned at once for me—' "

"THAT'LL do, Murphy. You subscribe to all that, Mrs. Hatterick?"

"Yes." How small and faint her voice sounded; she must speak in a more assured, less frightened way.

"I understand Julie Garder was a friend of yours."

"We trained as nurses together."

"Yes, I know all about that. She was one of the nurses on the case when the first Mrs. Hatterick died. You were the night nurse."

He didn't seem to expect a reply but Rue heard herself saying, "Yes."

Angel leaned forward: "Mrs. Hatterick, your husband says, and you agree, that you told him Julie Garder was confused and said she'd had a cocktail. What else did she say?"

Rue swallowed hard and Guy said nothing. Rue replied: "She was confused; she talked a little in a rambling way; nothing that made sense."

"What'd she talk of?"

"She—she repeated my name and her own; she mumbled something about a cocktail—pink; something about coming to see me—oh, there was nothing sensible and clear."

"Had you invited her to come to see you? I mean to come today specifically? Had you an engagement with her?"

"No."

"You were on sufficiently friendly terms for her to call without an invitation?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Did she come here often?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Julie was busy." He seemed to wait for her to amplify it but something very quiet about Guy seemed to warn her to say no more than was necessary.

"Then you and Miss Garder were still on good terms?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Can you think of anything else she said?"

Guy stirred: "She's told you everything she knows. It's been a shock for Mrs. Hatterick. She's doing well to let you question her at all. Later, if you find the girl's been murdered, Mrs. Hatterick can be questioned more at length."

The lieutenant looked at Guy and Guy looked blandly back at him.

"All right, Mrs. Hatterick, I appreciate your willingness to be of help," said Angel. "But there're one or two points that I'd like to know more about right now. Whatever the autopsy proves, we'd like to know how she got in the house and how long she was here before she was announced. Your butler says he didn't let her in. That he found her waiting in the drawing room, having evidently been admitted to the house sometime previous. Who let her into the house and when?"

"I don't know. I didn't know she was in the house. I heard nothing."

"You didn't see her downstairs?"

"No."

"You didn't know she was in the house at all?"

"No."

"Think carefully, Mrs. Hatterick: did she take anything while in your room—any capsule or pill?"

"No. I'm sure of that," said Rue and was instantly aware of Guy's disapproval. He stirred and said: "That all, Lieutenant? Mrs. Hatterick's told you all she knows."

The lines in Angel's thin, long face deepened.

"There's one more question just now, Cole." He leaned back a little in his chair, holding Rue's gaze with his chill blue stare; all at once, the room held only silence and watchfulness. This was the real question; this was the sum, the crux of the whole inquiry.

Guy shared Rue's intuition, for he was suddenly as deadly still as a crouching animal. And the question came:

"Tell me this, Mrs. Hatterick: What did Julie Garder know of the death of the first Mrs. Hatterick?"

Guy got to his feet.

"She doesn't need to reply to that, Lieutenant. She doesn't—"

"Let the lady speak, Cole. How about it, Mrs. Hatterick?"

Guy said: "She doesn't have to reply; but I will for her: the girl told her nothing, of course. She told her absolutely nothing of the facts of Crystal Hatterick's death."

"Do you subscribe to that, Mrs. Hatterick?"

"I—"

Guy answered again: "Look here, Angel; you've had your answer. Tell him, Rue, that I answered correctly. It may as well go on the record."

"Y-yes," faltered Rue, confused by Guy's demand, clinging to the letter of the truth.

A TELEPHONE rang in the hall; Angel, disbelief in his cold eyes and another question on his tongue, stopped to listen. They heard the murmur of a voice from the telephone. It was one of the detectives; he said yes, and no, and after a pause: "You don't say! Okay!"

He appeared at the doorway, eyes seeking Angel's. "It's the doc," he said. "Says it's poison all right. Lethal quantity of some synthetic poison; he doesn't know what yet. Probably a barbituric acid derivative. Can't tell till he runs some more tests. Says it looks to him like murder, all right. But he says there's an awful funny thing: The girl's hands have turned green, bright green on the—"

"*Cary! That'll do!* All right, Cole, you and Mrs. Hatterick can go. That's all except hold yourself ready for further inquiry. Now then, Cary. Her hands—close that door."

The door closed behind them. Someone had hung up the telephone. Rue turned, bewildered, to Guy.

"What do they mean? *Julie's* hands?"

His eyes met her own; they were wide, blue, dewy-looking. "I don't know what they meant" he said slowly.

The door of the music room opened and they both looked that way. Alicia and Brule appeared in the doorway, out-

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FLAVOR'S IN

AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

lined clearly against the lighted long room behind them. Brule apparently had opened the door and as he did so both appeared to pause for another word. They didn't note the presence of Guy Cole and of Rue in the hall. For Alicia turned suddenly to face Brule, said something low, and put her head in an affectionate gesture against Brule's shoulder. It was a small gesture, barely sketched, so brief was it. But there was the most definite air of accustomedness about it.

Guy cleared his throat abruptly.

"Come along, Rue," he said. "Green hands—want to know what Brule thinks."

Andy was waiting in the library. Andy, who had said he loved her. She followed Guy toward the library and the couple at the door of the music room saw them and came toward them.

"GREEN hands!" said Brule. "Did you say green?"

Guy shrugged his bulging shoulders. "That's what the fellow said. Then Angel shushed him and put us out and had the door closed so we couldn't hear any more. Green hands."

"But that isn't so," said Brule. "When I looked at the girl there was nothing like that." He turned to Andy. "Did you see anything of the kind?"

Andy shook his head.

"No. It sounds—fantastic. Is there any poison, Brule, that could have such an effect?"

"If an internal poison had the effect of color on the skin after death, it wouldn't confine itself to the hands; the whole circulatory system would have been affected; and that certainly not after death, but before. Anyway"—Brule walked over to the mantel and stood with his back to it—"I'm inclined to think it's something the fellows in the laboratory have done—accidentally likely as not; they are no more immune to mistakes than the rest of us. It does sound fantastic. But there are chemicals—" He left it at that.

And, as always, they accepted Brule's word as final.

ALICIA rose and went to the telephone on the long desk.

"How much longer will it be, do you suppose?" she said to Brule. "I had promised the Sidneys—"

"Better telephone, and tell them you can't make it. Be careful though—"

"Good heavens, Brule, you needn't tell me to be careful what I say! Do you suppose for one instant all this inquiry is going to be pleasant for me!" She took the telephone and dialed. A maid came into the room with a tray and was followed by the upstairs girl with another; the trays contained coffee and sandwiches, and both girls were pale with excited eyes and cast rapid, curious glances about them.

"That's right," said Brule. "No use trying to have dinner when everything's so upset, but you've got to eat." The maids, faces avid with curiosity, went away and Brule poured coffee and Andy brought a cup of it to Rue. Alicia was talking over the telephone and Steven had asked Brule some question and Brule was replying. Andy spoke in a low voice, inaudible to the others:

"I've got to see you alone, Rue," he said. His fingers touched hers. His eyes warmed. "I love you," he whispered. "Remember—"

No one could possibly have heard. He turned away. It was several moments before Rue became conscious of Madge's oddly fixed and thoughtful regard. She looked at Madge and Madge stared back at her, steadily and inimically. But she couldn't have heard what Andy said. And suppose she had, what of it? If there was no affection between Rue and Brule there could, at least, be honesty. But nevertheless that cold stare in Madge's dark eyes made her uneasy.

They could all hear Alicia's silken excuses over the telephone. She put it down at last. "She'll never believe me again," she observed to no one but so they could all hear it. "I felt perfectly well when I left her house this afternoon—just before I came here—and Winifred Sidney knows it."

It was said a little too carefully. Brule glanced at her quickly and Andy said:

"Oh, you came straight on here from the Sidneys'?"

Alicia nodded. "I arrived just at the time the thing occurred. I came to see Madge. She hadn't got home yet and as I settled down to wait for her I heard something like a scream. So naturally I went to see what had happened. The door to Rue's room was open. Rue was bending over the nurse. I thought at first, of course, she'd only fainted."

Andy looked at Rue and Rue put down her cup. "Yes, I—I think I screamed. And Alicia came in just after Julie died. But I didn't know Alicia was in the house—" She hesitated a moment.

Alicia continued quite as if Rue had not spoken at all.

"I trust this interest in my doings doesn't mean that I am suspected of having anything to do with the death of a girl I never even saw before."

Steven looked up.

"You've seen her, Alicia," he said mildly. "Lots of times. When Crystal was sick."

THE jet-and-white line of Alicia's eyelids rose and fell once rapidly.

"Oh, yes, I suppose I saw her then. But I wouldn't have remembered the girl. I assure you I didn't put poison in her tea, if that's what you mean. Let me have some coffee, Brule."

"I didn't mean that, Alicia," said Steven apologetically. "You know it wasn't in my thoughts at all."

"A synthetic poison," said Brule thoughtfully, pouring coffee for Alicia. "That can mean anything."

"How can they prove it's murder?" said Andy hopefully. "They can't."

But Brule shook his head. "Those letters, Crystal's death—now this nurse's death the instant police inquiry opened about Crystal. No—"

Andy said: "You think yourself that it's murder. Is that right, Brule?"

"I don't know what to think," said Brule. "But I'd like to know exactly who wrote those letters to the police. I want to know because I'd like to ask why." He said it on the whole rather mildly, looking at a sandwich in his hands. The mildness seemed out of place; then Rue understood it.

HE MEANT that if anyone in that room had written letters to the police, telling them Crystal had been murdered, Brule was giving that person a chance to confess to him why he'd urged a police investigation.

And there appeared suddenly two corollaries to Brule's meaning. One was that all the people close to Crystal and to Brule were in that room. And the second corollary was worse. That was of course that if Crystal was murdered, if Julie was murdered, then someone close to them all had murdered both women. It had to be someone close to them; casual acquaintances don't walk up to you and give you poison. And besides, there was opportunity to take into consideration: opportunity and motive.

Murder has to rise from intensely personal and intensely important motives. It is a last and dreadful resort of urgent emergency. Who then had to get rid of Crystal? Who had to kill Julie before Julie could tell the thing that she'd said she knew. And had said that Rue knew also.

But Rue knew nothing. She'd searched her mind and her memory and there was nothing that gave her the clue of Crystal's death that Julie had expected Rue to know.

Suddenly she thought of Julie's hands, with a rather sickening twinge of horror. Horror—and below it a deep, instinctive question as if the thing held an obscure but important meaning.

Brule was speaking. He was talking again of the letters: "—because whoever wrote them must have had some reason for believing Crystal was murdered. Therefore, if we can discover what that reason was we might go a long way toward getting this thing satisfactorily settled." He didn't say discovering who murdered Crystal.

It was an odd omission. But Rue did not then scrutinize it. For a detective, one who had not yet questioned them, appeared in the doorway and said they were ready now to take general statements from each person in the house and they would then call it a day and Miss Pelham and Dr. Crittenden could go home.

The general statements were taken then and there. Each was fairly brief and there was no inquiry until they came to Madge, although every word was taken in shorthand by the stenographer who appeared on the threshold just as Steven, who was first, began to talk.

Steven said briefly that he'd been working all day in the studio; he didn't know that Julie Garder had arrived at all; the first he knew of the murder was when Gross came to tell him; and that he knew nothing at all about it. Mrs. Hatterick and Miss Pelham had been in the room when he reached it. The body had been on the rug before the hearth; a tea tray was on a small table. No, he knew of no reason for the dead girl's suicide or murder.

ALICIA'S statement was even briefer; she'd just reached the house and was waiting downstairs for Madge to return from school when she'd heard a scream upstairs; she went upstairs and found Mrs. Hatterick bending over her friend (Guy cleared his throat just there and Alicia flashed a look at him but amended it quickly)—"I mean, Julie Garder." She said nothing that openly cast suspicion upon Rue, however, except that her statement was so extremely brief and noncommittal that it could be amplified at any time, and as she chose to amplify it, later. She did not look at Rue once.

Andy, next, said he'd come at once when Gross told him over the telephone what had happened. The girl was dead when he and Dr. Hatterick looked at her. Dr. Hatterick had called the police.

"Did you notice anything unusual about the body?"

"Nothing," said Andy. "Except that it seemed a case of violent death—so far as we knew, the girl was in good health."

The detective's eyes retreated.

"Miss Madge Hatterick?" he said.

Madge, as if she had been waiting her turn, said instantly:

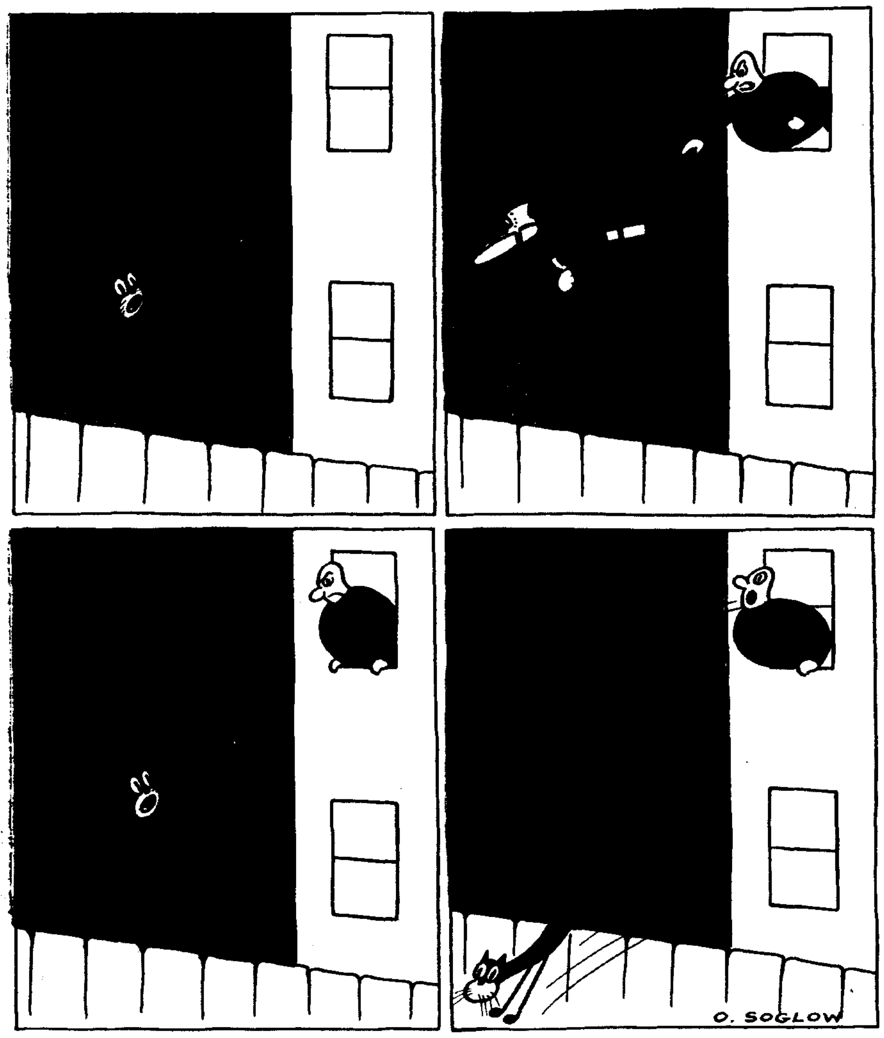
"I am Madge Hatterick. And I want to tell you something."

She stood up as if to speak with more authority; her face seemed suddenly mature and very determined with its square jaws and bright, dark eyes. She pushed her dark hair back and looked straight at the detective. Brule looked startled; he went to her and said to the detective:

"My daughter is barely fifteen. She knows nothing of this and I would appreciate it if you—question her as little as possible. I cannot imagine her testimony being of any possible value; she's only a child—"

"I'll say what I have to say," said Madge; "you can't stop me. I may be young but I have eyes and there've been things happening in this house. Things you ought to know—"

Brule was white. He put one hand on Madge's shoulder and held it so tightly that Madge winced but stared defiantly back at him, his living counterpart. Except, as Steven had said, she was like Crystal inside.



"You're in love with her," she said to Brule in a furious voice. "You're in love with Rue. You can't see how wicked and cruel she is. Who killed my mother? Tell the police who murdered my mother. Tell them—"

"*Madge!*"

"I won't listen to you. I'll tell them. I'll tell them who was alone with my mother before she died. I'll tell them everything I know—"

Guy was for the first time concerned. "Stop that, Madge. You don't know what you're saying. You're a silly child. Look at me. Madge. I've known you since you were a baby. I'm your godfather; have I ever been unkind to you or have I ever lied to you? Answer me. Have I? No, look at me; don't look at Rue or the detective or anyone else. Look at me."

He pushed Brule aside and put one hand under Madge's chin. Unwillingly she met his eyes. Guy smiled.

"There now, my dear. Listen to me; when you say anything you must be sure it is the truth; it must be something you could prove if you have to. You can't accuse anyone of anything at all just because you don't like that person. You—"

"All right, Cole, all right. I've got to have a statement. Now, then, Miss Hatterick, go right on talking. What do you know about this? Did you know Miss Garder?"

MADGE hesitated. Guy took her hand and linked her arm around his own in a sympathetic way. Madge started to speak, stopped, said sullenly: "Yes. She was my mother's nurse. One of them. The other was Rue."

"What time did you arrive home this afternoon?"

"About five-thirty; I was late; we were rehearsing at school."

"In fact, the police were here when you arrived?"

"Yes."

"That's enough," said Brule. "Isn't it? I mean, it's evident that my daughter knows nothing of it. And she—she is under age; I mean, you can't accept—"

Guy interrupted quickly: "That's a good girl, Madge. Anything that's the truth, remember." He looked at the detective. "You haven't a statement from me yet. I was here before the police. Dr. Hatterick telephoned to me at once; I came in the side door and—"

"What side door?"

"The door into Steven's studio; I crossed through the back yard from my own house."

"Was that door unlocked?" asked the detective."

Guy blinked. "I—why, yes, as a matter of fact, it was."

The detective looked at Brule.

"Is that door always unlocked?"

"Why, I don't know. The room belongs really to my brother-in-law, Steven Hendrie. How about it, Steve?"

Steven, looking ill and tired and disheveled, still in his sweater with his hair rumpled, looked up wearily and said he didn't know.

"It's usually locked at night. I don't know whether it was unlocked today or not."

The detective looked thoughtful.

"There's a back way into the place. Where were you, Mr. Hendrie, when the girl died?"

"In my studio, I suppose. I'd been there all day. Certainly no one came into the house that way; I would have known it."

"Mr. Cole, here, came in that way."

"That was afterward," said Steven. "I'd gone upstairs."

"Then while you were out of the room anyone could have left the house?"

Steven's face brightened a little. "Yes. Yes, certainly. Yes, of course."

"And anyone could have got in the same way," said the detective. "However— Well, I guess that's all for the moment, Dr. Hatterick."

"You mean," said Alicia suddenly, "I may now go home?"

The detective glanced at her. "If you want to," he said briefly. "Leave your address and hold yourself ready for further inquiry. That goes for all of you." And he walked briskly out of the room, followed by the stenographer.

Steven broke the little silence their departure left.

"Does that mean they think it really is murder?" he asked Guy.

"They're darn' certain of it," said Guy and sighed and drew his thin, colorless eyebrows together. "One good thing, they're not making any arrest tonight; that'll give us time to see where we stand. They want to be pretty sure of themselves before they make it very hot for a man of your position, Brule. So far, they've been pretty decent. Didn't even separate you as witnesses; didn't threaten arrest. Only room in the house they've set off and searched is Rue's room; they practically looted the medicine cupboard in your bathroom, Rue."

Her room! They were looking for poison, of course, in the medicine chest; it wasn't a nice thought. She reviewed rapidly in her mind the little stock of cold preventives and headache tablets that must have been in the cupboard, nothing that wasn't in every medicine cupboard and, as a matter of fact, an extremely small and scant supply. Except—what had she done with her nurse's bag containing a large supply of sedatives, left over from her nursing equipment—large and almost untouched and including almost every sedative procurable at the supply druggists'. What *had* she done with it? She couldn't remember and Guy must have seen alarmed recollection in her eyes, for he said: "I'll see you tomorrow, Rue, and talk things over. I'll see you all. But don't worry too much," he added with a cheeriness that rang false in Rue's ears. "I've seen funny breaks before now when everything seemed to be sewed up tight. I gather you want to retain me, Brule?"

"Yes—I do."

"Okay. Now then, Alicia—"

Alicia rose and stood with her arm around Madge's shoulders. "I'm going home," she said. "They can't stop me."

"Please don't go, Alicia. Stay with me," cried Madge. "Please, Alicia—"

SOMETHING twisted in Rue's heart; she'd have been so unutterably glad if Madge had turned to her. But Alicia was looking down into the child's adoring face, smiling a little sadly.

"I can't stay, dear; your father's here and Steven. You needn't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid," said Madge, "but I—I just want you to stay; please, Alicia. You can sleep in my room and I'll sleep on the couch in my dressing room; Father, ask her to stay with me."

Alicia looked at Brule and Brule looked at Alicia: Alicia's glance went almost instantly away again but Brule's remained steady and impenetrable.

Brule said, addressing Madge, "I'm sure she'll stay if you want her."

And Alicia looked at Madge, hesitated, smiled and shrugged lightly. "If you need me," she agreed. There was an odd little smile on Brule's lips; Madge said quickly: "Come with me, Alicia. I'll show you—"

It was in the little confusion of Madge and Alicia leaving the room, and of Brule being called to the dining room with Guy bouncing along beside him, and Steven wearily and quietly disappearing somewhere, that Andy was for a moment alone with Rue. He had been upstairs to get his coat and came back into the room, hat in his hand and coat over his arm.

"Rue," he said, and put down his coat

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and hat and came to her. "You're alone? God, what a mess. Listen, Rue, tell me quickly; I thought I'd never get to see you alone. Exactly what did happen? Nobody can hear. Brule and Guy are talking to the police and nobody's in the hall; what did Julie tell you? What happened?"

Rue leaned her head wearily on the back of the chair and looked up at him. It seemed years since the previous night—when he had taken her in his arms and told her he loved her and had loved her for a long time. He was remembering it, too; his eyes sought into her own deeply; he took her hand with a boyish, anxious gesture and said, low: "Poor darling. Oh, my sweet, why didn't you go with me last night! I was afraid it would be bad, but I never thought of anything so bad as this. Rue—"

"Don't, Andy. I'm so—tired."

"I know, darling." He glanced at the door. "Tell me about it; hurry, Rue. What did Julie know?"

"I don't know, Andy. She tried to tell me something but kept saying she mustn't, that she couldn't trust her memory, that it was something I knew, too. But I don't—at least I can't think, I can't remember—it was something she expected me to know but I—I don't, Andy. Who could have killed Crystal?"

"Do you think Julie knew?"

"I—I'm afraid so," said Rue almost whispering. "It's—there's no other reason for her death. Julie wasn't the kind to commit suicide."

ANDY pulled up a footstool and sat down near her. "Now, Rue, tell me exactly what she said: words, phrases, everything. Quick."

It struck Rue as rather curious that when she'd finished he said almost what Brule had said.

"For God's sake, Rue, don't tell anyone what she said. You haven't, have you?"

"That's what Brule said. No, I didn't tell the police. I—"

"Brule!" said Andy. The queerest look came into his face; he said after a moment, "You mean you told Brule all this?"

"Yes—naturally. Why not?"

Andy stared at the floor. "No reason," he said finally. "Only—only be careful, Rue. If Julie was murdered to keep her from telling anything she knew you—oh, my God, Rue—" He turned swiftly and impulsively and took her hands and held them to his face, caressing them as one would a child. "If I could only be with you. All the time. Every moment. You—you must be protected, Rue. You are so—so sweet," said Andy and kissed her fingers.

It was just then that Brule came to the door. They heard his footsteps and Andy released her hands but was still sitting at her feet when Brule entered.

He gave them a quick look; it was a look that revealed nothing. He said quietly: "Your taxi's waiting, Andy. See you in the morning."

"Right," said Andy and rose. "Good night, Rue. Night, Brule."

After he'd gone, Brule turned to Rue.

"You'd better take the small guest room tonight, the one next to my study; I told Gross to have it made ready for you. Go to bed, Rue. If you want a sedative—"

She shuddered, remembering Julie. Brule said coolly:

"Better lock your door tonight, Rue. A thing like this—there's no telling where it may end."

The queer thing was that in the night she remembered what Brule had said. Quite clearly and sharply, as if he were saying it again, warning her.

The trouble was she hadn't locked the door.

That was quite late, after Brule had been summoned away to see a patient. It was the ringing of the telephone that awakened her out of a troubled, haunted sleep that wasn't quite sleep nor was it quite sensible awareness. But the telephone brought her instantly over the border line into real sensibility; she could hear it plainly through the closed door between the small guest room and Brule's own study; could hear the low murmur of Brule's voice in reply.

She heard, too, for the house was quiet, the subsequent closing of the door from Brule's suite into the hall in about the time it would have taken him to dress, and presently another low murmur of voices from somewhere in the hall. She sat up, listening; she didn't know whether there were still policemen in the house or not; had they left a guard in the house to see that none of them tried to escape?

Whether or not that was the case, there was after a while a muffled closing of the heavy front door as if by a cautious hand. She didn't hear, couldn't have heard from that room, the sound of the car. But she knew after two months of marriage what the telephone in the night and the closing of the front door meant.

"Once around the park, Clancy!"

GARDNER REA

THE house seemed extremely quiet after Brule had gone. Everyone was asleep—or if not asleep, then lying, as she was doing, staring into the dark, thinking and trying not to. Whoever Brule spoke to in the hall outside might have gone with Brule for all the further sound he made. There was a feeling of emptiness and deep complete silence.

Lying there in the dark room, she began again (as she was to do so many times) to go over in her mind the whole course of events as she knew them.

There was, of course, a line of specious reasoning they could take; that was that Julie had accidentally given Crystal the drug that killed her and then herself committed suicide when the police inquiry at last opened.

It was specious; Rue knew that Julie hadn't committed suicide; there'd been confusion and bewilderment and fuzzy, fumbling attempts to talk to Rue, but no purpose and no knowledge of her own state. Besides, she knew Julie; Julie would have faced even so tragic a mistake rather than suicide.

Furthermore, knowing Julie and knowing as she did the nursing routine for Crystal, a mistake that would have caused Crystal's death simply wasn't possible. She also knew that there was no drug used in treatment, there was no drug available, that could possibly have been substituted by accident for medicine; such a substitution would have had to be intentional.

BUT she thought from what she saw of Guy's and Brule's attitude that such a line of defense might be in their minds. Or perhaps in Guy's mind alone. There was no surmising Brule's intentions.

She wondered what time it was and turned to see her small bedside clock. Somebody—Rachel, the upstairs maid, probably—had brought into the guest room the things Rue would need for the night—pajamas and dressing gown and slippers, toothbrush and sponge and cigarettes and the little, alligator-covered traveling clock that always stood on her bed table. It was a worn and shabby little clock; how long had she had it and how many weary night hours had its luminous little face marked for her? She could see it now, a glowing halo across the room on the table by the door. It was too far away for her to discern the exact hour; about three, she thought, trying to see through the darkness.

She lay there watching it merely because its small face was luminous against the blackness all around her.

Watching it and thinking. Gradually becoming aware that her thinking was slower, hoping it meant sleep was approaching.

There wasn't any sound. She was sure of that.

But all at once, quite suddenly, the small luminous halo vanished.

She opened her eyes wider with a jerk; she'd slept, of course. And closed her eyes and—but her eyes were open now and the small spot of light wasn't there. It wasn't anywhere in that wall of blackness.

She didn't move. Even her heart seemed to stop and wait and listen.

Queer that it seemed as if someone was in the room. Where no one could be.

But she hadn't locked the door. Brule said to lock the door, and she hadn't. And he'd said coolly: "A thing like this—there's no telling—"

It was just then that all at once the little luminous halo of the clock became visible again. As if a hand had passed between her and the clock and blotted out its small light and then been removed.

A hand—or some other moving object. A man, say, passing as silently, literally, as a shadow between her and the clock.

There still wasn't any sound.

But stronger than anything was the sudden conviction that now she was alone in the room.

Alone—yet there had been no tangible evidence of anything else in the room—except the clock.

After a while she forced herself to reach for the bed lamp. Light in the room proved its emptiness. It was a small room—its ceiling too high for its other dimensions so it was like a little box done in sea-green chintz and a few old comfortable mahogany pieces, bed and small dressing table and a chair or two and the table—across the room because there was no space for it beside the bed. There were three doors actually in the room; one leading into a small washroom with a shower because it was too small for a tub, another leading to Brule's study, closed, with a delicate Japanese panel concealing it, and the door into the hall.

A glance convinced her; she rose and locked the door into the hall and pushed aside the silk-embroidered panel to try the door to Brule's study, which was locked.

She had slept and dreamed. That was the explanation. She turned off the light.

But she didn't sleep again until objects in the room were beginning to have bulky shapes and she heard Brule return. There was again the sound of voices—prolonged this time as if in discussion. But after a while Brule's study door closed softly.

IT WAS when morning came, gray and cold, with Rachel bringing her breakfast tray and Rue hurrying to unlock the door, that the real threat the night had held came to light.

Rue, hair brushed and a warm, woolly bed jacket around her, looked wearily at the tray.

"The mail hasn't come yet," said Rachel. "Shall I throw this out, Madam?"

"This?" thought Rue and looked.

Rachel was standing beside the small table near the door, holding a tray with a thermos and glass on it in her hand and looking dubiously at the empty glass.

Empty?

"What do you mean?"

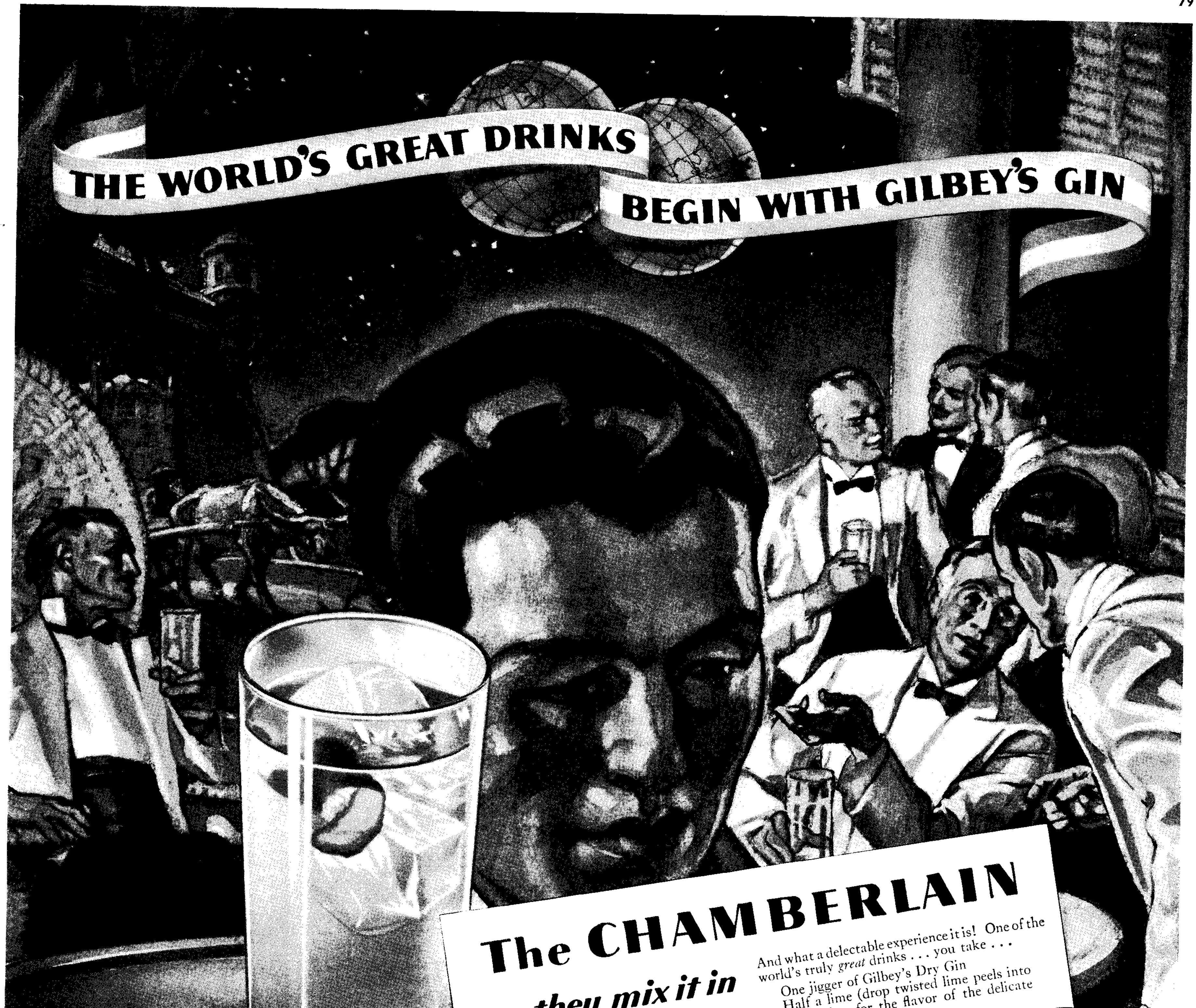
"This," said the girl. "The powder in the glass. Medicine, I suppose, Madam."

The breakfast tray clattered perilously as Rue pushed it aside and scrambled out of bed.

"Let me see."

She took it in her fingers—as she ought not to have done. She looked incredulously at the small sifting of a kind of gray-white powder in the bottom of the glass.

*(To be continued next week)*



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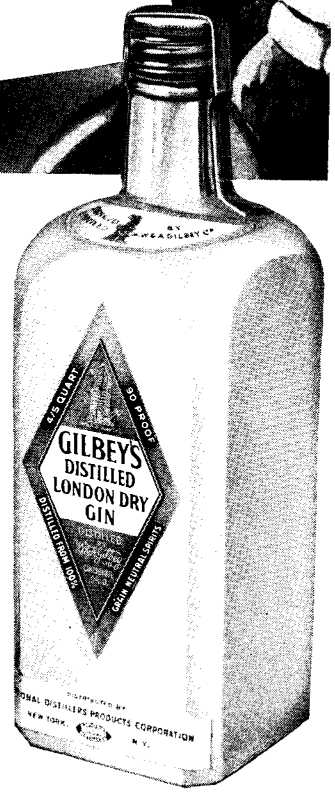

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# Man in the Saddle

Continued from page 71

Cultus Charley murmured: "Not far, not far."

They stood in a half circle, watching Merritt. Silence lay long and thick and warm under the trees. The scent of dust held on. Merritt rubbed a hand across his cheeks. He pushed himself from the tree, limping over to his horse. He made two tries before reaching the saddle. A little stain of blood showed through his trousers. "Well," he said, "let's go down to the house."

"Dutcher's still in this country," pointed out Lankershim.

"Let him do the hunting," grumbled Merritt.

They rode around the knob, keeping well off the occasional little trails streaking through the timber, and came upon Lankershim's meadow. This they avoided, descending the steady slope leading toward Merritt's house. Christmas Creek curved out of the shadows and fell with them. They watered their horses, afterward going deeper into the timber. Presently Pay halted.

"No," he said, "I ain't goin' down there yet. Dutcher's around, damned if he ain't. I'll be along later. Charley, you come with me. I'm goin' to camp by the main trail and see what I see. We'll be close by."

There was the sound of a quick-running horse on the trail, whereupon Dutcher motioned to the men with him. They pulled off the trail and from this concealment saw Tuck Ring rushing up. Ring had followed Isberg but Ring was alone now. When he was near enough, Dutcher called to him and came out of the timber. Dutcher's challenge had turned Ring into the trees; he took his time moving out to Dutcher.

He said: "Where you been? Where you been all this time? Porky's dead and I dunno what happened to Tip. Hale Everett is gone. They all just faded. So I faded. Isberg's dead, that's plain certain. His horse drifted up from the timber. I heard shootin' somewhere. Then his horse drifted up. He's dead. Where the hell have you been, Dutcher? We sure got caught! What'd you split the bunch for?"

DUTCHER looked at the other men. Jack McGinnis gave him a wry, hard grin. "It is too bad," he commented. Then he added: "But there's still Merritt. And the woman. You got your wish, didn't you? Well, you're a cool one, with other people's skins. Only, it ain't over yet."

Dutcher said: "You boys cut back to Skull. I'll be along."

When they left, Dutcher crossed the trail, circled Lankershim's meadow and hid his horse a good distance from the house. He dropped into Merritt's yard by the back road, went over it and stopped in the kitchen. He kicked away the broken rubbish around his feet, saw a tin dipper, and remembered then that he was thirsty. He took up the dipper and walked back to the well on the porch.

There was a little stale water in the well bucket, which he dumped on the porch floor; then he drew a fresh bucket and had his drink. He sloshed the rest of it around his face, and entered the house. All the doors were broken from the hinges and all the windows smashed; and though he tried one room after another, none of them seemed to suit him. There was one door inside the house that hadn't been bothered, one that closed off the attic stairs. He pulled this open and sat on the stairs, bringing the door against him until it was almost shut. Through the narrow crack thus made he had a view of the back doorway and the kitchen. Seated there while the moments went by, he rolled himself a cigarette.

After leaving Dutcher, the Skull riders turned through the hills, heading for home quarters in complete silence. Somewhere near the main trail along the ridge of the hills, Jack McGinnis suddenly slapped a hand across his thigh and reined in. He looked at the rest of the crowd—a smart, sly man who never let his eyes or ears miss anything. He had been on the dodge all his mature life, and his own skin was his chief concern. He said now:

"I guess not, brethren. The old man's dead and I ain't so sure about this business. I'm going into The Wells and get me a meal and a drink. Then I just guess I'll keep goin'."

They remained in a solemn circle, studying it out. There wasn't a man in this party who didn't have something to run from. There wasn't one of them who could ride a trail without needing to look back. So they studied it, silently and taciturnly, under the fresh morning sunlight. Mike Strange said, "Maybe," and turned his horse. Presently, saying nothing more at all, Strange and Jack McGinnis trotted down the slope toward the Piute and toward town. The others headed for the ranch.

EACH of these ten long days had brought its increasing suspense and its added weight and its deeper loneliness to Sally. Isberg made but one trip to the place, leaving immediately after their painful interview. Helen Tague came up from Wagon Rim two days later, stayed a short while and went away. Afterward silence closed in and there was nothing to do but to wait and to go over the old thoughts again in search of some answer she could not find. She kept telling herself, "There's got to be a way. I won't give up." But though she sought it hour after hour, there was no way. The stillness of the house oppressed her and the speechless distance of the home crew angered her and through all this was the everlasting question that would not leave: Where was Owen—how was Owen?

On the tenth morning she rose from a sleepless night, crossed the yard to the horse barn and saddled her own personal pony. She had ridden only as far as the Skull bridge when the ever-present guard galloped forward and rounded her in. He was cool about it, staring at her with a faint boldness—as though she might be easy with a man. It was an attitude she had noticed before, though never so openly.

He said: "Sorry, Miz Isberg. If it was somethin' you wanted from town I'll go get it."

"Ben," she said, "I'm tired of this foolishness. Pull aside."

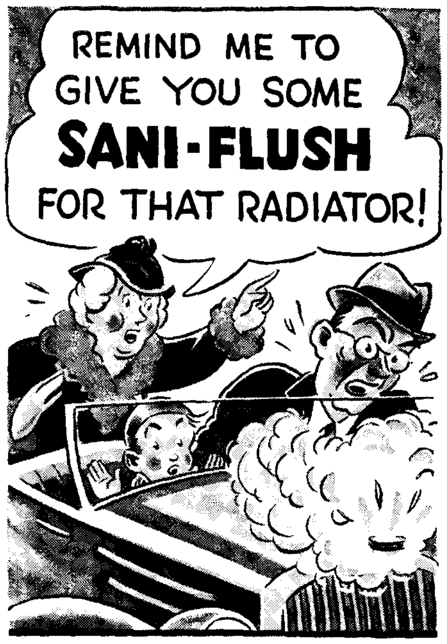
His eyelids stretched rounder, showing some surprise. "Why, I can't do that. Mr. Isberg—"

"Pull aside, Ben. I mean it."

He shook his head, and displayed a small gesture of irritation. This, she realized, was Skull. It had always been a man's ranch; and none of this crew had ever accepted her. She was the intruder. This Ben, now, let her see the edge of his own intolerance. He didn't trust her and wouldn't listen. She was a woman.

She wore a coat against the morning's crispness. Reaching into one of its deep pockets she drew out the .38 she always carried when riding alone. "Ben," she said, as stubbornly even about it as he was, "get out of my way."

He revealed the instant anger of a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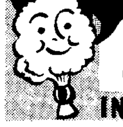

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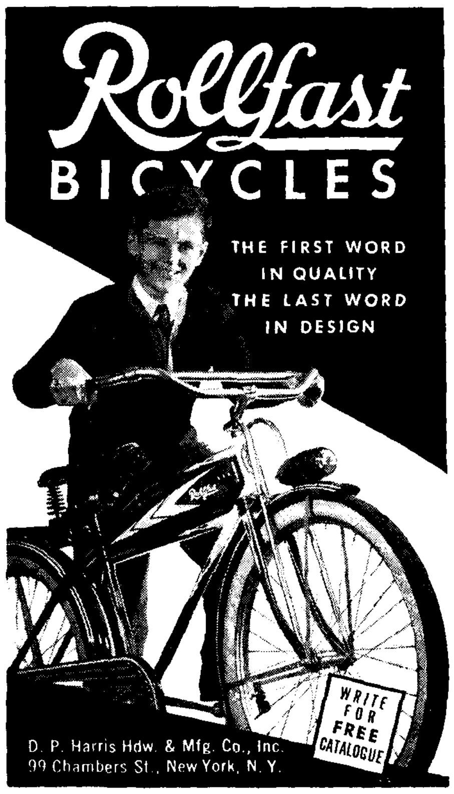

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man physically challenged by a woman. Instead of giving ground he urged his horse toward her, leaning out and extending his arm. He said, "Give me that damned thing—"

She put a shot within a foot of his head, making him haul away. His horse pitched aside, half unseating Ben. He righted himself, punishing the horse with his spurs, and kicked it back toward her. But he kept a little distance between them, cautiously judging her temper. She could see quite distinctly what he wanted to do; she could see that he was on the edge of rushing her again. It made her say:

"You're a fool, Ben. I've carried this gun for years and I could tear your collarbone to pieces before you moved. It might be a good idea. You're a brush-jumper and you run for shelter every time a stranger drops off the rim; just like a dog tucking his tail down. Go on back."

Ben said, between his lips, "We'll see about this, ma'am. We'll sure see when Mr. Isberg—" He had made up his mind she'd use her gun again and so he started away, to be stopped by her sharper voice.

"Come back here and take your hat off."

He said, at once outraged, "I'll be damned—"

SHE put a second shot at him, the bullet's nearness making him flinch. Three or four of the home crew collected back by the house to watch this. Ben rode toward her and removed his hat, a killing blackness in his glance. He said, "Yes, ma'am," and wheeled and galloped away. She started on, but he had reached the group and he was openly cursing her—and suddenly she turned about and charged him. The other hands gave ground. Ben, swinging his horse around, showed her an odd, half-shocked glance. She was a tall girl, almost as tall as this ordinary-sized Ben; and she sat straight on the saddle, willful and composed and thoroughly unafraid. The man was a tough one, as were the rest of Skull's crew, and he hated her and showed it. But her own temper, hard as any man's, had been ten days in the making. She meant to break this Ben. She meant to break the crew to a woman's presence.

"Get down, Ben."

He dropped from the saddle, with a slowness intended to show her his independence.

"Walk in front of me—and run when I tell you to run."

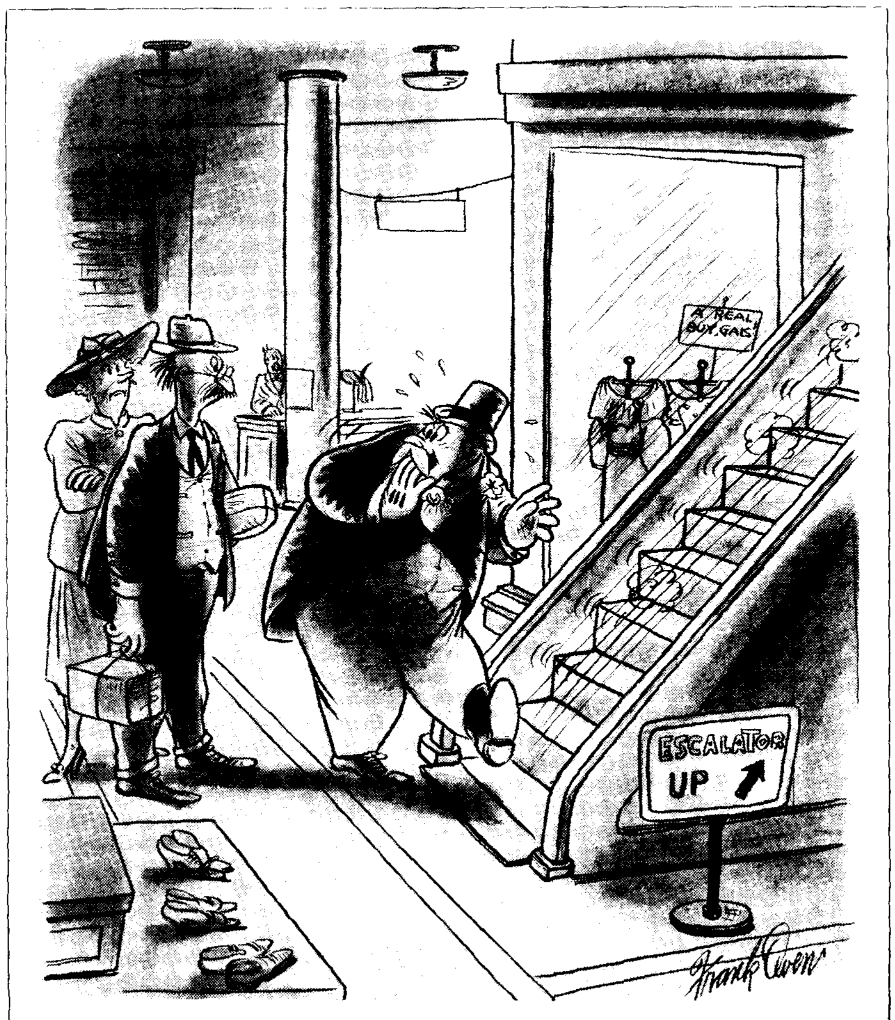
He had long, thin lips. They closed, and his eyes were very black again as he shook his head. He said: "Not from you, ma'am—"

"Ben," she said, "don't make a mistake. I'm not a lady. I'm the Bidwell girl and I was raised among harder men than I think you are. I am going to live on Skull and if I have got to whip some of you boys to make you mind me, now is the time. Get in front of me, Ben. If you stop before I say so I'll shoot you." Then her voice hit him twice as hard: "Damn you, I mean that!"

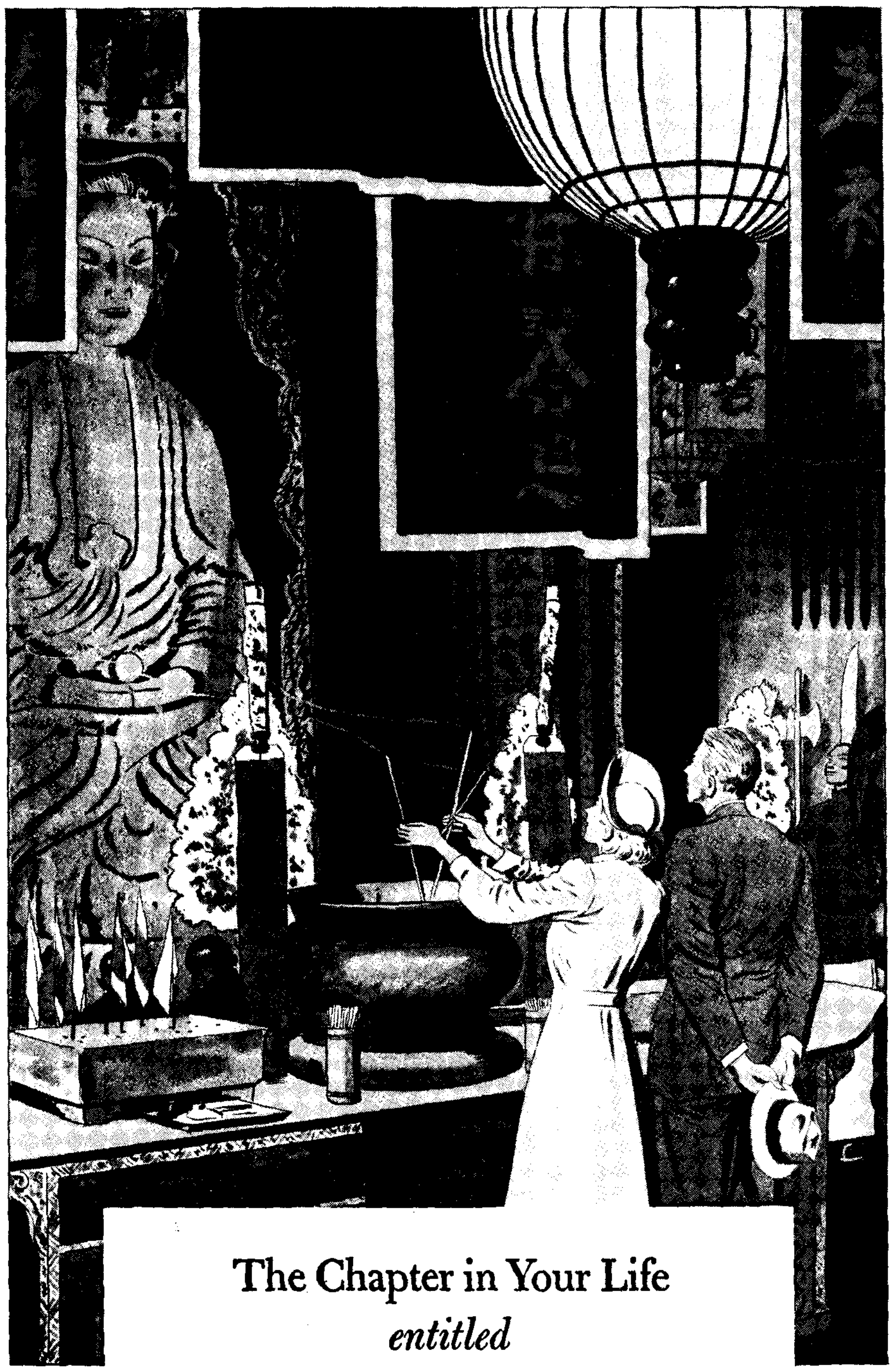
Ben went around her horse. His knees bent and dust squirmed up around his boots. She pulled her horse into a slow trot and watched him run before her with the angular, shambling gait of a rider who had never walked more than fifty feet at a time. Across the bridge she began to hear his breath deepen. At the foot of the long grade up the rim, he turned his face back toward her, showing a strained anxiety. She pointed the gun at him, whereupon he hit the grade, his boots scuffing the rock. Sweat rolled off his face. He sawed his arms back and forth and his head jerked up and down; and when he sucked in air it was like a gusty cry. He looked back once more, halfway up the grade, caught his foot on a rock and fell flat.

She said: "Keep running."

He struggled to his knees and to his feet. His head kept dropping and she saw his legs shake. His mouth was round and wide, faintly purpling at the edges. But he flung himself into a run and went



"Would you mind giving me a little push?" FRANK OWEN



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Her smile, the priest will tell you, now is for you alone: to bring you *Number One good luck* ... to make all your wishes come true! Not only in this largest Chinatown outside the Orient, but in all the days ahead.

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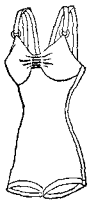

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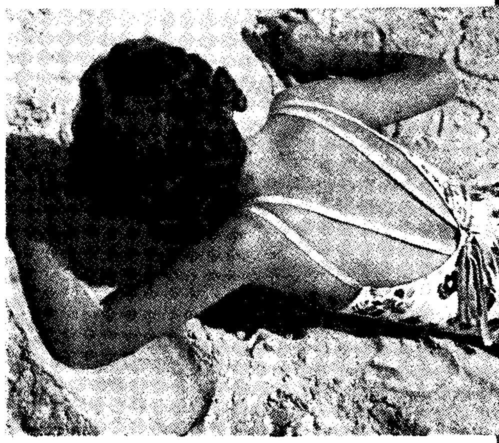
(*Back view*) For suntanning siestas, and a lovely, even coat of tan, you simply untie the waistline bow of these clever "dual control" straps and arrange them in halter fashion.



(*Front view*) Beneath the gay floral print of this B.V.D. maillot, there's a tailored lining cut for lasting fit and comfort. All B.V.D. maillots are fully lined—skirted suits lined through the bust. Maillot, **$7.95.**

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another hundred yards, each pace dragging him lower and lower until his whole body was in a crouch. When he fell, utterly exhausted, he rolled over and was half unconscious.

Sally watched him a moment, without pity, and turned to see the distant men in Skull's yard observing this. It was a lesson for them. Afterward she reached the rim and fell into a steady canter across the high flats, going toward The Wells.

In town she went directly to Sam Nankervell's blacksmith shop. Sam was her friend and a notorious gossip.

"Any news come into town yet, Sam?"

He said, no, there wasn't, and rested his broad back against the door of the shop and took time to fire up his corncob. Medary, he told her, had gone off on a hunting trip, which was probably smart. Bourke Prine had ridden into town a couple of times, looking for Merritt. Nobody knew where Merritt was. His house had been busted up and he had apparently been cornered and shot. Story seemed to be he had gotten down to Nan Melotte's place. She had patched him up—her front room showed bloodstains. Then she had hit into the hills with him. And that was everything.

"Well," he added, "almost everything."

Sally said instantly: "What else, Sam?"

HE TOOK the corncob from his mouth, reversing the stem and pointing at Shannon's store across the street. "Nan came in this mornin'. She's over there."

Sally caught her breath. "Well, hasn't anyone asked her—"

"No," answered the blacksmith, looking at her directly. "Nobody ain't."

Excitement rushed through her, strong and hard; and fear turned her faintly cold. She murmured, "I will," and went immediately across the street. Nan's horse stood at Shannon's rack. The sun was half up in the sky, shining fully on The Wells' almost empty street, a brown dog lay before the saloon, and a small wind boosted a scrap of paper along the dust. These things she noted with the idle edges of her vision, even while her mind went its own way.

When she stepped into the store Nan Melotte turned from a corner counter and looked at her very casually, for a moment not identifying Sally because of the light shining against her eyes. Then Sally saw the girl's face change a little—change and darken and turn away expression. Shannon was waiting on her; and Shannon's wife was at the back end.

Sally asked: "Did you just come in?"

"Yes," answered Nan.

They were watching each other carefully as the silence lengthened, with feeling lying between them that wouldn't change as long as they lived.

Shannon's wife suddenly called: "Shannon—come here."

Shannon was quite embarrassed, and glad to go. He went immediately toward his wife. Both of them left the store, closing the rear door.

Nan spoke up: "Owen's all right. That's what you want to know, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"He's up in the hills, with Bourke and Pay Lankershim and Cultus Charley." Nan paused, adding another phrase afterward, more slowly: "I think your husband is up there, too."

Sally said: "Was he hurt?" For a moment she let the question lie. But something in Nan's expression made Sally add with an impatient quickness: "I'm talking about Owen."

"Your husband and his crew trailed Owen to his house and shot him in the leg."

Sally said: "Why do you keep speaking of my husband?"

Nan shrugged her shoulders, not bothering to answer. Sally said: "If you were with him so long, why did you leave him now?"

"He doesn't need me any more."

Sally's chin tilted a little higher. "Are you so sure he needed you at all?"

"Yes," said Nan, "I'm sure." Her lips came gently, softly together, and her voice had made a little melody.

"I see," breathed Sally.

"It hurts you," murmured Nan, cool and direct. "It hurts you to think of it. And you'd give anything to know what those days were like. What he said to me and what I did, or didn't do."

"Of course," admitted Sally. And again they were watching each other, so carefully and with so much speculation. "I knew it would be like that," went on Sally. "He's the kind of man to attract any woman."

"THEN," said Nan, with the first appearance of resentment in her voice, "why didn't you keep him? Why did you make the terrible mistake you have made? If he really wanted me, I'd still be in the hills. But he doesn't. You're still in his blood. You always will be. Maybe you're glad to know that. I do not admire you, but I do not blame you for being what you are, or doing what you have done. Only, you have caused him more trouble than you dream. How could you leave Owen, no matter what the reason or the reward, for a man like Isberg? Well, here you are. You have no right to him now, but you don't want to let him go. You still want to have your way with him. What excuse can you have? You made your bargain. It didn't include Owen—so why don't you leave him alone? Or go to him outright? One thing or the other. You can't have everything."

"I know," murmured Sally. "But I'm not going to him. I just wanted to know how he was. I won't be seeing him. Maybe—maybe I could wish you luck."

Nan said, "It wouldn't do any good. I'm like Owen. Half of something isn't enough. I'm leaving the country in the morning."

"Then—" said Sally, and stopped. Riders came into the town at a fast pace. Shannon raced up from the back of the store. By common impulse both women turned toward the street, reaching it in time to see Jack McGinnis and Mike Strange haul up before the saloon. People were coming out of all the buildings, crossing toward the Skull men; and Jack McGinnis saw Sally and strode toward her. There was a thinness to his expression, as though deep in him a grim joke had its way. When he spoke his voice was polite and drawling and ironic.

"Your husband shot and killed Hugh Clagg last night. This mornin' your husband was killed. By Merritt."

He wheeled away, his spurs jingling on the walk. Voices rose around Sally as she stood there. Shannon kept calling, "Where's Merritt? Where's Dutcher?" Nan Melotte touched Sally's shoulder and Sally looked up and saw the look in the girl's face, so dark, so distantly curious. "You see?" murmured Nan, and went to her pony and rode down the street. Sally walked straight to the hotel and up to the room always kept for Isberg. Hoyle Daugherty, who ran the place, called to her, across the lobby: "Sally, I'm—" She didn't look at him; she went up the stairs rapidly and turned into the room. Nan's "You see?" kept ringing through her head. It meant so much. It meant so terribly much.

BOURKE PRINE said: "I don't like this so much, Owen. Dutcher ain't a man to run. He's got too much gall in him, and he hates you like a wolf."

"No," said Merritt. "He wouldn't run."

"Then," said Bourke, "why didn't he come up and help Isberg?"

They quartered the hill, dropping

gently with the grade. Light began to swell through the thinning timber, marking the approach of Merritt's ranch yard. Merritt said, idly and not interested, "He sold Isberg out. Which is what I figured some time ago. But he won't leave the Piute. I made him run once. He wouldn't forget it in a million years. The man wants to run Skull."

"Then," murmured Bourke, more and more dissatisfied, "there's Clagg. We ain't in such good shape yet." He quit talking and, as was his habit, watched his partner with his consistent, close curiosity. The big man showed a rather taciturn expression. Everything was inside, churning its way around and producing a hard, aloof silence. Bourke recognized it, and spoke again: "Kid, I'm sorry you had to be the one to drop Isberg. I wish it had been me."

"Doesn't matter, does it?"

"It makes a difference," observed Bourke. "For you it makes a difference."

MERRITT only shrugged his shoulders, but Bourke knew his partner was thinking, as he too was thinking, of Sally. Sally was in the big man's blood and wouldn't ever get out. Her marriage to Isberg had been a mistake and Bourke, who was no fool when it came to the ways of people, knew that both Sally and Owen realized it was a mistake. It had been something that grew out of a quarrel, something that grew out of pride. Both of them were strong-willed, both of them were individualists. Their courtship, as Bourke well knew, had been a stormy time—reaching the heights and the depths; and then, because they were what they were, she had married Isberg. But they were still in love and now Sally was free again to repair the hard mistake made. Only—and this was the fact that kept sticking in Bourke's mind, aggravating and troubling him—it was Merritt who had faced Isberg and had sent him down to the dust. It put something between those two people, between Sally and Owen: a barrier, a memory, a stain.

Bourke pulled himself out of this analytical frame of mind as they came nearer the break in the timber. Through a between-tree alley they saw the clearing below and the house. The falls began to send back its flat, dashing echoes, and the light brightened considerably. Bourke said:

"I don't like it very much, Owen. Too damned many loose ends around here to trip a fellow. Dutcher wouldn't let go this easy. Don't ride so blind."

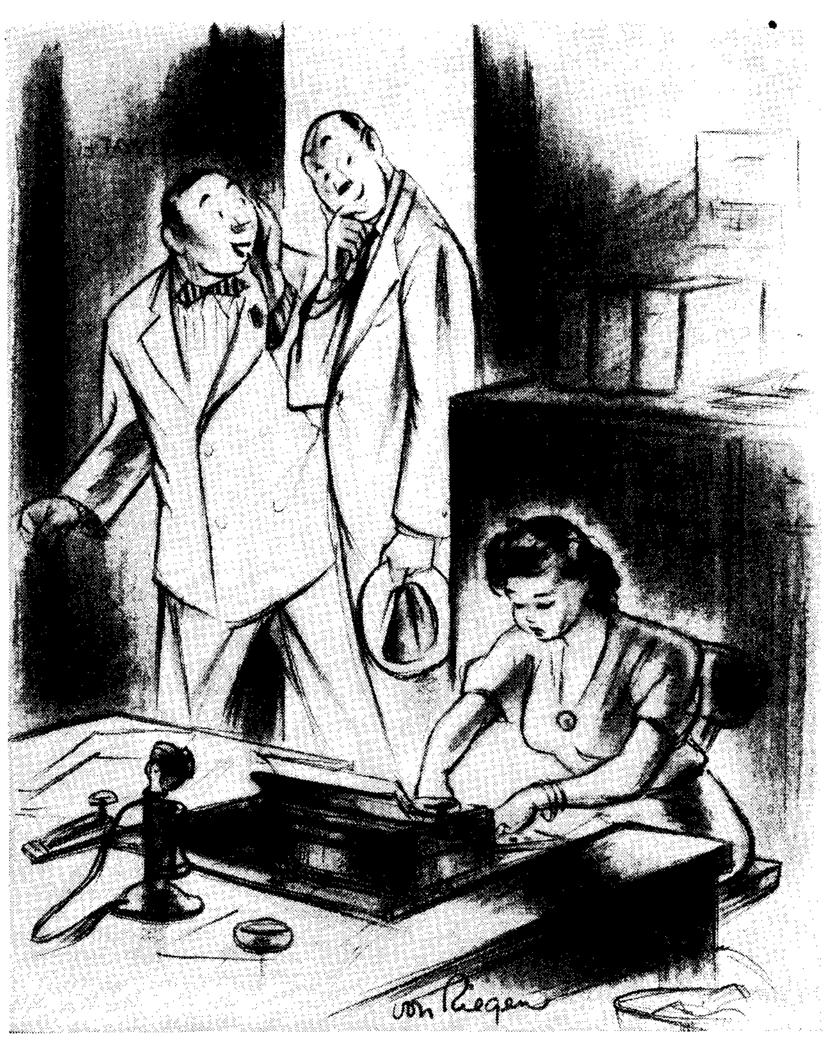
Owen looked at his partner. "It's in the book, one way or another, Bourke. So why worry?"

"It don't hurt to keep an eye peeled. That's the first lesson in my book—and should be in yours. Just wait a minute."

They were at the edge of timber, traveling the back trail, which led them into the yard by way of the barn. Bourke repeated, "Just wait a minute," and rode along the margin of the trees, cutting toward the main hill trail. All this land was fairly open and he spent a good ten minutes angling around the pine trunks. He was only partly satisfied when he returned. "Nothin'," he admitted. "Nothin' at all. But I don't like it."

They came into the yard. Bourke, keyed up by his suspicions, looked around the barn, entered it from the front and trotted through it, coming out the back door. Merritt circled the house, Bourke immediately joining him. All the windows were smashed; both doors were wrecked. They had their quick views of the interior and its littered emptiness. Paused by the front porch, Bourke saw the big man show his first real expression of temper. "They did a damned complete job," Merritt said, "on the house. It'll take a lot of work to put it right. Wonder why Isberg didn't burn it while he was at it?"

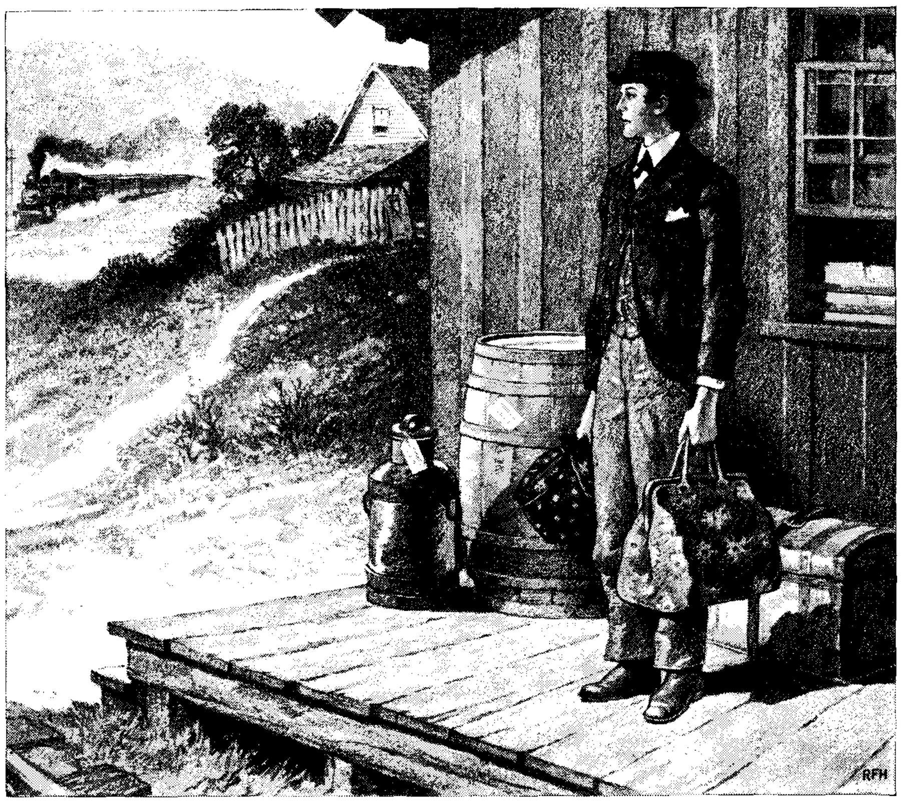
"Maybe," said Bourke, "he was think-



"Confidentially, H. B., she's nothing more than a machine"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



Horace Greeley (1811-72), one of New York's great editors, who served his printing apprenticeship at Poultney, Vt., advised young men to go West to build their fortunes.

"My Dear Son"

The following letter is reprinted here with the hope that it may prove helpful to all young men who face the problem of getting ahead.

My Dear Son,

You are leaving your mother and me today to seek your fortune in new fields.

I can give you no better advice than to quote the words of your grandfather to me when I was your age. He said, "Money is not made; it is saved."

I know that you will do better than I have done. Try always to save something from what you earn even though that something may be small.

Important though money may prove to be later, it is not everything. The feeling of self-respect you will gain through the practice of thrift and self-denial will be worth even more to you than money.

Your loving Father

There are many good ways to save. For the young man on a small salary, life insurance offers the largest protection features with the surest return at least cost. The money you save in other investments *may* be there when you want it; the money you save through life insurance is *sure* to be there when you want it.

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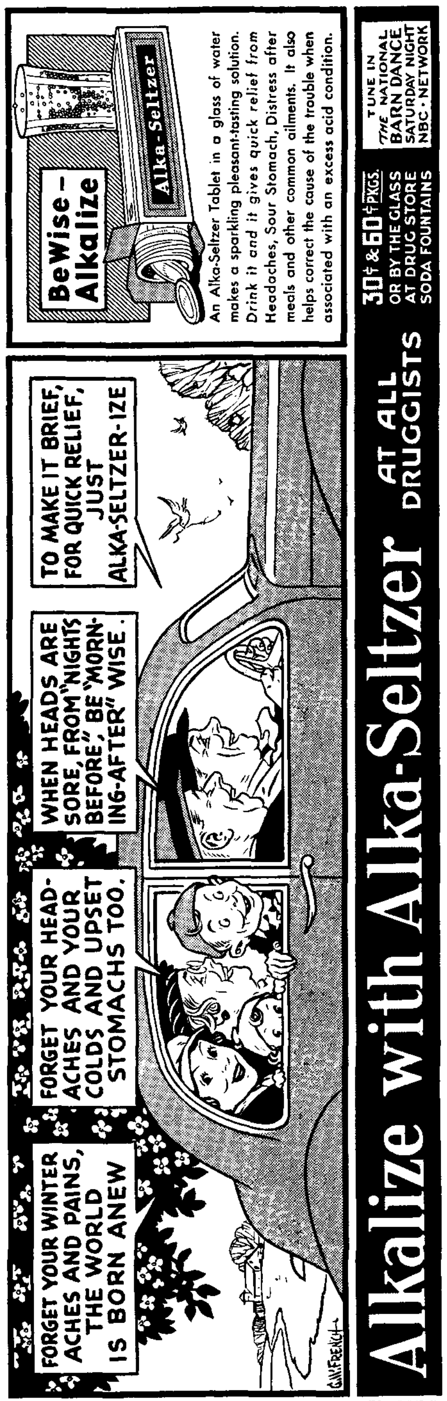
FORGET YOUR WINTER ACHES AND PAINS, THE WORLD IS BORN ANEW

FORGET YOUR HEADACHES AND YOUR COLDS AND UPSET STOMACHS TOO.

WHEN HEADS ARE SORE, FROM "NIGHTS BEFORE," BE "MORNING-AFTER" WISE.

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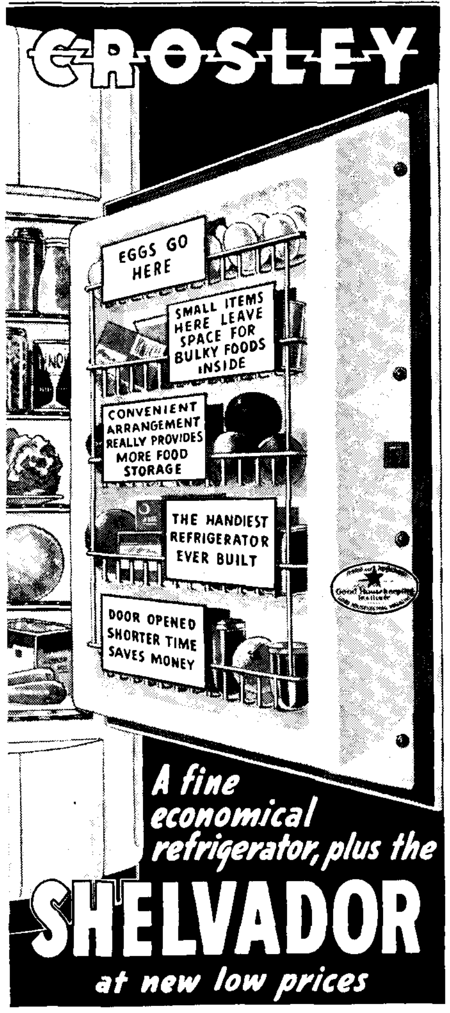
TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC-NETWORK


CROSLEY

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in' it would make a good spot for Skull's headquarters on the south end of the hills. He was a hell of a man to figure ahead. Nobody ever did know just what went on in that little coco."

Merritt, he observed, now considered the Piute with a freshening expression. He was watching Nan's cabin out in the flats; he was sweeping all the far country with a kind of confident, pleased anticipation, as though he returned to old times and was happy over it. Sun lifted in the sky, building up the tawny coloring of the Broken Buttes' slopes, building up the long transverse shadows of the gullies yonder, and turning the floor of Piute a silver-yellow.

Yet, even though the sun fell out of a pure, cloudless sky, there was distinctly in the air the gray shimmer of coming winter. Wind, small and slow, turned the day really crisp.

"Snow any time now," murmured Merritt. "It's a fine country, Bourke. A man couldn't spend his life better anywhere in the world. I'd like to get over into the Fremont before the weather breaks. Just to watch the antelope busting the breeze." He reached for his tobacco, rolling up a smoke with his glance still running the horizon. The sight of all this lightened him. "You know why I didn't meet you up on the knob that day? I had it figured out—to bushwhack and then run. But I got to thinkin'. Why run? This is my country. Wouldn't make any difference where I went, I'd be thinkin' about this spot. I'd be a man on the drift, wishin' I was back. Better be buried here than alive somewhere else.

"Sounds damned foolish. Anyhow, I came down here—and got shot. If there's anything in this business of living at all, it must be to stand fast when the pinch comes. Somewhere along the years every living creature has to make that answer for himself: Stick or run. We're dead soon enough and maybe we miss a lot of fun in going too soon. Still, there's nothing in the world like the pleasure of knowin' you toughed it out and got through! Puts salt in a man's food; it puts wind in his lungs. Makes him feel the blood running through him." He threw a quick side glance at Bourke, and grinned a trace sheepishly. "Now you can take up the collection, brother."

BOURKE had his mind still on the hills. He turned his pony half around the house, watching the timber line closely. After a while he said: "I'm going up there and get Pay and Cultus. I don't like this. Not any. You stay here. Right here, understand?"

"Sure," said Merritt, and watched his partner cross the creek and take the hill trail.

Merritt circled the house again, reviewing the damage done; and came to the rear and got down, going to the kitchen door. Everything lay on the floor. Every dish had been broken. They had knocked the stove off its legs and pulled the pipe down, and thus the wreckage was mixed with a foundation of soot and ashes and glass and crockery fragments.

He reached down to rescue a cup that had survived all this, putting it on the table. Turning back to the porch he took the tin dipper and scooped a drink from the well bucket.

It was then, exactly then, with the water running down his throat and his head tipped up, that certain stray things, idly observed, came home to him with a tremendous jolt. The water he drank was cold and fresh, the dipper handle wet from prior usage, and the scent of smoke came out of the kitchen. It was the pungency of the smoke that told him the man still was in the house.

He had then one of the hard moments of his life, which was to hold himself still and finish the drink and lower the dipper to the bucket without sign of haste. He was cold at once—deeply, chillingly cold. His nerves jerked at him, almost compelling him to swing around. But he stood fast, with his back to the kitchen door while his thoughts raced around the house, exploring it until at last he remembered something his eyes had seen and his mind had failed to understand. The door leading up to the attic, he recalled, stood ajar.

He grew colder and colder, as if a hard, strong current poured from the door, and his heart slugged against his chest and he could feel the reverberation of it in the artery in his neck. The impulse to swing was greater and greater. He swashed the dipper around the bucket, keeping his eyes down—and took a slow step sidewise until he cleared the well box and stood behind it. That move put him out of the direct area of the doorway; it turned him so that he looked into a corner of the kitchen. From this position he could not, without bending forward, sight the attic door.

HE REACHED forward, lifted the bucket, softly stepped from the porch. He put the bucket down and banged the dipper against it to create a little incidental noise, and catfooted around the house. Coming along the edge of the front porch, he sighted the kitchen again through the front door. The attic door was still ajar—its opening facing the other way; and he studied it until he was certain it stood too nearly shut to leave a crack on the hinge edge. The fellow in there had only a one-way view—a view of the rear yard.

Merritt put a foot on the porch step, eased his weight into it and rose to the porch. When he changed his weight to the bad leg, pain started along it, fresh and keen. He had to wait a moment; he had to shift his weight away. Afterward he moved to the front door. A faint spiral of smoke trailed from the attic doorway—betraying the man there. Merritt thought of that carelessness with a grim amusement, knowing it had saved him from sudden ambush. Clagg or Dutcher—he wasn't sure. But he thought it was Dutcher. Clagg was too much of a schemer to overlook little things like cigarette smoke and fresh water in well buckets. Well, it was Dutcher. Skull's foreman was heavy and direct in everything. It would be like him to come here and wait his chance to satisfy a hurt that rankled in his sullen head.

The door moved an inch outward, stopped, and moved another inch, and these moments were longer and longer. Merritt let his right hand drop to the top of his gun and remain there. He was on the right side of the doorway and this, it suddenly occurred to him, blanked his draw unless he threw the gun over his left hand.

He started to move across to the left side of the door, but checked himself when he saw the attic door swing again. A board on those stairs let out a thin, crisp explosion, whereupon the door came wide and Dutcher stepped into the kitchen.

He faced the other way, his big shoulders dropping and his knees bending a little as he looked into the rear yard. This was the way he stood, huge and solid, tensed against the silence and the uncertainty. He was a man with a slow mind, a dogged mind; and his suspicions so strongly flowed toward the back yard that it was a full thirty seconds before some warning crossed the house and reached him. In that time Merritt stepped away from the casing of the front door and came broadside with the opening. Dutcher threw himself wholly around—and saw Merritt.

The most apparent expression on Dutcher's face then was not surprise and not fear; it was a definite chagrin, as though this mistake of judgment hurt

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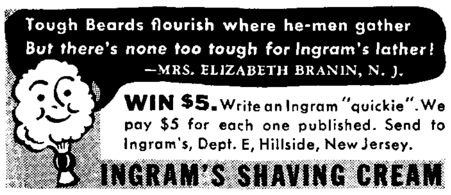
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his pride. He pulled his wide shoulders fully up and his hands made a pushing gesture against the floor. Light struck frosty glints in his round eyes. His lips rolled together and so he stood, granite-sure of himself and controlled by a sullen courage that left no place for any kind of doubt. He never spoke. He took his look and he made up his mind and when he drove his hand toward the gun on his hip his chin dropped a little to give Merritt a fractional warning.

There were two shots, explosion running into explosion. Dutcher's bullet ripped the casing beside Merritt—level with Merritt's belly and within an inch of his hip. Merritt's slug hit Dutcher with a brief, muffled, tearing sound. It knocked the wind from Dutcher and doubled him over. He bowed his head until Merritt couldn't see the changing expression on the man's face and it made him seize the casing of the kitchen's inner door with his free hand. The gun fell out of his fist and his shoulders, so massive and solid, dropped; and that capsizing weight sent him down, face forward into the ashes and soot and broken dishes.

SMOKE sluggishly drifted in the house. A horse pounded the hill trail, with Bourke Prine's hard howl coming before: "Hey—Owen!" Merritt watched Dutcher's head turn and go still, and he knew the man was dead. He put back his gun and stepped away from the door. Prine appeared on the slope, with Cultus and Pay behind. Prine hit the shallow creek hard enough to throw water completely over him. He jumped from the saddle and raced over the porch, his ruddy cheeks stained to crimson from his run. He saw Dutcher lying inside and wind sighed out of him and he murmured, "Good God," and put his arm against the house wall. Pay and Cultus trotted forward to have a look.

Merritt backed away. He limped around the house. He scooped another drink of water from the bucket and stood there, drinking with his legs wide apart. Somewhere during these crowded moments he had thrown undue strain on his bad leg; its ache was steady and powerful. He went to his horse, riding over the yard and waiting for the rest of them. Bourke said: "Where to?"

"Town."

They swung up and quartered along the slope.

Pay Lankershim said: "The rest of that outfit has gone back to Skull. Or they have just scattered."

Cultus murmured: "What they do? Kitchen all bad. Stove busted. Dishes no good. Damn' fellas."

They entered town directly after noon and went into the saloon. Tom Croker stared at Merritt. He came over and seized Merritt's hand. "You sure you want to be around here? Man! I'm glad to see you. We just heard about Isberg."

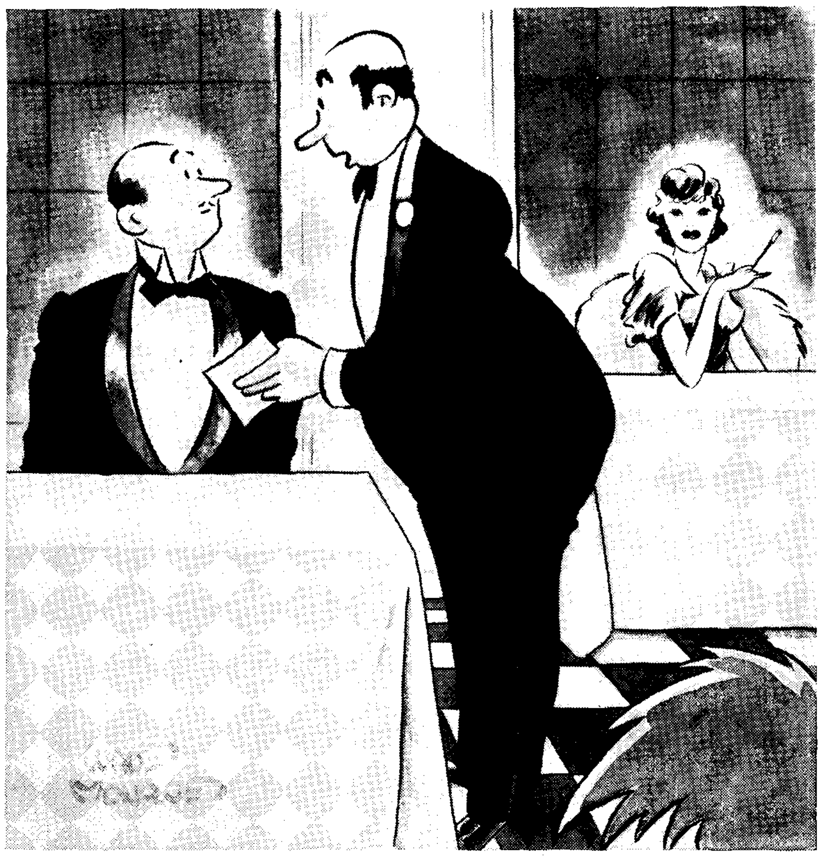
Merritt put down his whisky. "How's that?"

"Jack McGinnis and Mike Strange came through here two hours ago. They said he was dead. They said Isberg killed Clagg last night. You boys know anything about that?"

The four men stood around, thinking of this, solemnly. Merritt said, "Clagg? He could have been a pretty smart man. But something went wrong in his head. Well." He looked at Bourke, at Pay and Cultus; the four of them drank together. Bourke ranged the place restlessly. He stopped at the doorway of the small rear room, staring at the picture of the two riders holding a bear by their ropes. He said: "That fellow didn't know anything about drawin' a horse's hind legs." He came back, leaning on the bar. There was a long silence in the room. Merritt placed both hands on the bar and his head tipped, and he kept watching his fingers. Croker said: "On the house, boys. Have another cheer."

"No," murmured Merritt, "not now, Tom. Thanks." Nankervell and Shannon came into the saloon. Nankervell seized Merritt's fist and shook it vigorously. "That's all right, Owen. That's all right. Have you seen Dutcher any place?"

Bourke Prine, standing a little behind Merritt, signaled at Nankervell with his hand. He shook his head slowly; he pointed his finger at Merritt, and made



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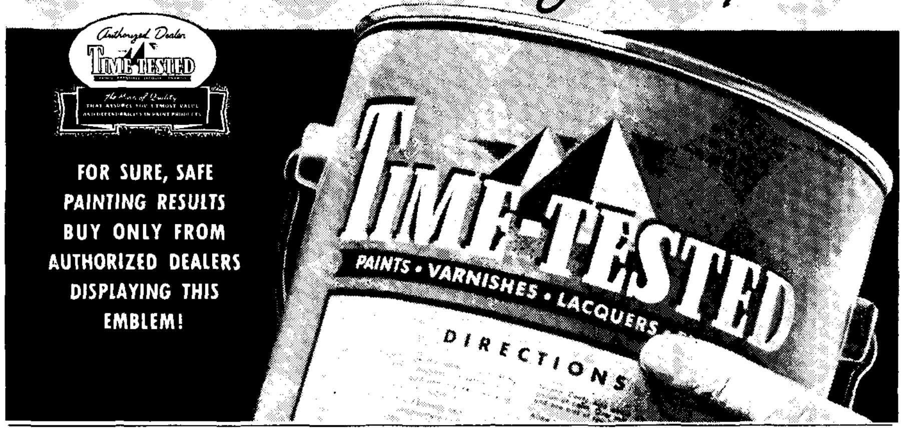

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a dismissing gesture with his palm. Nankervell cleared his throat and changed the question at once: "Goin' any place, Owen?"

The liquor thawed Merritt. It caused him to look up to Nankervell, faintly smiling. "You talkin' about this world or the next one, Sam?"

"You got enough whiskers for a major prophet," said Nankervell.

"I'm going to eat," said Owen. "Then I'm going to run down to Skull."

Other men came into the saloon, making a small crowd here. Nobody said anything for a moment. The silence seemed to mean something. Nankervell removed his corncob and reversed the stem. He pointed the stem through the saloon's back mirror. "That," he remarked, "might not be necessary. If it was Sally you figured to find, she's in the hotel. Been there for a couple hours."

Merritt said, dry and distant, "Thanks," and left the saloon at once. The street was empty and his boots knocked small and quick echoes around the stillness, reminding him of the dismal night not so long back when he had brought George Vird into town. He passed Shannon's store with his head lowered. He walked with his weight unevenly falling, with a limp that turned him to one side each time he used his bad leg, and from her window in the hotel Sally saw this and felt pain each time he swayed. He didn't see her. He kept thinking of George Vird, all across the front of Shannon's and as far as the hotel. Then excitement traveled through him and memory of Vird went away. He took the stairs one at a time, slowly and with difficulty, and found himself winded when he reached the upper landing. He turned toward her room and reached it—and stood there a moment, remembering that slightly less than three weeks ago he had come up the outer stairs to this hall. She had met him in the shadows of this place and had waited for him to take her away. He knew that now; he hadn't known it then. For a moment he lived it all over, feeling even the freshness, the heat of her kiss. Then he drew a long, long breath and said, "Sally," in a level voice.

SHE opened the door to him at once, as though she had been paused on the other side, ready and waiting. She stepped back and let him come in, her eyes widening when she saw how thin his face was. She never took her eyes from him; she watched him with a care and an indrawn interest, with almost an anxiety. Merritt closed the door and rested his shoulders against it.

"Sally," he said, "Will's dead."

"I know—I know."

He said: "We came together in the timber between Corral Flat and my place. After that it was just a question—Will or me."

She listened to him so carefully, she observed the way his face changed as he spoke, the way his wide chest lifted and fell. Heavy whiskers darkened him and toughened him. She didn't have to question him about the fight. She saw it and she heard it, in his attitude and in his few words.

She said: "Owen—have you seen Nan?"

"Not this morning." He looked at her curiously, wondering at the question.

She had brought Nan's name between them so that she might see how the sound of that name affected him; and now, noticing the faint reaction of his features, she had her own private thoughts and very quickly changed the subject. "Are you through now, Owen? What happened to the crew—and Dutcher?"

He said: "The crew, I guess, is scattered. Some of them will be on Skull by now. Dutcher's dead."

"I hated that man," she murmured.

The silence came on again, even while a thousand things pressed against them and waited to be said. She stood in the center of the room, tall and composed, with her lips held resolutely together, as though to restrain any impulsive word that might betray her. About this girl was a certain beauty, born of pride and will. She showed it now, her copper hair making its dull shine in the shadows of the room and her expression holding back so much. She said in a small, husky voice.

"I know, Owen. I know."

"Then," he said, "I'll do no more explaining."

"It's Will," she murmured. "When I heard that you had shot him I knew nothing would ever be right. Between you and me. If there was ever any chance for us, it died with Will. He stands between us, more now than when he was alive."

He said: "What are you going to do, Sally? What—"

But she broke in: "You know it's true, don't you?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes."

SHE came nearer, looking into his eyes with a straining soberness; and her voice then was humble and level, like a little girl's voice: "Owen, I've got all my life to live down a mistake. You were right when you stood here that night and told me someday I'd know what I had done. In these three weeks I guess I've lived a hundred years. You don't know how hard it was. I tried to convince Will I was loyal to him. I was—and I meant to be, always. But he shut himself up and I couldn't reach his mind. I couldn't make him see." She drew a long breath, so serious, so drawn. "Well, I made the bargain, Owen. And there never was a minute in all that time when I ever thought of going back on it. I can be a little bit proud of that. I just want you to know I can take my punishment and not cry. I am taking it now."

She had always owned the power to stir him, and had it still. It was a quality in her he could feel—a kind of sternness toward herself, an honesty she clung to when everything went wrong. He said: "I know, Sally."

She looked at him with a show of eagerness. Her lips were soft and she spoke his name in a way that brought back for a moment a memory of olden times to him. "Owen—how different it might have been! That's what I keep thinking, through all this. I'm going back to the Broken Buttes—back to where I started. That doesn't leave me very much, does it? I wish I could know one thing. It would help a little. It would give me at least one pleasant memory to go on. Suppose I had come to you a week ago, wherever you were—would you have taken me then, Owen? You were in love with me once. Do you still remember? Do those old days ever come back to you?"

He laid his shoulder point against the door casing, easing the solid beating in his leg. He lowered his head, thinking back in some surprise. The girl had been his life. She had put color into his world; she had been in his mind, wherever he rode, like music; he had walked the earth with a swing and with a secret laughter because of her. He remembered, in this room's absolute silence, the fire and the tumult she had wakened in him—and could recall the way her lips answered his own heavy impulses. Where was that now? Here he stood, so quiet and so solemn, trying to bring it back—and as he tried to bring it back Nan Melotte's shape came before him, outlined by the light of the campfire in the tunnel; and then a strong feeling brushed through him, impatient and eager, and he knew suddenly what had happened to him.

He said nothing, but it was all there for Sally to read. She spoke in a sighing, resigned voice: "Of course." Then she came quite near to him, looking up at him, crying out: "How could you forget me so soon? Or forget everything we used to be? How—Owen?"

He shook his head. "I don't know," he answered, very gentle. "But that's the same question I asked about you when I stood in the stairway here, three weeks ago. Things happen and then everything changes and nothing brings the old times back again."

She said: "I hate your Nan. I can't help it—and never will be able to help it. But I wish you happiness. I could never wish you anything else, my dear." She put her arm to his shoulder and at once bent against him. Her head turned a little and lay on his chest, and then this girl, so willfully strong, was silently crying.

He put his arms around her, hard hit. He waited, holding her this way while the long moments passed. Then he said: "Go on back to Skull, Sally. It's yours. You kept your bargain."

She pulled away and turned definitely away from him. She said, with half the length of the room between them, "So long, Owen."

HE WENT out, limping painfully down the stairs and into the street. Bourke and Pay and Cultus were coming up from the saloon, all of them a little mellow from their drinking. Bourke said: "We're going to eat. Come on." But Merritt passed them and got to his horse. He had trouble swinging up; and a small crowd stood on the walk and watched him with a closeness that unaccountably irritated him. Bourke and Pay and Cultus came back to their horses. Merritt said bluntly:

"Dammit, quit trailing me."

But when he turned out of town, heading south, they were behind him. Pay said: "Great Judas, I'm hungry."

"You'll be a hell of a lot hungrier before you eat again," grumbled Bourke Prine.

Merritt ran down the long road, never speaking to them. There was a greater shimmer of winter fog in the day, and the wind had risen and had turned colder. He paced on, seeing Nan Melotte's house rise up from the distance. When he reached it he looked back to find that his three partners had stopped in the distance. He struggled out of the saddle and went into the cabin without knocking.

Nan Melotte was in the center of her wrecked room, waiting. She had seen him coming, and this was the way she met him—color on her cheeks and a reserve in her eyes. He said, not knowing what else to say just then: "A man gets pretty hungry riding this country."

"Was there no other place for you to go?"

"A lot of places," he said. "But none of them seemed to suit."

She was almost severe with him. "You've been to town?"

"Yes. I went to town."

"Owen—did you see her? Did you kiss her?"

"Don't ask me about that, Nan. I'm here now."

She said: "Owen, you don't owe me anything, if it's gratitude or if it's pity—"

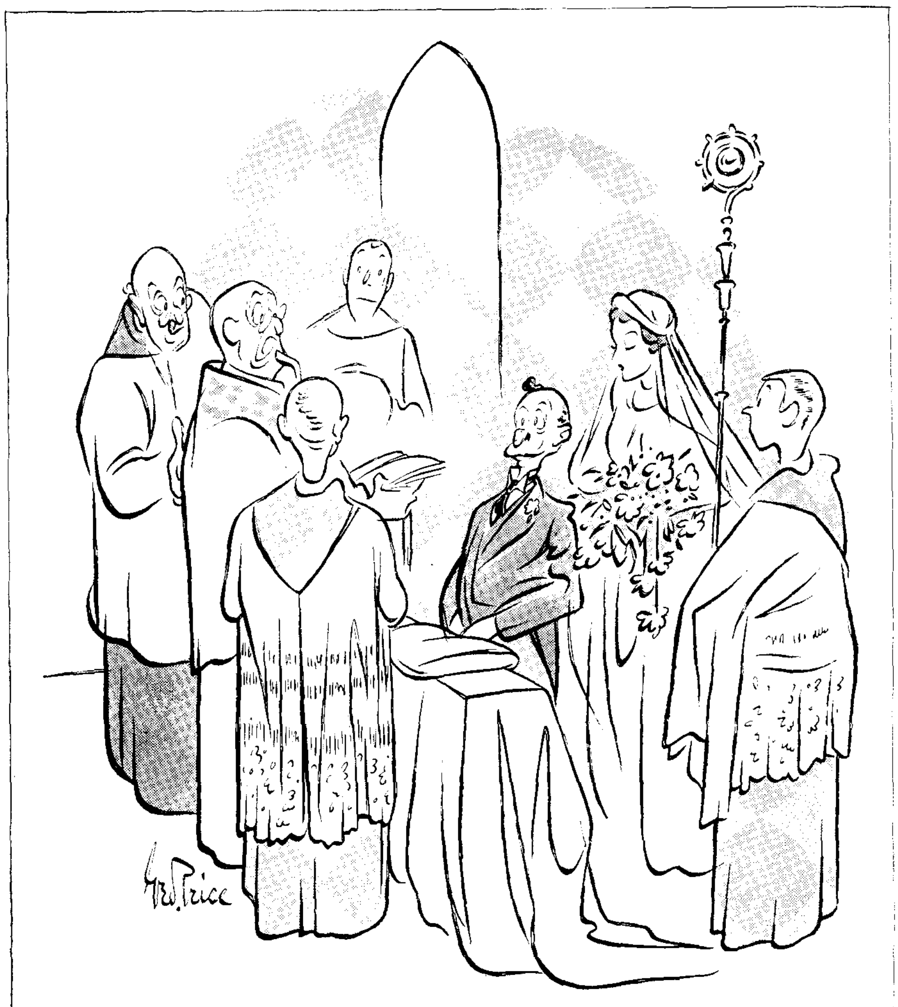
"No, Nan."

She watched him, with her dark face changing, with its severity breaking before softness, before a smile that made her cry. She let out a long breath and came suddenly against him, seizing his arms. "Then," she said, "if you are sure—if you are really sure—"

This was the end of it. She put up her face, her smile unsteady and brilliant and the light in her eyes stronger than before. He bowed his head to kiss her. Afterward, long afterward, when they had forgotten the run of time, they heard Bourke Prine outside the cabin, howling like a wolf.

Nan stepped back, excitement glowing through her. She said: "My dear, everything I am is yours. Everything you are is mine."

THE END



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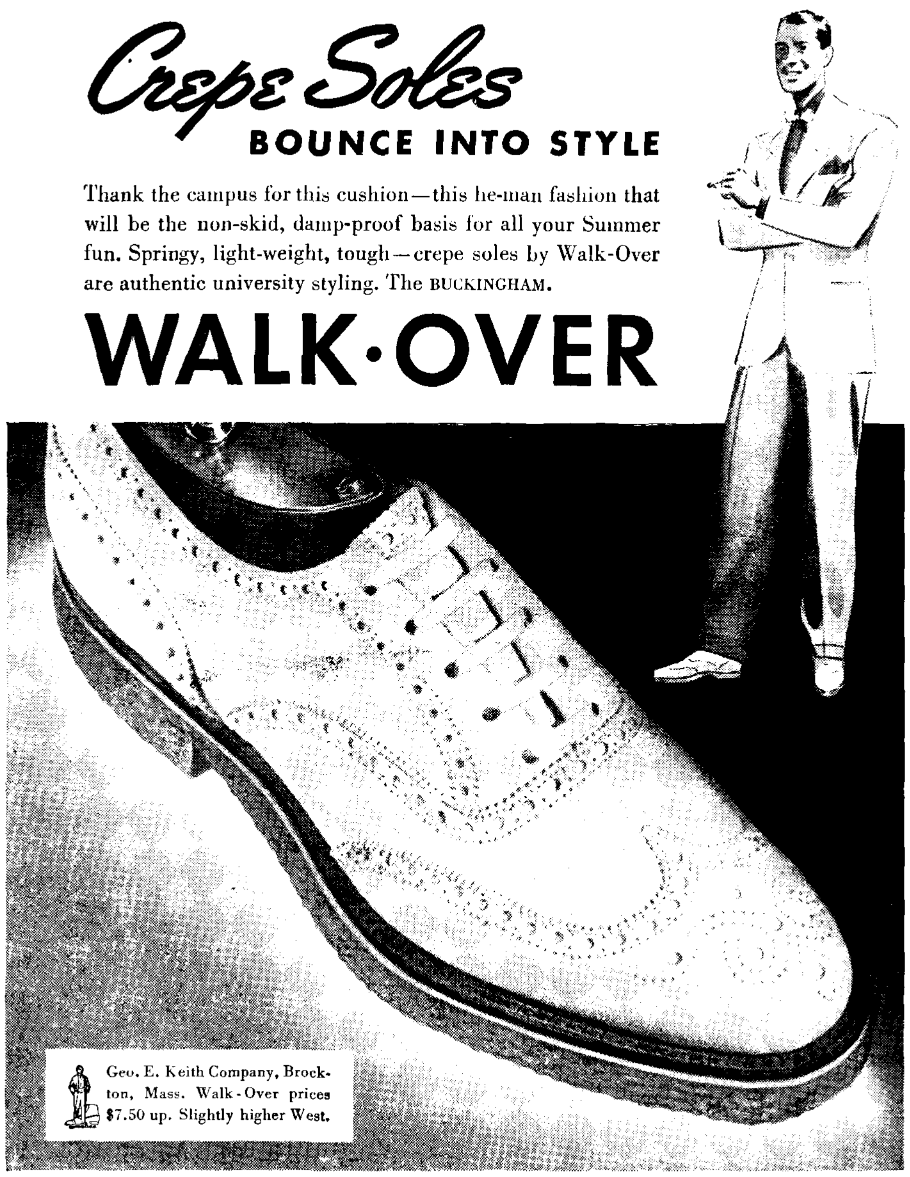

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Buy a *cheap* fan and get half the breeze, a fraction of the life, and that uneasy feeling one has after penny-wise, pound-foolish spending. . . . Buy an *R & M De Luxe Fan,* and enjoy bigger, quieter breezes for the rest of your days! . . . This is the finest fan we make—which means, we believe, as fine as money can buy. Smooth running, with silent, capable broad blades. Distinguished in styling, with an aristocratic black and silver-bronze finish. A five-year guarantee on 25-year quality. These fans are the oscillating type, 10, 12 and 16 inches—$15.95 to $37.50: other R & M fans, $3.95 and up. The best dealers sell them—and *every* dealer knows how fine they are. . . . *Robbins & Myers, Springfield, O.; Brantford, Ont.*

ROBBINS & MYERS Fans

ALL TYPES • ALL SIZES

# Pick Yourself Up

Continued from page 19

relaxation to half an hour or more. We shouldn't. It is one of the best kinds of fatigue therapy, to lie perfectly still with witch-hazel pads over our eyes in a tub of water at about body heat. Forty minutes of this, by the way, is quite enough. It's likely to be weakening to prolong a bath more than that.

There are two reasons for the pickup value of a bath. First, the warm water attracts blood to the skin, and as it moves it dissolves those fatigue toxins. Second, bones weigh less, immersed, since a body loses the amount of weight equal to the weight of the water it displaces. What a relief to be temporarily rid of their load!

### Just Pussycats at Heart

Massage, the lazy person's exercise, also helps. You needn't take it to reduce—that's deep massage. All you need is surface massage, for resuscitation. Many actresses with streamlined figures take it regularly. Sylvia Sidney, weight 101, can't sleep at night without her massage. Next time you are worn to a frazzle, call in the member of your family with the gentlest fingers, and have her rub your back.

"We are all pussycats at heart," says Jean Blackburn, manager of a New York establishment where probably more backs are rubbed than within any other four walls in America. "We like to be rubbed even if it isn't done by an expert. Be careful, though, to have only your back massaged by an untrained masseuse. It is dangerous to practice on the abdomen, chest or even the hands and feet, where delicate arches of the palms can be bruised by too much pressure."

Have your home masseuse use plenty of alcohol, powder or albolene and rub with the heel of the hand, using a kneading motion, gently up and out, always stroking toward the heart, so the blood is not removed suddenly from that vital organ. Have her start at the back of your neck, working down, then begin at the back of the heel and work up. You will need massage most at the back of your neck if yours is a sit-down job; at the small of your back if you are on your feet all day. Douse the skin with alcohol when the powder or albolene has been rubbed off, and let the alcohol evaporate. Don't wipe it with a towel.

If you often have difficulty in getting to sleep at night and home massage is not available, you might try Rose Bampton's method. That lovely and vital American singer says that she often is so tired after a long evening of work with her voice and her personality, that she lies and tosses for hours, unless she jumps out of bed and takes some vigorous exercise for a good ten minutes.

But supposing your circulation is good, with just the right balance between exercise and relaxation, and you *still* feel exceptionally tired, come eventide. Ruling out the possibility that you may be organically ill, about which you should check up with your doctor if fatigue persists in spite of any treatment you apply, it's time to decide whether you may be experiencing one of the other kinds of fatigue. Which brings us to overweight, the cause of more tiredness than most people realize.

If you had to carry a heavy suitcase around with you all day on a shopping tour, you would be much more exhausted when you came home than if you went light-handed, wouldn't you? Well, excess avoirdupois is luggage you can't set down. Every extra pound you carry to your office, school or kitchen is using up your energy in the process. Is your fatigue merely the protest of your bones against the weight they must carry? Try losing a few pounds and see if you have more pep. You may weigh scarcely more than a child and still be too fleshy for your bones.

Take it for what it is worth—the women with most energy in this country today are light eaters, all of them: Mrs. Roosevelt, who never has been seen to take a second helping; Fannie Hurst, who eliminates lunches entirely; Dorothy Thompson, who always leaves something on her plate, no matter how hungry she is; Ina Claire, who eats five times a day—snacks only, never a full meal.

However, one must recognize the kind of fatigue that comes regularly from nutritional causes: that 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. weariness everybody feels. It can be overcome by drinking a cup of broth, tea or coffee in the morning, and eating a small bar of chocolate or some ice cream in the afternoon. Tired spells in midmorning and late afternoon are signs that the engine needs refueling. Fats and oils produce energy more quickly than anything else. Liquids refresh promptly. You don't need much food to cure nutritional fatigue. But by postponing those little fatigues all day long you may avoid a big fatigue at the end of the day.

Sometimes, however, we *want* to be tired. Oh, we don't know it, of course. But psychological fatigue comes when we don't like what we are doing.

Haven't you noticed that tendency to yawn in the middle of a boring lecture? That's psychological fatigue, the purely mental variety. Nothing is wrong with you but an impulse in your brain that goes out and creates a lot of toxins in your bloodstream. If your mind is diverted by Gary Cooper's image on a screen, you don't feel tired at all, though you sit in the same position for exactly the same length of time.

Occasional psychological fatigue won't hurt anybody. You cure it by breaking up the boredom with some recreation you like. If you can't do that, because of circumstances, you can coax your mind away from the monotony that is tiring you by absorbing yourself in an interesting manual occupation like knitting. Rose Bampton is a great knitter, says it soothes her nerves, especially on trains. Mrs. Roosevelt knits quite a lot, too. And if you'll examine the nature of the amazing number of things that remarkable woman in your neighborhood accomplishes, you'll discover that a fair share of them belong in the rest-while-you-work category of knitting or petit point or rug-hooking.

### It's the Way You Work

But if you are fundamentally bored or constantly in mental turmoil, the toxins will permeate your system. Then, according to Dr. David Seabury, the psychiatrist, you must end your inner conflict to shed that tired feeling. You must either find yourself an avocation that will compensate for days of boredom with your regular routine, or make a decision about the problem that is at the bottom of your mental agitation.

Dorothy Thompson, an apparent human dynamo who not only writes a lengthy column every other day, lectures to large audiences, travels frequently on important newspaper assignments and manages at the same time to remain married to Sinclair Lewis, approaches the whole problem of fatigue from a psychological standpoint.

"The great thing with work is to be on

top of it—not constantly chasing after it. I've found, in doing my column, that I draw on my reserves of information and experience, developing my ideas and the way I want to present them, in idleness, apparent idleness—contemplation. I relax to a problem rather than fall on it and wrestle with it. I work under pressure but I do not work in haste. I would rather let a piece of work go for a couple of hours and sit down and complete it at four in the morning, even when I know I must be up again at nine, than try to force it when it comes with difficulty.

"I have a great capacity for being lazy, for doing absolutely nothing at all. Just thinking idly. Or not thinking—associating ideas. And—I spend some hours of every day alone. Absolutely alone."

### Music Soothes Nerves

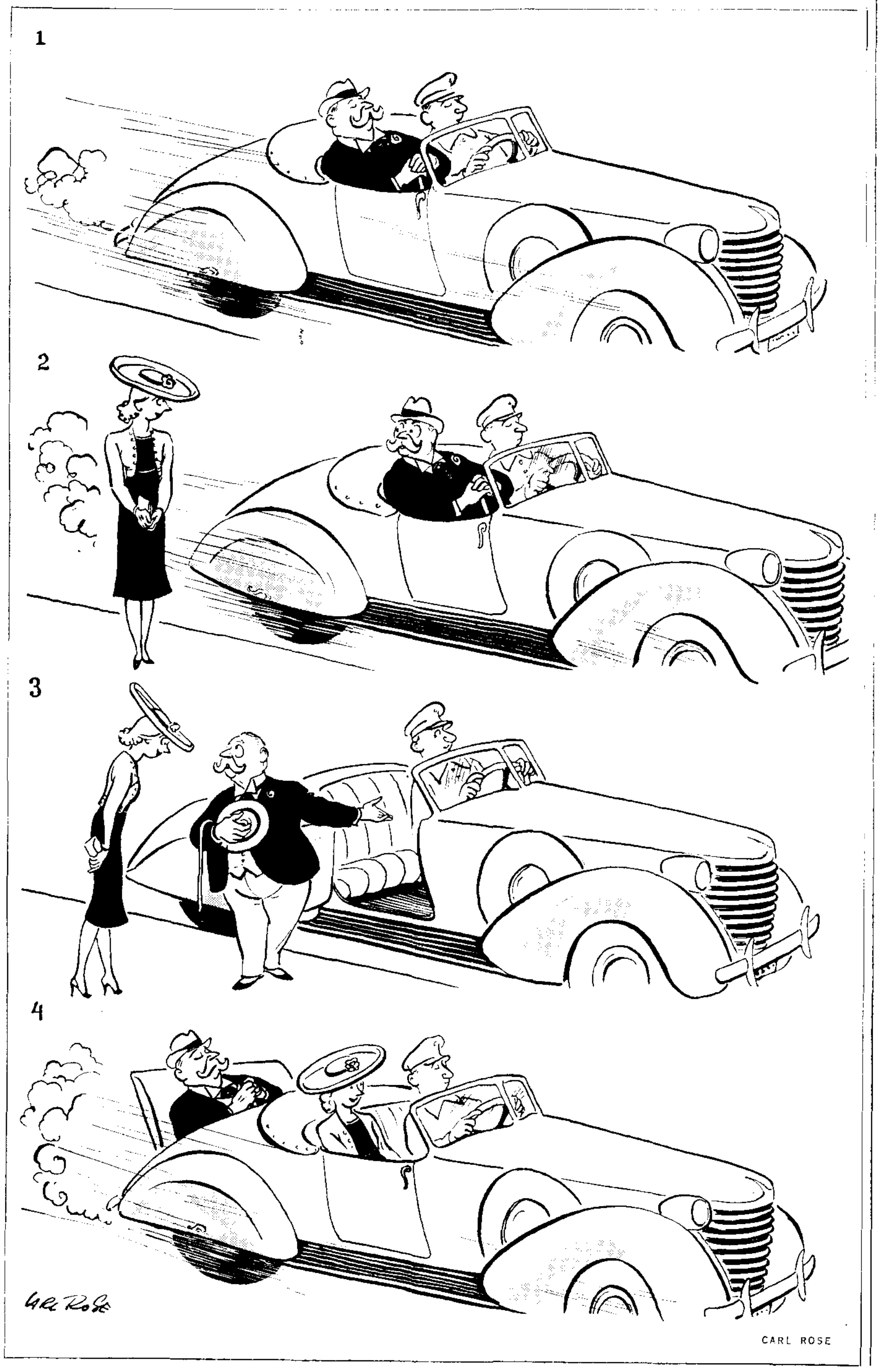
Alone—but often listening to music, as so many people do who have learned the secret of its power to vanquish mental and psychological fatigue. The sound of strings, expertly and delicately played, can soothe the most jangled nerves, relax tense muscles. Symphonic orchestration can transform the emotion of worry to one of serenity and joy. While, if it's your body that is tired and your nerves that need livening up, a good swing band can set your heart to pumping the revivifying blood right down into your toes.

All of which follows right along with Dr. Seabury's contention that most of us who are tired all the time are tired because we are unhappy. We're bored because we concentrate our thoughts and our emotions mostly on ourselves.

If you're everlastingly tired, get yourself a hobby. It doesn't need to be a sensational one, only one that is absorbing to yourself. Dabble in a new world of art or politics. Let your mind think dangerously, once in a while, reaching out beyond yourself and your past experience. Once you realize that an ebbing interest in things is the real cause of your fatigue, you can set about making your own cure.

Nothing is so enervating as continuous, daily, intense preoccupation with something about which you can't make up your mind. To marry or not to marry the man of the moment . . . to hold on to the job you hate or give it up and take a chance on finding another. . . . Make up your mind! Even a bad decision is better, from the point of view of health and fatigue, than continuing under the strain of a constant, grueling inne conflict.

No amount of exercise, at morning or midnight, no number of baths, massages, slaps, diets or games of solitaire can wash away the poison generated by a troubled spirit. That is why, essentially, people who are interested in their work, in love with their husbands, happy in their friends, have the most pep. *Joie de vivre* is the best antidote for fatigue poison that anyone has discovered.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Carl Rose

CARL ROSE

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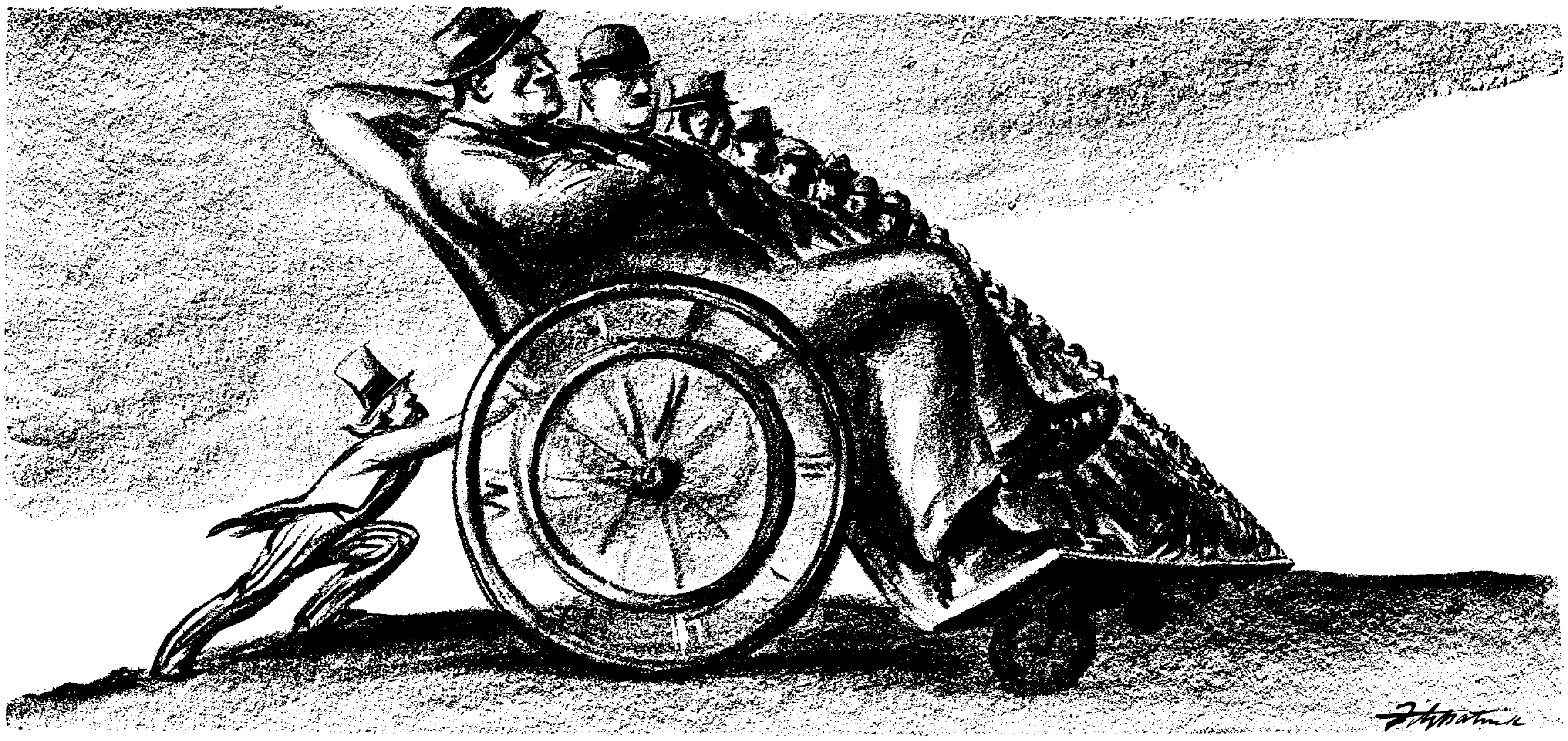


# Prosperity is up to Us

THE belief that government can produce prosperity is a mischievous mistake. Governments, generally, are consumers, not producers.

They are tax eaters. Good ones give some value in return for the revenue they take. A Robert Moses builds fine roads and bridges and inspiring parks with the public moneys entrusted to him. Others create and administer valuable public health services or school systems or police protection. But even the most efficient government runs merely our economic side shows. The big tent of production is in private hands. National prosperity has never yet been produced by bureaucrats.

Of course governments claim to be the authors of prosperity, especially in election years. No government yet, however, has admitted any responsibility for hard times, depressions, recessions, or whatever we prefer to call them.

During many decades Republican administrations claimed a peculiar responsibility for creating and maintaining prosperity. Democrats claimed as much as they could and even the Populists, who won no national elections, were sure they could produce prosperity if only they were allowed to tinker with the banks, the railroads and the currency. Some of their notions are still cherished by much more conservative Democrats and Republicans.

The cold fact is that governments cannot produce prosperity, but they can and often do prevent it. Prosperity is what happens when the largest number of people are gainfully employed in producing desirable goods and services. Inventive, enterprising and energetic men and women produce the bulk of the things that, lumped together, make us a prosperous people.

Governments add very little to these good things. Governments don't plow corn or dig potatoes or make shoes or motorcars. Governments can prevent citizens from doing such things. Too heavy taxes, or even unequal taxes, neglect to maintain public order, the imposition of trade barriers that close or limit markets, vacillating currency and debt policies that engender uncertainty are some of the means any government can take to slow down production and turn prosperity into depression.

We would be much better off if our politicians claimed less and promised less. A realistic politician would then say to us: "I can't make you prosperous but I can put obstacles in your way or I can also remove obstacles from your path. After I have taken away all the removable obstructions you will have to work for what you want. No government can give it to you."

Politicians don't come quite that modest. Few of them tell us what they can't do. They like to center their attention on their claims and promises. They can promise relief, or gifts, if we are needy; and, more or less, they have to make such promises. But relief does not produce prosperity. Relief provides temporary subsistence.

The only way we or any other people ever got prosperous was by well-planned work and imaginative enterprise. Frankly we have exploited opportunities. We had much to exploit. Fertile lands, forests, mines, reserves of oil and gas, were the raw stuff. Most of all, we developed our own capacities for scientific invention and industrial organization.

No government that ever existed provided motorcars, washing machines, refrigerators, silk stockings and silly hats in the prodigal fashion of the American businessman. No government ever provided so many interesting books and papers and magazines or any of the items, large and small, important and unimportant, that go to make up the American standard of living.

If any government wants to contribute to the national prosperity, the first step is to get out of the way of those who want to make useful things. The wells of human aspiration require no pump priming. Men's desires for better things supply their own motive power.

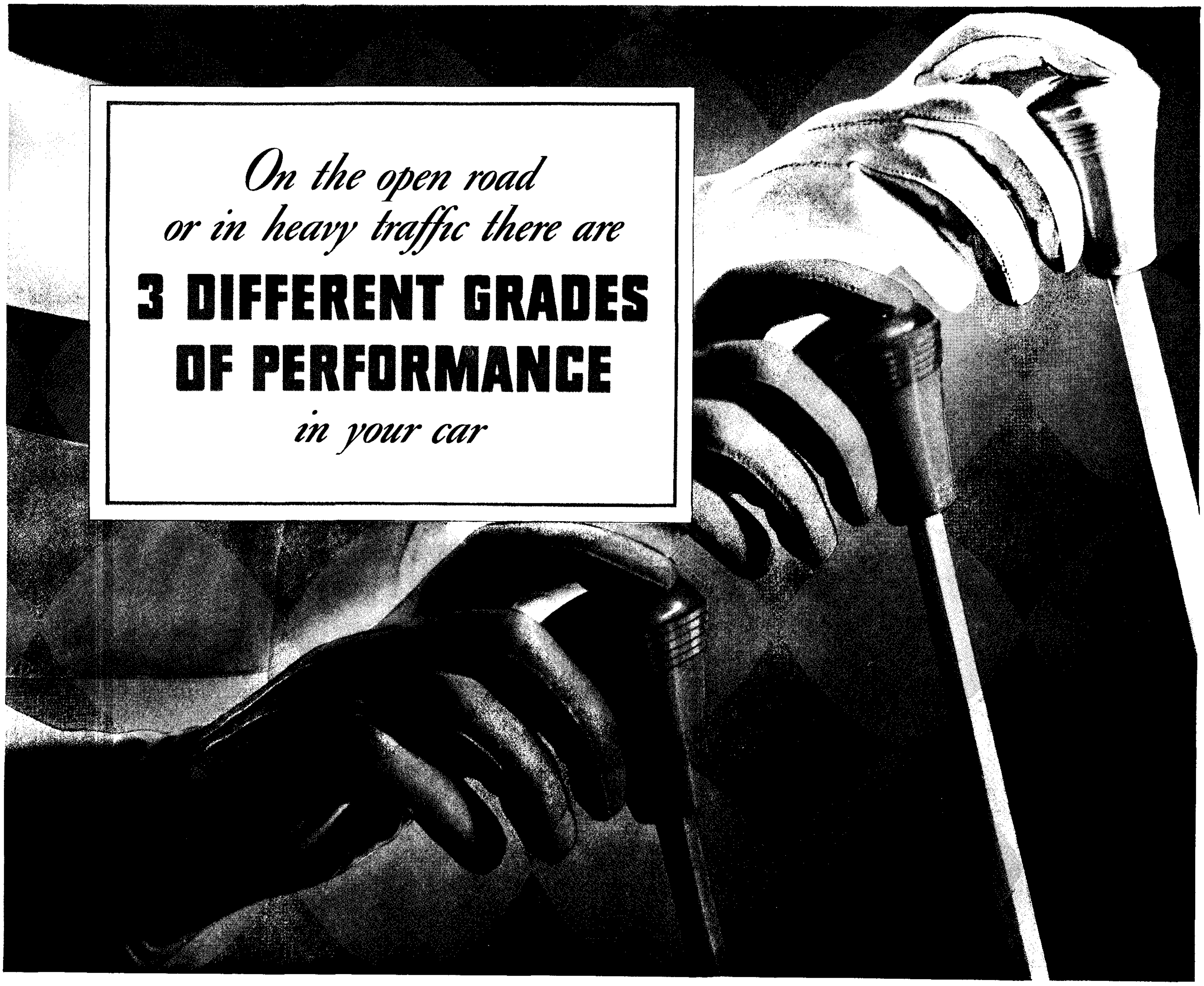
Give a young man the chance to earn money and his own ardent desires will turn his productive power into consuming capacity. Give a girl a job and she will take care of the spending. Give a businessman a chance to make a profit and he will produce.

The part that government can play in organizing the productive energies of people is up to now an unknown quantity. It is certain, however, that the ideas of prosperity by simple magic espoused by the Socialists and Communists, Nazis and Fascists, and even our own Populists, have not worked. The deeper governments have plunged into business, the hungrier their peoples seem to have become. If you have doubt, try to get eggs for your breakfast in Berlin or Moscow. You will need foreign gold to pay for them.

There is nothing discouraging in the realization that no government has any magical powers of production. After all, government, historically and perhaps essentially, is the police.

The police preserve order for the great majority who work. The police power is expanded to provide all the intricate varieties of preserving the order required by our exceedingly complicated civilization. But in essence, our most expansive institutions, such as the SEC, are still the police.

Nobody expects the cop to raise vegetables as he pounds his beat. If we are wise, we won't ask our government, or any government, to create prosperity for us. What we can reasonably ask, and all we can reasonably ask, is to be given the chance to do our own work with the least possible interference on the part of the police. And while we are working we may also ask the government to relieve those who, through no fault of their own, have not the opportunity and privilege of working.



## *On the open road or in heavy traffic there are*

# 3 DIFFERENT GRADES OF PERFORMANCE

## *in your car*

YOU can get away from traffic, but you can't get away from these basic facts: The farther you advance the spark of a modern high compression car up to the point of maximum efficiency, the more power you get from gasoline.

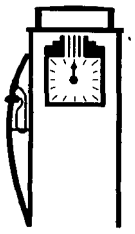
But the motor "knocks" or "pings" when the spark is set farther ahead than the "anti-knock" quality of the gasoline permits.

Judged by anti-knock quality, there are *three* grades of gasoline: "low grade," "regular" and gasoline containing "Ethyl."

That is why your car has a spark adjustment, variously called "distributor," "Octane Selector," etc., with settings for these three grades of gas.

And the performance of *your* car depends upon the grade of gas and spark setting as shown at the right.

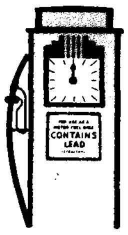
## THREE GRADES OF PERFORMANCE IN EVERY CAR



**Poor performance**

*with "low grade" gasoline*

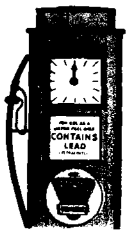
There is no anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) in "low grade" gasoline. Power is lost because the spark must be retarded to prevent "knock" or "ping."



**Good performance**

*with "regular" gasoline*

Most regular gasoline has in it anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead). The spark can be considerably advanced for more power without "knock" or "ping."

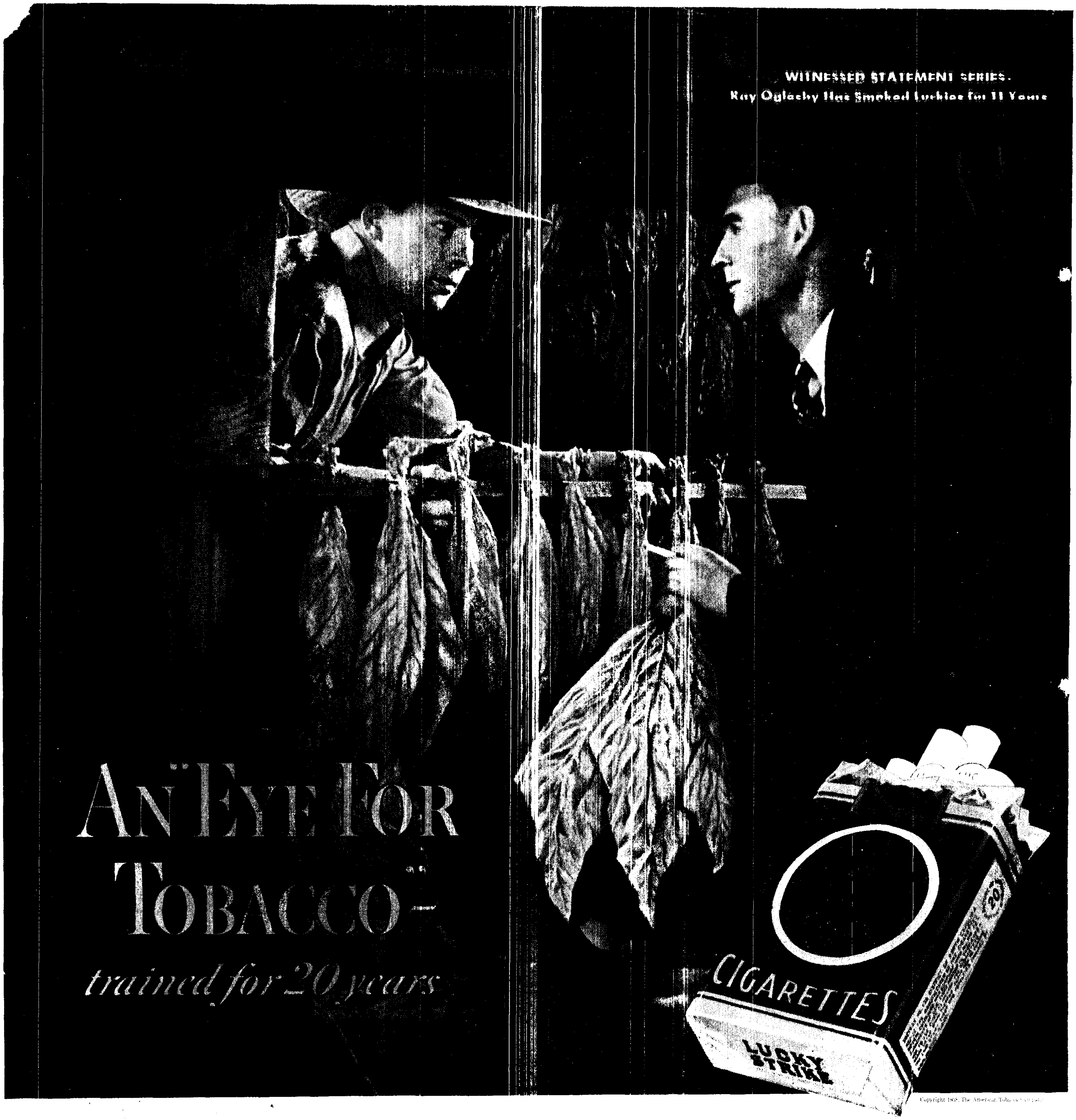


**Best performance**

*with gasoline containing "ETHYL"*

Gas "with ETHYL" is highest in all-round quality. It has *enough* anti-knock fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) so that the spark can be *fully* advanced for maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

**ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION,** *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*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**RAY OGLESBY, Independent Tobacco Expert, says: "At Every Auction, I've seen Luckies Buy the Same Fine Leaf"**

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FOR YOUR THROAT . . . keep in mind that only Luckies give you the throat protection of the "Toasting" process. This process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco. So next time try Luckies . . . try them for a week, and see.

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